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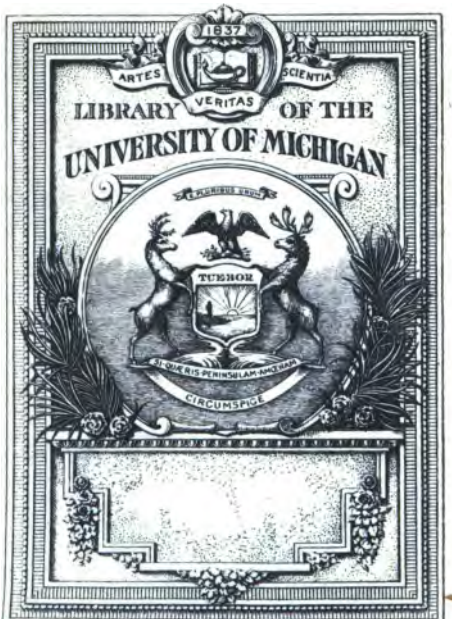
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THE

WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER, Esq.

THE

WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER, Esq.

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

To which is prefixed,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR,

By PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

LONDON,

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THE LIFE OF EDMUND WALLER.

IT has been lamented by biographers, and echoed by their readers, that the life of a poet affords but few materials for a narrative; and that the time of his birth and death, with the intermediate dates of his publications, are the chief anecdotes of him which we can communicate to the world.

This opinion, like many others, is not controverted, becauſe it hath been long received. It appears, upon a ſuperficial view, to have ſubſtance; but it will vaniſh upon examination.

It muſt be owned that the poet's journey through life is often difficult to be traced. The ſenſibility and ardour of his mind will not ſuffer him to travel on in the beaten and uniform track, along which the generality of mankind are ſatisfied to proceed. He often quits the common road for the unfrequented haunts of meditation; he is ſometimes ſeduced from his courſe by pleaſure, and loſt in her flowery labyrinth; and ſometimes diſguſted with the roughneſs of the way, he leaves it in dejection, and ſeeks the cavern of deſpair.

It is with poets, as it is with the reſt of mankind; but a few of them, comparatively ſpeaking, are born to affluence. A rich inheritance is, indeed, more apt to lull genius, than to call forth its exer-

tion. Human nature is not formed to flouriſh in extremes. Poetical ardour is damped by penury, and diſſipated by wealth. Thus the mind of man is equally unfit for glorious atchievements, under the equinoctial fervor, and the polar froſt. The thoughts of the inhabitant of Iceland are confined to the proviſion of neceſſary ſuſtenance; the pleaſures of his life are circumſcribed by the immediate, and blunt ſenſations of animal nature. The ſcene is more varied to the African, but not by intellectual activity. His ſenſes are quick and fine, but he is too indolent to make them the ſource of reflection and imagination. His body and his mind are enfeebled by the perpendicular ſun. He reclines under a ſpreading ſhade; he inhales the fragrant breath of the zephyr; he is lulled by the murmurs of a neighbouring ſtream. His happineſs is, love without gallantry, and repoſe without contemplation.

As the poet then is generally born poor, he has the difficulties of life to combat by his own dexterity and endeavours. He is not protected and recommended by gold, that magical auxiliary, which gives vigour to the body, and alacrity to the mind; which raiſes us without talents or virtue, to the firſt departments of a ſtate; unlocks to us the cabinets of kings, and authorizes us to determine the fate of nations. Fortune deigns not to ſmile upon him when he comes into the world; and nature but ill prepares him to deſpiſe, and to defeat her frowns.

Many cauſes conſpire to break the ſchemes which he forms for his diſtant advantage, to diſguſt him againſt mankind, and to withdraw him from ſociety. He grows impatient of a uniform and laborious progreſs, from the delicacy of his frame; as a tender eye is injured by looking earneſtly for any time on one object. Many people are of an open, unguarded

guarded temper, by which they are ſo ſtrongly influenced, that they never learn ſufficiently to reſtrain it, notwithſtanding the repeated experience of the great inconveniences which it occaſions. This is almoſt a conſtant characteriſtick of the poet. Warmly actuated by his preſent ideas, he communicates his moſt important deſigns, his ſympathies, and antipathies, his affections, and reſentments, to perſons with whom it is improper to lodge his ſecrets, without any regard to conſequences; and thus he loſes many conſiderable advantages, many ſincere and weighty friends, by the treachery of his companions.

To extenuate this abſurdity in ſome degree, it muſt be obſerved, that it partly proceeds from his ingenuous and unſuſpecting nature. He is above perfidy himſelf, and therefore he is ſlow to imagine that it reſides in the breaſt of another. Indeed he is ſo poor a politician in the common tranſactions of life, he has ſo romantick a conſtitution, that he is apt to diſdain the inferiour morality, to confound prudence with cunning and puſillanimity, and to deem it unworthy the attention of a great mind.

He generally attributes to himſelf at leaſt as great abilities as he poſſeſſes; he is ſenſible that poetical talents are rare, and that they are univerſally admired. Fluſhed with this conſciouſneſs, he haſtily concludes that the favour of the Muſes alone will ſecure him that love and eſteem which may be conciliated, but which can never be ſeized; and that the world will be ſubdued by the power of numbers. He leaves others to make their way by the humble cultivation of candour and affability, who are incapable of advancing by nobler arts. He forgets that it is peculiarly incumbent upon *him* to acquire theſe modeſt virtues; for mankind are naturally hurt with

the ſplendour of ſhining talents; and affection is moſt willingly given to thoſe who can never excite admiration. Thus he oftener complies with the impulſe of ſentiment than with the forms of the world; he is apt to refuſe wealth and titles that reſpect which we may certainly pay them without meanneſs, and deviates into haughtineſs by avoiding ſervility. This behaviour, like his works, is unfortunately actuated by imagination. For whatever conſequence the poet may have in his own opinion, he will find his genius a very unequal competitor with power and riches. They have a ſtrong and univerſal influence; and they inherit it by long preſcription. The poet can only amuſe us for a few hours; but they can protect, and make us happy for life. The poet gives us only flowery, and chimerical amuſement; but to them we are indebted for ſubſtantial conveniences and delights. It is his province to paint; it is theirs to realize.

The ſenſible reader will not ſuppoſe that I mean to affix this character, which I think belongs to poets in general, to every diſciple of the Muſes. No rules are more exceptionable than thoſe by which we claſs the operations of the mind. Many individuals repreſs the unhappy bent of their conſtitution, the tendency of their profeſſion, and the diſpoſition of their nation. There are prudent poets, as there are uncorrupted miniſters of ſtate.

But I will venture farther to obſerve, that the more rapturous and ſublime the ſoul of the poet is, the more evidently will he appropriate this deſcription. The more vigorous his genius is, the weaker will be his conduct. Extreme ſenſibility is the ſource of great poetical talents; and extreme ſenſibility can only be checked by the moſt heroic virtue. I mean not that partial and feminine ſenſibility, by which

which we ſhiver at the leaſt inclemency of weather, and tremble at the ruſtling of a leaf; but that fine and comprehenſive ſenſibility, by which we are ſtrongly impreſſed with the whole material and ideal world.

If poets are thus conſtituted, and act in this manner, we need not wonder that by far the greater number of them have been condemned to poverty and diſtreſs, from Homer to Dryden; that few of them have been ambaſſadours, and ſecretaries of ſtate; that they have been left to ſhift for themſelves, without generous patronage, and ſplendid connections; and that it is difficult to inveſtigate the tenour of their lives.

But though in giving an account of a poet, we are often obliged to ſubſtitute looſe anecdotes and precarious conjecture for diſtinct and connected narration, the life of the poet is not ſurely in itſelf, in its own nature, unentertaining, and unintereſting. Is the diſplay of a human phænomenon ſo inſignificant to mankind? Do not the powers and exertion of his mind, his greatneſs, and his weakneſs, his ecſtatick joys, and pungent ſorrows, well deſerve our attention? Is not his hiſtory productive of moral reflection? Does it not teach men of inferiour endowments to ſurvey the prodigy rather with compaſſion than with envy? Even his common and domeſtick manner is not a trifle; for even *there* genius influences him, and diſtinguiſhes him, though calmly and familiarly, from the reſt of mankind. Are politicks, war, the origin, and downfall of empires, grandeur, and royalty, more important objects to the generality of readers? No one will aſſert that they are, who can diſtinguiſh wonder from inſtruction, and ſplendour from uſe.

But however inſignificant the life of a poet may be thought in itſelf, or however difficult to be known, the life of Waller, we may hope, will not be unintereſting to the generality of readers. We have accounts of him from better vouchers than report and conjecture; and we are not merely to view his poetical character. He inherited an affluent fortune, which facilitated his connections with the great, and diverſified his ſituations; and he was a member of our legiſlature in a period unparalleled by hiſtory.

Edmund Waller was born on the third of March, in the year 1605, at Coleſhill, in the county of Hertford. He was the ſon of Robert Waller, eſq. of Agmondeſham, or Aymeſham, in Buckinghamſhire. Coleſhill is in the neighbourhood of Aymeſham, though in a different county. His mother was ſiſter to Hampden, the famous republican, who was killed at the battle of Chalgrave; and ſhe was couſin to Oliver Cromwell.

His father was bred to the law; but after proſecuting that profeſſion for a ſhort time, he quitted and exchanged it for retirement.

The pedigree of our author deſerves to be traced farther back; for it was not only conſpicuous by wealth, but by the ſuperiour luſtre of virtue.

He was deſcended from the Wallers of Kent. In the Villare Cantium, we are told that Richard Waller, Eſq. of Spendhurſt, in that county, was an officer in the army of Henry the Fifth, when that monarch was at war with France; and that he ſignalized himſelf by taking priſoner Charles duke of Orleans, the French general, at the battle of Azincour. The ſame gentleman was ſheriff of Kent in the ſixteenth year of the reign of Henry the Sixth. From him was lineally deſcended Sir William Waller, who was ſheriff of Kent, in the twenty-ſecond year of the

the reign of Henry the Seventh; at which time as tradition informs us, the family-eſtate was worth 7000 pounds a-year. But it was much reduced when that Sir William Waller of Kent ſucceeded to it, who was one of the Generals of the Parliament in the civil war, and cotemporary with Edmund Waller. At what time a younger ſon of this family removed from Kent into Buckinghamſhire, we cannot determine; but it is ſuppoſed that he lived not very long before the poet, who was his lineal deſcendant.

Robert, the father of Edmund Waller, by his œconomy, and application to agriculture, had greatly improved his paternal eſtate. He died while his ſon was an infant, and left him heir to 3500 pounds a-year: a capital fortune in thoſe days, when wealth was far leſs multiplied, and luxury far leſs refined than they are at preſent.

The care of young Waller's education devolved now upon his mother. She ſent him to Eton-ſchool, and to King's College in Cambridge. It appears that he very early diſcovered that acuteneſs of intellect, and elegance of imagination with which his poetry and eloquence were afterwards ſo eminently marked; for he obtained a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons for Aymeſham, when he was only ſixteen years of age, * in the third parliament of James the First. The right of Aymeſham to ſend members to Parliament was then diſputed; in ſuch caſes, however, repreſentatives were returned, and allowed to ſit in the Houſe, *ſub ſientio*, without the privilege of debating. † We find in Grey's Debates that ſometimes a minor took his ſeat in the Houſe of Commons under this reſtriction; and ‡ that Mr.

* Grey's Debates, vol. I. p. 354. † Ibid, p. 355.
‡ Life of Clarendon, vol. I. and II.

Waller ſate when he was ſixteen, is proved by his own words in the ſame debates. "I was but ſix-"teen, ſays he, when I ſate firſt; and ſometimes it "has been thought fit that young men may be early "in councils, that they may be alive when others "are dead." Hence lord Clarendon, in his character of Waller, tells us, that he was nurſed in Parliaments.

James diſſolved his third Parliament*, becauſe it would not vote him the ſupplies which he, and his miniſters demanded. On the day of its diſſolution, Mr. Waller went to court, and ſaw the King dine in publick. That monarch, with his uſual weakneſs, broached his arbitrary principles, which even then began to be unpopular, in the hearing of the circle. Dr. Andrews, biſhop of Wincheſter, and Dr. Neale, biſhop of Durham ſtood behind his Majeſty's chair while he was at dinner. The king aſked the two biſhops if "he might not levy money "upon his ſubjects when he wanted it, without ap-"plying to Parliament." Neale, without heſitation, replied,—"God forbid you might not! for you are "the breath of our noſtrils."——The king then turned to the biſhop of Wincheſter,——"Well, "my lord, what ſay you?"——"Sir, replied An-"drews, I am not ſkilled in parliamentary caſes." "No put-offs, my lord, ſaid the king; anſwer me "preſently."——"I think, then, ſaid the biſhop, "it is lawful for your Majeſty to take my brother "Neale's money; for he makes you an offer of it." This anecdote is worth inſerting here, not only becauſe it was propagated by Mr. Waller, who was a witneſs to the converſation, but as it ſhows us the complexion of thoſe times, when a prelate could be

* It met on Jan. 30, 1621.

guilty

guilty of ſacrilege in publick without a bluſh, and proſtitute to a king that ſcriptural language of humiliation which was only due to his creator. But liberty, in James's reign, only dawned upon our iſland.

Prince Charles, before he ſet ſail for England, after having long ſollicited a marriage with the Infanta at the court of Spain, gave a magnificent entertainment on board the Britiſh admiral, in the Port of St. Andero, to ſome Spaniſh grandees who had eſcorted him from Madrid. In going a-ſhore with his gueſts, the Prince and they were almoſt loſt in a violent ſtorm. Mr. Waller, in the eighteenth year of his age, wrote his firſt Poem on this danger and eſcape of his royal Highneſs; a fine panegyrick, if we conſider the youth of the author, the neceſſary imperfections of every firſt effort of genius, and the æra of our language in which it was compoſed. It is remarkable for its politeneſs, and delicacy of compliment; and for an elegance and richneſs of imagination, not without that luxuriance and redundancy which are rather promiſing than reprehenſible in a young poet. In this piece, too, we meet with that unexpected, yet natural approximation, compariſon, and contraſt of different images, which characterize the writings of Waller; and *there* he, at once, and as it were inſtinctively, far excelled all the poets that went before him in giving grace and harmony to our decaſyllable rhyme. We cannot reflect without ſurprize that Waller, and Pope, in the firſt exertion of their talents, and before the age at which the human mind is generally matured, ſurpaſſed all their predeceſſors in an eaſy and elegant flow of numbers, and to a degree of ſuperiority, which, in the common progreſs of our improvements is only attained in a century. Who, merely from reading

reading a few ſtanzas of Spenſer, and Waller's firſt production, could imagine that our Poet began to write only twenty-five years after the death of the author of the Fairy Queen?

We are told by Lord Clarendon, in his own life, that "Mr. Waller, at the age when other men uſed "to give over writing verſes, (for he was near thirty "years of age, when he firſt engaged himſelf in that "exerciſe, at leaſt that he was known to do ſo,) ſur-"priſed the town with two, or three pieces of that "kind." The noble author likewiſe informs us, that, "from the ſelfiſhneſs of his diſpoſition, he "devoted a great part of his youth to retirement, "and the improvement of his eſtate; and that he "was ſcarce ever heard of, till he had gotten a very "rich wife in the city."

Theſe extracts from Clarendon ſeem inconſiſtent with the dates which we may moſt reaſonably aſſign to the two poems which are the firſt and ſecond in this edition of his works; and they are totally different from the account which is given of Waller's youth by the author of his life. He ſays, that, when he was but twenty-one years old, he was admired, and careſſed at court, and by thoſe who were moſt eminent for their learning, and taſte, on account of his poetical genius.

But however unreaſonable it may appear to ſuppoſe, that Mr. Waller ſuppreſſed two poems on two royal perſonages for many years, which if they had been known at court, would probably have promoted his intereſt, and gratified that ambition which is generally the concomitant of genius; we ſhould rather abide by the former teſtimony, in its moſt rigid ſenſe, than by the latter: Mr. Waller might not chuſe to divulge his firſt compoſitions for reaſons, of which we cannot now come to the knowledge.

The

The medium between extremes is often the truth. We may ſuppoſe, without torturing the meaning of lord Clarendon's words, that Waller's juvenile poems were peruſed by James and Charles, and a few courtiers, ſoon after they were compoſed; but that they were not printed till he was about the age of thirty. We may likewiſe conclude, that his youth was ſpent in retirement; that the principal object of his retirement was to accumulate wealth; but that in ſome of his rural and tranquil hours he invoked the muſes; and that while he was intent on the improvement of his eſtate, he did not altogether neglect the cultivation of his genius.

The compilers of the Biographia Britannica, think it is abſurd to ſuppoſe that our poet's firſt verſes were only handed about in manuſcript; or only printed without his name. Why ſuch a ſuppoſition is abſurd, or improbable, it is not eaſy to comprehend. Indeed, it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe either the one caſe, or the other.

It ſhows great want of judgment in theſe gentlemen, or great injuſtice, to prefer to the authority of Hyde that of the author of Waller's life, an obſcure and flat writer, often miſtaken in dates, and who may therefore be ſuſpected to have miſtaken other facts. Clarendon was perſonally acquainted with Waller: to what ſtronger evidence then can we appeal than to his, for anecdotes of our author? The compilers of the Biographica Britannica inſinuate that his account of him is partial. To this it may be anſwered, that lord Clarendon's integrity was inflexible in the moſt trying junctures, in times of the greateſt corruption and profligacy; and therefore that it could not be warped by the ſlight temptation to falſity of Waller.

He

He obtained a ſeat in Parliament a ſecond time, before he was at the age of manhood; he was one of the repreſentatives of the borough of Chipping-Wycombe in Buckinghamſhire, in the firſt parliament of Charles the firſt, which met on the 18th of June, 1625. In the third, which met on the 17th of March, 1627, he was again elected for Aymeſham. In the receſs of this Parliament, in the year 1628, the duke of Buckingham was ſtabbed at Portſmouth, by Felton. The king received the news of this murder, while he was at publick ſervice in the church of Southwick, about five miles diſtant from Portſmouth. He ſuffered not the tragical meſſage to interrupt his devotion, which he continued to the end of the prayers with his uſual compoſure and attention. A very ſtriking proof of a determined and pious mind, if we conſider the great affection which that monarch had for the duke, and the ſtrong emotions of grief which he ſhowed for his untimely death, as ſoon as he thought he might indulge them without a crime. Mr. Waller's muſe inſpired him on this occaſion; and the poem is worthy of the ſubject. He was then in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

During the long intermiſſion of parliaments, from 1629 to 1640, Waller employed a great part of his time in the proſecution of his ſtudies. He lived then at Beconsfield with his mother; for the family houſe at Aymeſham had gone to decay. Mr. Morley, at that time a ſtudent of Chriſt-church College in Oxford, was one of the politeſt ſcholars of the age. He was afterwards biſhop of Wincheſter. This gentleman was related to our author; and their love of letters produced an intimacy and friendſhip between them. Morley uſed often to viſit Waller at Beconsfield, and aſſiſt him in his literary progreſs. He directed him in his choice of books; he read with

with him the capital authors of antiquity; he enlarged his underſtanding, and refined his taſte.

But the man is not completed in the cloſet; ſociety finiſhes the work, and gives the ingenuous mind all that embelliſhment and dignity which it is capable of receiving. By an intercourſe with the learned, the penetrating, and the virtuous, our knowledge is arranged, our beſt powers are called forth, and our beſt habits are formed, and eſtabliſhed. Living examples make a more ſenſible, and durable impreſſion than that which we receive from books: the ſoul is apt to grow torpid in the cloſet; but in agreeable company it is kept in a briſk and pleaſurable agitation; its fire grows more ardent and pure by mixing with congenial fire; it imitates, it emulates the greatneſs which it ſurveys with admiration.

Mr. Morley was not ignorant that theſe advantages reſult from good connexions. That his couſin, therefore, might gain all poſſible improvement, and riſe to that conſequence which he might derive from his uncommon abilities, he introduced him into lord * Falkland's club.—"He brought him, ſays "lord Clarendon, into that company which was "moſt celebrated for good converſation."

We are told by the author of Waller's life, that Mr. Morley was in very wretched circumſtances; and that Mr. Waller was a member of this ſociety, long before he and Mr. Morley were acquainted. That one evening after lord Falkland's club had met, they heard a noiſe in the ſtreet, and on inquiring the cauſe of it, were informed that a ſon of Ben

* The members of this ſociety were, Lord Falkland, Sir Francis Wenman, Mr. Chillingworth, Mr. Godolphin, and other illuſtrious men.

Jonſon

Jonſon was arreſted; that the arreſted perſon was called in, and was found to be Mr. Morley; and that Mr. Waller offered to pay his debt, which was a hundred pounds, provided he would go and live with him at Beconsfield. To this condition, ſays the author, he agreed, retired with Waller into the country, ſuperintended his ſtudies for many years, and was, by him introduced to this learned and honourable fraternity.

This account, however, has certainly no authenticity, as it is contradicted by Clarendon.

But we muſt go ſome years back in our chronological ſeries, to take a view of his matrimonial fortune.

Mr. Waller, and Mr. Crofts payed their addreſſes at the ſame time to Anne, the only daugher, and heireſs of Richard Banks, eſq. a very wealthy citizen of London. But Waller won the lady, though his rival was ſupported by the intereſt of the court, which, in thoſe days, commonly inſured ſucceſs to the lover, in whoſe favour it interpoſed.

After this marriage he relaxed more frequently from the ſeverity of ſtudious retirement than before; he lived more expenſively, and mixed more with the world; he became univerſally known for a man of politeneſs, learning, and wit.

We cannot, with preciſion, fix the exact time of his marriage; we may, however, from comparing the different accounts of him, aſſign it to the twenty-fifth, or twenty-ſixth year of his age. His lady lived with him but a ſhort time; ſhe died in child-bed.

Some years after the death of his wife (how many we cannot determine) he was deeply ſmitten with the charms of lady Dorothy Sydney, the eldeſt daughter of the earl of Leiceſter; whom he celebrates under the name of Sachariſſa. She was one of the firſt beauties

beauties of the age; and the graces of her perſon were animated, and dignified with the accompliſhments of her mind. On a woman of her delicate ſentiments we might ſuppoſe that Waller's addreſſes would have made ſome impreſſion; but ſhe rejected them with diſdain. Perhaps ſhe ſuppreſſed the ſympathy which ſhe felt, on account of the inferiority of his rank; and ſuffered the caprice of fortune to tyrannize over a generous paſſion.

The modulation of Waller's verſe is never finer than when it is ſoftened by the languor of love. His application of the ſtory of Apollo and Daphne to his unfortunate paſſion for Sachariſſa, is one of the beſt amorous elegies in our language. The ſentiments are peculiarly happy, and the verſification is extremely harmonious. In the four following lines, he tenderly, and muſically complains of the obduracy of his fair-one.

Yet what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain;
All, but the nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.

The ſuſceptible and poetical ſoul of Waller was racked with his hapleſs love; and we find by a poem which he wrote at Penſhurſt, the ſeat of the earl of Leiceſter, that he had determined to go abroad, that his mind might be employed by new objects and adventures, and that it might grow indifferent to the charming, but painful image of Sachariſſa. We know not whither he went, nor if he put his deſign in execution. The writer of a narrative is apt to decide without any foundation or certainty: let us avoid this error; and be ſatisfied with conjecture when we are not warranted to aſſert.

The

The accurate Mr. Fenton thinks it probable that Mr. Waller took a voyage to the Bermuda, or Summer-iſlands with his friend the earl of Warwick. That nobleman and Waller were proprietors in thoſe iſlands. I ſhall beg leave farther to ſuppoſe that he went thither to divert his mind from Sachariſſa. It is likewiſe probable, that he wrote his poem intitled the Summer-iſlands but a ſhort time before he ſet ſail for the Bermudas. He gives us indeed ſo full, and pictureſque a deſcription of the climate, and produce of thoſe iſlands, that one would imagine he had compoſed the poem after his return from them. But this opinion is precluded by a beautiful apoſtrophe at the cloſe of the firſt canto. The poet, we may preſume, had reſolved on this voyage to the Bermudas; he had made himſelf previouſly acquainted with the hiſtory of that part of the world; and in his poem he gives us a glowing, and variegated picture of thoſe happy iſlands which had often riſen in ſtrong and bright perſpective to his warm, and luxuriant imagination. He anticipates the ſhades which are to embower him, and the fragrant breezes which he is to inhale; and with an inconſiſtency very natural to a lover, he intends to make the groves reſound with the name of Sachariſſa from whoſe cruelty he is about to fly.

* O! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade; and all the day

* To this ſuppoſition, however, it may be reaſonably objected, that Waller dwells upon love with ſo much pleaſure in thoſe verſes, that we cannot imagine he was going to leave his country when he wrote them, to get rid of his paſſion. Perhaps his thought of taking a voyage, to fly from the rigour of his miſtreſs, was only the fervour of poetical imagination thrown out in the poem which he wrote at Penſhurſt. Perhaps buſineſs,

With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet, and beſt of paſſions, Love!
There while I ſing, if gentle love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtrings ſo high;
With the ſweet ſound of Sachariſſa's name
I'll make the liſtening ſavages grow tame.

It was in the long intermiſſion of parliaments that he fell in love with Sachariſſa; a circumſtance which favours the probability of his having made this voyage, when he was enamoured of that lady.

In all the editions of Mr. Waller's Works preceding that of Mr. Fenton, his poem to the King on his Navy was placed the firſt. Some of the later editions add to its title, "*In the Year* 1626;" about ten years before the time when it was moſt probably written. The author of Waller's Life, miſled by this falſe date, ſays, that he wrote the poem when Charles the firſt ſent out a fleet againſt Spain under the command of lord Wimbleton. Mr. Fenton thinks that the fleet fitted out in the year 1635 to check the inſolence of the Dutch, the command of which was given to the earl of Lindſey, might be the occaſion of this poetical compliment to the king. Though he is rather of opinion that the year following ſhould be its date, when Mr. Waller's great friend, the earl of Northumberland, was made admiral of the Britiſh navy. Either of theſe conjectures is well grounded. Mr. Waller was then thirty, or thirty-one years old, when he wrote this poem. If the old editors of our poet placed it

buſineſs, not love, was the cauſe of his going to the Bermudas, if he went thither at all. We muſt not loſe ſight of the ſeverity of fact for the flowers of romance.

at the beginning, to tempt their readers to go on, they have certainly ſhowed no great judgment; for it is not one of the beſt of Mr. Waller's pieces. Its verſe is ſmooth; but its ſentiments are more brilliant than juſt.

However vehement his paſſion for Sachariſſa was, he was too volatile and gay to die a martyr to love, or to contract an obſtinate melancholy for the cruel return which his paſſion met with from that inexorable lady. The immediate feelings of ſuſceptible minds, when they are perſecuted by fortune, are excruciating; but they have many objects of pleaſure as well as of pain; and the vigour and fertility of their imagination often afford them a ſpeedy refuge from calamity. Waller had his gaiety, his wit, his friends, his poetry, to conſole him; and his affluent fortune productive of many enjoyments. The rigour of Sachariſſa had not given him an antipathy againſt the ſex; he ſtill felt their attraction; the ſoul of the poet is in uniſon with beauty *. He found

* Since I uſed this expreſſion I have met with a beautiful illuſtration of it from the elegant and ſublime Akenſide, which, I hope, it will not be deemed impertinent to tranſcribe.

As Memnon's marble harp, renowned of old
By fabling Nilus, to the quavering touch
Of Titian's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded through the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulſe of congenial powers
Or of ſweet ſound, or *fair-proportion'd form*,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve; all naked and alive

They

other nymphs more tractable than the haughty Sydney, and not unworthy of his love, and his encomiums. We find in his works many gallant addreſſes, many eulogies on the fair; and even before his ardent flame for Sachariſſa had abated, a gentler fire was kindled in his breaſt by Amoret. Amoret was not a ſtranger to his paſſion for Sachariſſa; he writes a beautiful Anacreontick ode to the latter, in which ſhe and Sachariſſa are the joint ſubjects of his praiſe; and ſuch is Waller's delicacy and art in this poem, that Amoret muſt certainly have read her lover's eulogy of her rival without jealouſy. This little compoſition is an original in its kind; it is full of elegant compliment; and it finely contraſts the ſtriking and majeſtick charms of Sachariſſa with the gentle and benign graces of Amoret. Mr. Fenton was the firſt who communicated to the world the real name of Amoret; he was told by Sheffield duke of Buckingham that ſhe was the lady Sophia Murray.

Sachariſſa, or lady Dorothy Sidney, was married in the year 1639 to lord Spenſer, afterwards earl of Sunderland. He was a virtuous, accompliſhed, and gallant young nobleman. He put himſelf a volunteer in the king's troop at the battle of Newbury, and was killed by a canon-ball in the beginning of the engagement. This battle was fought on the 20th of September, 1643.

We ſhall here inſert a letter written by Mr. Waller to lady Lucy Sidney on the marriage of lady Dorothy, her elder ſiſter. It deſerves to be copied;

They catch the ſpreading rays; till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive.

Pleaſures of Imagination, B. I. v. 109.

the turn of it is uncommon and lively. It gives us ſome knowledge of Waller's character; and ſhows that his paſſion for Sachariſſa, however ſtrong, was not invincible.

MADAM,

IN this common joy at Penſhurſt I know none to whom complaints may come leſs unſeaſonable than to your ladyſhip; the loſs of a bed-fellow being almoſt equal to that of a miſtreſs; and therefore you ought at leaſt to pardon, if you conſent not to the imprecations of the deſerted, which juſt heaven, no doubt, will hear.

May my lady Dorothy, if we may yet call her ſo, ſuffer as much, and have the like paſſion for this young lord, whom ſhe has preferred to the reſt of mankind, as others have had for her; and may this love before the year go about, make her taſte of the firſt curſe impoſed on womankind, the pains of becoming a mother. May her firſt-born be none of her own ſex, nor ſo like her but that he may reſemble her lord as much as herſelf.

May ſhe that always affected ſilence and retiredneſs have the houſe filled with the noiſe and number of her children, and hereafter of her grand-children; and then may ſhe arrive at that great curſe ſo much declined by fair ladies, old age. May ſhe live to be very old, and yet ſeem young; be told ſo by her glaſs, and have no aches to inform her of the truth; and when ſhe ſhall appear to be mortal, may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; that being there divorced, we all may have an equal intereſt in her again. My revenge being immortal, I wiſh all this may alſo befall their poſterity to the world's end, and afterwards.

To you, madam, I wiſh all good things, and that this loſs may, in good time, be happily ſupplied with a more conſtant bed-fellow of the other ſex.

Madam, I humbly kiſs your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble from

Your ladyſhip's moſt humble ſervant,

E. WALLER.

Moſt of the ſentiments in this letter are juſt, and lively; the language is eaſy, and, in the main, proper and elegant. In a letter, or poem written a hundred and thirty years ago, we cannot expect that accuracy of thought and expreſſion which we require in the compoſitions of our own times, without being haſty and faſtidious, without neglecting the rules of candid, and liberal criticiſm.

The nation had now been many years without a parliament; the order of government was violated by an imprudent and ill-adviſed, though a virtuous king. Mr. Waller was not inactive in this torpor of government, but kept his mind in full play. As he was not called to the ſevere duties of a legiſlator, he dedicated his time to the lighter occupations, and the pleaſures of a private gentleman. He paſſed this long vacation from ſtate-affairs in the proſecution of his ſtudies, in the exertion of his poetical talents, in rural improvements and amuſements, and in the ſweet reciprocations of ſociety, and of love.

He was at this time detached from the court; and he had, on that account, the more leiſure to purſue the employments and pleaſures of domeſtic life. He diſapproved of the diſuſe of parliaments, and the arbitrary taxing of the ſubject; and his love of liberty was cheriſhed and heated by his connections, and by the proſecution of his uncle Hambden, for refuſing to pay his proportion of ſhip-money. It appears from his ſpeeches in parliament that his political

principles were moderate and juſt, however warm he may have been in ſupporting them, and however ſeverely he may be accuſed of want of allegiance to his ſovereign by the idolaters of royalty. In his attachment to the privileges of parliament, he forgot not the reverence due to majeſty; he deſired not to annul the prerogatives of the crown. His memory indeed would have been more venerable, if the ſteddineſs of his conduct had correſponded with the excellence of his theory.

Charles at length called a parliament in the year 1640. It is termed the ſhort parliament, becauſe it met on the thirteenth of April, and was diſſolved before the end of May.

The king's finances were exhauſted, and he preſſed this parliament for a ſpeedy ſupply. Mr. Waller, elected for Aymeſham, was determined to attack the late meaſures of the court, and to plead the cauſe of freedom. In a moſt animated ſpeech, which is fortunately preſerved, he propoſed to the houſe, that the neceſſary ſubſidies ſhould be granted to the king; but that before they were taken into conſideration, the faults of adminiſtration ſhould be examined and redreſſed, liberty confirmed, and property ſecured. Without raſhly exaggerating the merit of this ſpeech, we may aſſert that it was worthy to have been pronounced in the Roman Forum; its eloquence is flowing and nervous; its alluſions are pertinent and ſtriking; its wit is delicate and poignant; and it is invigorated throughout with irreſragable argument. It is a ſpecimen of his political tenets, which does him honour with poſterity, and evinces to us that he was equally an enemy to deſpotiſm and anarchy; that he meant not to abridge the legal power of the prince, though he ſtrenuouſly vindicated the rights of the people.

Truth

Truth ſhould be the ſacred object of him who profeſſes to communicate facts to the world; it ſhould over-rule every private conſideration. It muſt therefore be obſerved, that the dignitaries of the church in the reign of Charles the firſt interfered too much in matters of government, and ſtimulated his paſſion for uncontrouled ſupremacy. Their conduct is miſtaken by ſome, and palliated by others; for they certainly poured poiſon into the ear of a deluded king; otherwiſe Waller would not have charged them with this crime, would not have expoſed it ſo particularly, and inveighed againſt it in a great part of this ſpeech. "I am ſorry (ſays he in his ſpirited "declamations againſt their pernicious counſels) that "theſe men take no more care to gain our belief of "thoſe things which they tell us for our ſoul's "health; when we know them ſo manifeſtly in the "wrong in that which concerns the privileges of "the people of England. But they gain preferment; and then 'tis no matter whether they believe themſelves, or are believed by others. But "ſince they are ſo ready to let looſe the conſciences "of their kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our protection againſt this pulpit-law by "declaring and reinforcing the municipal laws of "this kingdom."

* It muſt be owned, with regret, that the clergy have always been the abettors and inſtruments of ar-

* We muſt obſerve, however, in juſtice to the church of England, that it was, not without reaſon, particularly tenacious of its power in the days of Charles the firſt; for then it was moſt rudely and indecently attacked by the ruſtick, ignorant, and acrimonious ſectaries. Power was never ſo ill employed by the church as it was by the diſſenters. Laud was not ſubtle and cruel like the fanaticks; he was only too fond of ex-

bitrary power, that they might have power themſelves, and baſk under the ſpreading and luxuriant ſhade of unlimited monarchy. Though they might have learned better from their divine maſter, whoſe life was a ſeries of benevolence and humility, and who has warned them that *his kingdom is not of this world.*

"There is no doubt (ſays the author of Waller's "life) but had Mr. Waller lived in an age when par-"liaments were frequent, he would have diſtinguiſhed "himſelf as much by his politicks, as by his poetry; "but his relation to the Hambden family inducing "him to eſpouſe the party which was againſt ſhip-"money, and other practices in thoſe times, he ne-"ver was acceptable to the reigning favourites far-"ther than his muſe made him; and this life of in-"action is, perhaps, the occaſion of his giving up "ſo much of his time to poetry as he did. His "love of poetry and indolence laid him open to the "inſinuations of others; and, it may be, prevented "his fixing ſo reſolutely to any one party as to make "him a favourite of either."

Who could imagine that a man who was acquainted with the hiſtory of the times, had read our author's two celebrated ſpeeches, and therefore ſhould have known his parliamentary character, would have given us this account of him? Waller had great activity of mind as a ſtateſman as well as a poet. It

ternal pomp, and the dignity of the church; and he was honeſt if he was miſtaken. The Engliſh clergy were too much gentlemen to triumph over miſery. But we may judge how fit the people of the other party were to poſſeſs power, by their inhuman treatment of the heroic and immortal marquiſs of Montroſe, and by their inſults offered to majeſty expiring for the ſake of conſcience.

is

is evident that he had carefully ſtudied, and knew the Engliſh conſtitution as well as any of his cotemporaries; therefore he could not be a dupe to political inſinuation. And, to ſuppoſe, that he often wavered betwixt the two parties into which the nation was then divided, from the different impreſſions made upon him by thoſe with whom he converſed, and which he eaſily admitted from his ignorance of government, the conſequence of his indolence and love of poetry, is, to attribute his inconſtancy to a cauſe equally unphiloſophical and falſe.

The long parliament met on the third of November, 1640. Mr. Waller, in this parliament, repreſented Aymeſham a third time. He was now warmly actuated with that general ſpirit of oppoſition to the meaſures of the court, which the abrupt diſſolution of the preceding parliament, and other unpopular proceedings of the king and his miniſters, had excited. But it does not appear that at this criſis he revolted from his duty to his ſovereign, that he harboured, or encouraged any rebellious deſigns againſt him. He was, indeed, an induſtrious and ardent oppoſer of that irregular and violent adminiſtration of government, which deſerved to be reprehended, and which, if he had not combated, he would have been unworthy of the truſt repoſed in him by his conſtituents, and indifferent to the welfare of the people of England. We cannot read the few ſpecimens of Waller's oratorical powers which are tranſmitted to us, without regretting that ſeveral ſpeeches which he probably made on intereſting ſubjects, at the beginning of this active, bold, and factious parliament, are loſt to poſterity.

Sir Francis Crawley, a juſtice of the court of common-pleas, was one of the twelve judges, who, in the year 1636, had ſubſcribed their opinion, that the

the king had a right to levy ſhip-money. This opinion was given in conſequence of a letter ſent them from his majeſty, demanding their ſentiments concerning the legality of that tax. He, likewiſe, with all the judges of England, excepting four, gave ſentence againſt Mr. Hambden in the Exchequer-chamber, when that gentleman diſputed at law with the crown its right to the impoſition of ſhip-money. He was peculiarly induſtrious to ſubject the nation to that odious aſſeſſment. He declared in the court of Exchequer, and in the weſtern circuit, that it was a right inherent in the crown, which an act of parliament could not annull. And he made many vehement and menacing ſpeeches againſt thoſe who refuſed to pay the ſhip-money.

For theſe miſdemeanours he was impeached by the commons in the year 1641. Waller, at the opening of the parliament, had ſpoken with great warmth againſt ſhip-money. As the houſe, therefore, well knew his ſentiments and abilities, they appointed him to deliver to the peers, and ſupport the impeachment againſt Crawley. On the ſixteenth of July, 1641, at a conference of the two houſes in the Painted Chamber, he delivered the impeachment, and inforced it with a ſpeech replete with the thunder and lightning of eloquence. It makes the arraignment of Crawley a memorable article in the annals of Britain.

Mr. Waller in this ſpeech illuſtrates the ſituation of England at that time by a parallel drawn from the Roman hiſtory. There never was a happier application of learning. The mind of him who is not dead to the impreſſions of oratory, will yet be agitated with reading it, however indifferent he may be to the tranſactions and events of thoſe times. What then muſt have been the feelings of a ſuſceptible

tible perſon, who heard it delivered with the grace and elocution, and ſpirit of Waller.

" I cannot, my lords, but take notice of the moſt " ſad effect of this oppreſſion, the ill influence it " has had upon the ancient reputation and valour " of the Engliſh nation. And no wonder; for if it " be true that oppreſſion makes a wiſe man mad, it " may well ſuſpend the courage of the valiant; the " ſame happened to the Romans, when for renown " in arms they moſt excelled the reſt of the world. " The ſtory is but ſhort; 'twas in the time of the " Decemviri (and I think the chief troublers of our " ſtate may make up that number). The Decem- " viri, my lords, had ſubverted the laws, ſuſpended " the courts of juſtice, and (which was the greateſt " grievance both to the nobility and people) had " for ſome years omitted to aſſemble the ſenate, " which was their parliament: this, ſays the hiſ- " torian, did not only deject the Romans, and make " them deſpair of their liberty, but cauſed them to " be leſs valued by their neighbours: the Sabines " take the advantage, and invade them, and now " the Decemviri are forced to call the long-deſired " ſenate, whereof the people were ſo glad that— " Hoſtibus belloque gratiam habuerunt—" They " thanked their enemies and the war." This aſ- " ſembly breaks up in diſcontent; nevertheleſs the " war proceeds; forces are raiſed, led by ſome of " the Decemviri, and with the Sabines they meet in " the field. I know your lordſhips expect the event. " My author's words of his countrymen are theſe— " Ne quid ductu, aut auſpicis Decemvirorum proſ- " pere gereretur, vinci ſe patiebantur.—" They " ſuffered themſelves to be conquered, that nothing " might proſper under the auſpices of the Decem- " viri."—They choſe rather a preſent diminution of

" their

" their honour, than by victory to confirm the ty-
" ranny of their new maſters. At their return from
" this unfortunate expedition, after ſome diſtem-
" pers and expoſtulations of the people, another ſe-
" nate, that is, a ſecond parliament, is called; and
" there the Decemviri are queſtioned, impriſoned,
" deprived of their authority, and ſome loſe their
" lives; and ſoon after this vindication of their li-
" berties, the Romans, by their better ſucceſs, made
" it appear to the world, that liberty and courage
" dwell always in the ſame breaſt, and are never to
" be divorced. No doubt, my lords, but your juſ-
" tice ſhall have the like effect upon this diſpirited
" people. 'Tis not the reſtitution of our ancient
" laws alone, but the reſtauration of our ancient
" courage which is expected from your lordſhips. I
" need not ſay any thing to move your juſt indigna-
" tion, that this man ſhould ſo cheaply give away
" that which your noble anceſtours, with ſo much
" courage and induſtry had ſo long maintained. You
" have often been told how careful they were,
" though with the hazard of their lives and for-
" tunes, to derive thoſe rights and liberties as en-
" tire to poſterity as they received them from their
" fathers. What they did with labour you may do
" with eaſe: what they did with danger you may do
" ſecurely; the foundation of our laws is not ſhaken
" with the engine of war; they are only blaſted
" with the breath of theſe men; and by your breath
" they may be reſtored."

This ſpeech was publiſhed, univerſally read and admired; the authour of Waller's Life ſays that twenty thouſand copies of it were ſold in a day. But it did not effect its purpoſe. No puniſhment was inflicted upon Crawley.

The

The Biographia Britannica obſerves that this Speech of Waller and the former *have rendered it doubtful whether* the ſweet or ſour paſſions *were moſt in his nature*. The character of a great man is ſure to be mangled when it falls into the hands of frigid compilers. Sourneſs and aſperity of temper are certainly very abſurdly attributed to Mr. Waller, for his generous defence of civil and political freedom.

I muſt beg leave to differ in opinion from a more reſpectable authority. Mr. Fenton does too much honour to the memory of juſtice Crawley, by pronouncing him a man of integrity; an encomium which, by the account that has been given of him, he ſurely did not deſerve. He accuſes the parliament of preſumption for its reſentment againſt the judges in the reign of Charles the firſt, though it appears that they promoted oppreſſion, violated the oath which they took to obſerve the due adminiſtration of juſtice, and were the ſycophants of majeſty. He undiſtinguiſhingly approves the conduct of Charles, and raſhly charges * Waller with being engaged in turbulence and faction for his ſpeech againſt Crawley, which reflects much credit upon his memory, the occaſion of it conſidered. Mr. Fenton, in his comment upon this ſpeech, betrays a partiality to the royal cauſe. Few are diſcriminating and moderate in examining thoſe times of paſſion and confuſion.

* He is, however, accuſed by Echard of having firſt propoſed in 1641, one of the moſt remarkable and unconſtitutional expedients of this parliament.

"An act was made that this parliament ſhould not "be adjourned, prorogued, or diſſolved, without their "own conſent. We are aſſured that the firſt motion "of this was made by Mr. Waller to the leading mem"bers." *Echard's Hiſtory of England*, Book II. Chap. i. *Article* 4th.—Anno 1641.

Yet

Yet I hope I ſhall be allowed the merit of endeavouring to adhere to truth. I ſhould be as loth to condemn the parliament for aſſerting their invaded privileges, as to juſtify their inſolence and uſurpation of the rights of the crown; or to adopt the extravagance of licentious and barbarous politicians, and, in contradiction to the genuine ſentiments of human nature, and with a ſhameful abuſe of language call the murder of a pious and unfortunate king, an eminent act of juſtice.

Waller about this time acquired a very great political reputation. He vindicated the rights of the people, but he likewiſe ſupported the dignity and authority of the crown; he had choſen that juſt and virtuous medium, to which it is ſo difficult to adhere in times of tumult, fanaticiſm, and rebellion.

When the proceedings of the houſe were grown extremely violent and licentious, he ſo much diſliked them that he abſented himſelf from it for ſome time.

There was now an open rupture between the king and his parliament. His majeſty erected his ſtandard at Nottingham, on the twenty-ſecond of Auguſt, 1642. Mr. Waller ſent the king a thouſand broad pieces on this occaſion; an indiſputable proof that he wiſhed well to his cauſe. He correſponded with the principal people about his perſon; and by applying to them, he got the royal leave to return to parliament. This permiſſion, we may ſuppoſe, was very readily granted to Waller; as it might be expected that he would be of great ſervice to Charles in the houſe, by his affection for his cauſe, and by the force of his eloquence.

How boldly he oppoſed the meaſures of the commons on his return to the parliament, we may collect from the following anecdote. Some wary and timid

timid members, afraid to encounter the civil ſtorm, had dropt their attendance at the houſe. When they were aſked the cauſe of their abſence, they replied, "That they did not chuſe to go thither, becauſe it "would be dangerous for them to ſpeak their ſen-"timents." They were anſwered, "That their "excuſe was frivolous; for it was well known that "Mr. Waller ſpoke there every day with the greateſt "freedom, and yet with impunity *."

Lord Clarendon informs us that the moderate men, and the king's friends had ſuch confidence in Mr. Waller that they freely communicated to him their opinions of the tranſactions of the times, and concerted meaſures with him for the re-eſtabliſhment of the publick tranquillity. They relied as much on his fidelity and caution as on his abilities and dexterity. Beſides, adds the noble hiſtorian, they might have a political view in conſulting with him; for they knew that his report to the king of their good diſpoſitions towards him would make a very ſtrong impreſſion on his majeſty in their favour. Hence it is evident that Charles at this time had a great eſteem for Waller.

He conducted himſelf ſo prudently betwixt the two parties, that he was likewiſe a man of great weight with the parliament, and one whom they truſted with the management of important affairs.

Soon after the battle of Edge Hill, which was fought on the twenty-third of October, 1642, the king retired to Oxford. In the ſame year the parliament ſent a committee thither to the king with propoſals of peace, and Mr. Waller was one of the commiſſioners. We muſt not omit the remarkable compliment which was payed him by his majeſty on

* See Clarendon's Hiſtory of the Rebellion, B. VII.

that

that occaſion. The commiſſioners were received by the king in the garden of Chriſt-church. Waller was the loweſt of them in rank, and therefore preſented to him the laſt. After he had kiſſed his hand, Charles looked at him with complacency, and ſaid, "Though you are the laſt, yet you are not the worſt, "nor the leaſt in my favour."

The truth of this anecdote we cannot queſtion; for it is related by Whitelocke †, who was one of the commiſſioners. But though that author's veracity is not to be doubted, we muſt lay no ſtreſs on the judgment which he forms upon this fact. He twice aſſerts, that it is evident from the good reception which Waller met with from the king at Oxford, that he was then forming the plot for his majeſty's intereſt, which was detected ſoon after the return of the commiſſioners to London. But is it likely that Charles, though imprudent in more complicated caſes, ſhould ſo far miſtake his proper behaviour to Waller at Oxford, if he then knew that he had entered into an aſſociation againſt his enemies, as to take particular notice of him on that account, and conſequently mark him out for a victim of the parliament's reſentment, if his deſigns miſcarried? The reader will ſee by what is above related, that he was entitled to this benign reception from the king for his paſt ſervices, for his zeal for prerogative as well as for privilege, and for adhering to his allegiance, notwithſtanding the defection of many.

Whitelocke's opinion in this matter is ſo remote from probability, that its contrary ſeems to be the truth; and inſtead of ſuppoſing with him that Waller's plot, then in agitation, was the cauſe of the king's affability to him, we may more reaſonably

† See Whitelocke's Memoirs, in the year 1642.

preſume

preſume that this affability was the cauſe of the plot; that it deeply affected the ſuſceptibility of Waller; that it made him think he had done too little for ſo indulgent, and generous a monarch; and urged him to venture upon an enterprize for the royal cauſe, which, afterwards, in imminent danger, he had not fortitude enough to avow.

We are now come to this plot in the ſeries of time. It was formed, and diſcovered, in the year 1643. Hiſtorians, to diſtinguiſh it from the many real and pretended confederacies of the times, call it Waller's plot; becauſe by him it was principally promoted and concerted. I ſhall endeavour to give a clear and comprehenſive account of it, not obſcured by brevity, nor weakened by minuteneſs. It would be doing injuſtice to our readers only to take ſuperficial notice of a fact ſo prominent in our hiſtory. Its conſequences, indeed, are more important than itſelf, as it proved abortive; they ſtrongly mark the character of the age, the hypocritical art of the parliament, and the blind credulity of the people. This plot has contributed to the diffuſion of the name of Waller; and made it known to many who have only been endowed with hiſtorical memory; and in whoſe minds the recollection of it could never excite poetical ſentiment.

Mr. Tomkins, clerk of the queen's council, had married Mr. Waller's ſiſter. He was a gentleman of good reputation, and very intimate with thoſe in the city, who were well affected to the king. Waller and he agreed to inform each other, and ſuch perſons as they might truſt, what members of the two houſes, and what people of credit in the city were diſguſted with the incroachments and violence of the parliament, and likely to enter into a ſpirited undertaking for the ſervice of their ſovereign. Wal-

ler informed Tomkins of the lords and commons, and Tomkins told Waller the names of the reputable citizens who wiſhed for the reſtoration of regular government: and each of them propagated his reſpective intelligence amongſt his friends, who were attached to the ſame cauſe.

Mr. Chaloner, a friend of Tomkins, was a principal agent in this plot; it was likewiſe honoured with noble aſſociates; the earls of Northumberland and Portland, and lord Conway, were privy to it, and ſupported it.

A particular rule was to be obſerved in conducting it. Only three perſons were to meet to diſcourſe upon it at a time. Each of theſe three might communicate it only to two more, who, he thought, might be ſafely entruſted with it. This precaution was agreed upon, that every individual in the plot, being in perſonal confidence with but a few, there might be the leſs danger of information; and that the ſuſpicion might be avoided, which numerous meetings might excite: that they might be guarded againſt treachery from within, and diſcovery from without.

The deſign of this combination was ſo mild, that, as Mr. Hume obſerves, it might with more juſtice be ſtiled a project than a plot. Their aim was not to attack the parliament with that ardour and violence which they deſerved; but to gain a powerful party in the two houſes, and in the city, which might oppoſe the arbitrary taxations of the commons, remonſtrate againſt them, bring about a peace, and reſtore the legal authority of the crown.

Lord Conway, however, ſuggeſted to Mr. Waller, that policy ſhould be ſupported with force, and that they ought not to neglect a military reſource, leſt by ſome unlucky accident they ſhould be expoſed to all the

the ſury and rigour of parliamentary reſentment. This propoſal of lord Conway is imputed by hiſtorians to his enterprizing temper, and his martial ſpirit. But it ſeems to have been a very reaſonable and neceſſary one: it was natural to fear that if the parliament ſhould diſcover this confederacy before it was mature, they would give no quarter to an aſſociation which had intended to cut off their pecuniary ſupplies, the ſinews of war, and to eſpouſe the intereſt of the king, no matter by how gentle methods. What lenity was to be expected from obſtinate, gloomy, and cruel uſurpation?

Lord Conway's advice made a due impreſſion upon Waller. He imparted it to his friend Tomkins, and preſſed him to uſe his endeavours for the execution of it. Tomkins was active in his turn; through him it was propagated in the city; and *there* it was agreed that ſome well-affected perſons in every pariſh, and ward of London, ſhould make a liſt of all the inhabitants. Hence they might know how many friends they would have to ſupport them, and how many enemies to oppoſe in caſe of emergency. For at that time it was eaſy to find the biaſs of almoſt every individual; when the minds of men were irritated to frankneſs by the virulence of party.

Mr. Waller and Mr. Tomkins had unfortunately ſpoken ſome words in the hearing of a ſervant of the latter, which made him ſuſpect that they had ſome extraordinary political deſign in agitation. At their next meeting he placed himſelf behind the hangings of the apartment in which they conferred, and overheard a full diſcuſſion of their ſecret. Immediately afterwards he went to Mr. Pym, and informed him of what he had heard, not probably without conſiderable additions to the truth, that his reward might be in proportion to the importance of

his diſcovery, Pym contrived that this intelligence ſhould be ushered to the publick in as alarming a manner as was poſſible; and he prepared them for the reception of it by the following artifice. A letter was brought him to St. Margaret's Church, Weſtminſter, when the houſe of commons were at publick worſhip there, on Wedneſday the 31ſt of May, 1643, a ſolemn faſt day which they had appointed. He opened the letter, looked amazed, whiſpered to two or three of the leading members, and went out of the church with them. After ſervice the houſes met; they were informed of a dreadful conſpiracy againſt the parliament and the city; they appointed a committee, who were to apprehend and examine whomever they might have reaſon to ſuſpect. Waller and Tomkins were made priſoners that night.

Waller was no ſooner ſeized than death in all its terrours was anticipated by his lively imagination. The ſuſceptible ſoul, which had often been deeply impreſſed with objects of pleaſure, not ſufficiently fortified by philoſophy, now gave way to its natural weakneſs, and was appalled at the view of that laſt criſis, which manly and well-diſciplined minds can ſurvey with tranquillity. When he was brought before the committee he betrayed the puſillanimity of a child; and in the precipitance of his fear, to atone in ſome meaſure for his conduct, made an ample and ungenerous confeſſion. He told his examiners, without heſitation that the earls of Northumberland and Portland, and lord Conway, were his accomplices; and brought accuſations againſt perſons who were ſtrangers to the fact in queſtion. He charged ſome ladies of diſtinction with diſaffection to the Commons, not without giving their names, and titles; and informed the committee that he had often been ſollicited

ſollicited by them to oppoſe the proceedings of the Parliament. Thoſe ladies loved his company; they eſteemed and admired him on account of his popularity, and wit.

After the examination of Waller, the committee examined Tomkins, and Chaloner, and ſome others of their priſoners, who they thought would give them the moſt material information. It will be proper here to give an account of another plot which they diſcovered at this time, and of which they availed themſelves to juſtify their ſeverity to Waller, and his aſſociates.

Sir Nicholas Criſpe, a wealthy merchant, and citizen of London, and a gentleman of great activity and ſpirit, was a zealous friend of the King, and conſequently much diſliked by the parliament. He was a commander of the trained bands in the city; but that office was taken from him by an ordinance of the militia. He uſed his open, and ſtrenuous endeavours in the city, to procure a petition for peace; the parliament commenced a proſecution againſt him on that account; and to avoid the effects of their reſentment, he fled to Oxford.

Oppoſition, and diſappointment only inflamed the loyalty of Criſpe. He correſponded with his friends in London; and at their inſtigation, or from his own ſanguine and enterpriſing temper, he requeſted the king to grant a commiſſion of array to ſome perſons in *that* city whom he would pitch upon, who, he knew, had great influence, and were firmly attached to his majeſty; and on whoſe prudence, and caution, as well as power and affection he could ſafely rely. He farther urged his propoſal by aſſuring him, that, if an accommodation between him and the parliament ſhould prove impracticable, a conſiderable body of men ſhould be ready to act for

him in the enſuing ſummer, in virtue of this commiſſion; that they ſhould appear in arms in and about London; that the royal army might eaſily join them; that the parliament would be brought to proper ſubmiſſion by that junction, and peace and order reſtored to the kingdom.

Though Charles thought the ſcheme carried with it no probability of ſucceſs when it was firſt propoſed to him, he was at length determined to embrace it, by the confidence and perſuaſions of Criſpe. He ordered him to make out the commiſſion of array, and to name in it what perſons he thought proper. It was accordingly drawn up, and duly authenticated. This affair was tranſacted in profound ſecrecy; it was not imparted to any of the king's miniſters, or counſellors.

The parliament had granted lady Aubigney a paſs to go to Oxford, to ſettle ſome buſineſs with the king, in conſequence of the death of her huſband, who was killed at the battle of Edge-Hill; with this lady his majeſty entruſted the commiſſion encloſed in a box. He did not acquaint her with the contents, but told her that they were of great conſequence to him. He deſired her to deliver the box to a perſon in London who would wait upon her to receive it, and who would produce a token which was to be ſent him, that ſhe might give it to him without ſcruple, which token the king then ſhowed her.

How the committee diſcovered this commiſſion of array, we cannot even conjecture, for it was unknown to lord Clarendon. Mr. Waller was acquainted with lady Aubigney, and often viſited her: but how could ſhe diſcloſe a ſecret to him, or indeed, to any one beſides, of which, we may conclude, ſhe was ignorant herſelf?

By

By whatever perſons, and means this project of Sir Nicholas Criſpe was diſcovered, the committee who examined Waller and his aſſociates were made acquainted with it, and it was by them communicated to the parliament, and the city. The commons, the more to exaſperate the minds of the public againſt Mr. Waller, and his friends, artfully blended the two plots, and gave the town a moſt alarming account of them. They gave out that the principal intentions of the conſpirators, were,—To ſeize into their cuſtody the king's children——to ſeize ſeveral members of both Houſes; the lord mayor, and committee of the militia, that they might bring them, as they pretended, to a legal trial——to ſeize the outworks, forts, tower of London, magazines, gates, and other places of importance in the city——to let in the king's troops to ſurpriſe the city, and to deſtroy all thoſe who ſhould oppoſe them by the authority of the parliament——to diſpute the payment of parliamentary taxes by force of arms——to ſuſpend, if not alter the whole government of the city; and by the aſſiſtance of the kings army, to intimidate the parliament, and bring it to their terms.

I ſhall not detain the reader with a minute account of all the charges which were brought by the parliament againſt Waller and his confederates. They would be unintereſting and inſipid, and probably in a great meaſure falſe. He who deſires to ſee a detail of this plot, and thinks a narrative true, if it be circumſtantial, may have his curioſity gratified by the ſubſtance of a long ſpeech made by Mr. Pym, to the lord mayor and citizens at a common hall on the eighteenth of June, 1643, which he will find in the Biographia Britannica. The account to which I refer, though it is an abridgment of the ſpeech,

is a ſpecimen of the dryneſs and prolixity of that artful demagogue. The authors of the Biographia ſay, that the moſt authentick account of this plot is given by Mr. Pym; as if the world did not know that he was a moſt prejudiced, and bigoted partizan, and was watchful and induſtrious to aggravate any fact which tended to make the royal cauſe more unpopular.

In his ſpeech to the citizens, he gave a dreadful account of the plot; he ſaid it was contrived for the deſtruction of the army, the parliament, and the city.

The commons, having raiſed a general alarm, appointed a day of public thankſgiving for their great delivery; to make the people imagine that their cauſe was eſpouſed by heaven, that their pious gratitude entitled them to its protection;——and, as lord Clarendon obſerves, to make the great delivery unqueſtionable.

To ratify theſe proceedings, and to give them effect, they drew up a ſolemn league and covenant, which was taken by every member of both houſes, by the army, and by the city. To many people the tenour of it gave qualms, which were ſuppreſſed by example, and by fear. Lord Clarendon, in his hiſtory, hath tranſmitted us a copy of this league and covenant; they who framed it, accumulate guilt, while they expreſs a whining ſorrow for paſt offences; the preamble is falſehood and hypocriſy; the oath is ſedition and rebellion.

All this religious grimace was portentous to the conſpirators, and threw a gloom over their trial. Mr. Tomkins, Mr. Chaloner, and Mr. Hambden, a gentleman who carried meſſages, and letters between the conſpirators, and the court at Oxford, were tried by a council of war. Haſſel, another meſſenger,

meſſenger, died in priſon the night before the trial. Tomkins was condemned to be hanged before his houſe in Holborne, where he had long lived, and maintained an excellent character. Chaloner was to ſuffer the ſame fate in Cornhill. Their ſentences were executed with many circumſtances of barbarity. As Waller was the only evidence againſt Mr. *Hambden*, they ſpared *his* life; but he died in confinement: though that lenity, perhaps, was ſhown him becauſe he was related to the patriot. Some gentlemen, too, whoſe names were in the commiſſion of array, and who were tried at this time, had the good fortune not to ſuffer capitally, as it did not appear that their names had been uſed with their conſent, or knowledge. But they were branded with the title of malignants, and their eſtates were confiſcated.

The commons were very deſirous to proceed with equal ſeverity againſt the earl of Portland, and lord Conway, who were in cloſe confinement. But Waller was their only accuſer; he and they were often confronted before the committee; and they as repeatedly, and peremptorily denied the charge of privacy to the plot, as he retorted it upon them. They were kept in priſon a conſiderable time; but were, at length, enlarged upon bail.

The earl of Northumberland obtained his freedom with more eaſe. The commons were violently incenſed againſt him, for they knew that he was much diſguſted with their meaſures. Their prudence, however, checked their reſentment. For the earl was a favourite of the publick.

Waller was a more active offender againſt the commons than his two friends who ſuffered capital puniſhment. But he met with a gentler fate than theirs by means which have ſullied his memory. The

The excellence of the poet ſhall not redeem the meanneſs of the man.

He was now a priſoner of the council of war, by whom he was to be tried. His trial had been put off out of pity to his ſituation: for he expreſſed, in his confinement, the moſt abject, and vehement repentance for his crime. He even feigned diſtraction to molify his judges: though, from his exceſſive fear, there was, perhaps, little imitation in his madneſs. He ſent to the fanatical miniſters of the ſectaries, and requeſted their ghoſtly aſſiſtance. The elegant ſoul of Waller, formed for poetry, and for love, ſeemed to imbibe their ruſtick jargon, and thanked them with humility and ardour for the ſpiritual illumination which they poured upon his mind. He neglected not to make conſiderable preſents to thoſe holy men, by which probably he won more upon *their* hearts than they gained upon *his* by their pious exhortations. He likewiſe gave great ſums to the leading members in the houſe of commons; who were very ſenſible to this pathetic application, and, in conſequence of it, were induſtrious to ſave him. Their influence operated ſtrongly in his favour. The preachers too, whom he had bought, warmly recommended him to mercy; and their recommendation had much weight; for fanaticiſm was then oracular.

After his repeated requeſts, which were ſupported by powerful intereſt, he was admitted to the bar of the houſe of commons on the fourth of July, 1643, to ſpeak in his own defence. The ſpeech, which he then made, does honour to his learning, and eloquence, while it convicts him of the moſt timid, and ſervile puſilanimity. In it he intreats the commons that *they* would try him, and not expoſe him to the ſanguinary deciſion of a council of war; he ſhows the

the inconveniences which might befall themſelves, if they ſhould ſuffer his fate to be determined by military arbitration; and laments the crime which he had committed in the vulgar, and blaſphemous cant of a preſbyterian miniſter. In his ſpeech againſt judge Crawley, he made an artful, and ſtriking application from Roman hiſtory to the argument he was inforcing; in his ſpeech for himſelf he makes an application of the ſame kind.

"I dare confidently ſay, you ſhall find none, either "ancient, or modern, whoever expoſed any of their "own order to be tried for his life by the officers of "their armies abroad, for what he did while he re-"ſided among them in the ſenate.

"Among the Romans the practice was ſo contra-"ry, that ſome inferiour officers in the army, far "from the city, having been ſentenced by their "general, or commander in chief, as deſerving "death by their diſcipline of war, have, neverthe-"leſs, becauſe they were ſenators, appealed thither, "and the cauſe has received a new hearing in the "ſenate."

In the following extract he apologizes for his conduct in the true ſtrain of a fanatick.

"What it was that moved me to entertain diſ-"courſe of this buſineſs (the plot) ſo far as I did, I "will tell you ingenuouſly, and that rather as a "warning for others, than that it makes any thing "for myſelf; it was only an impatience of the in-"conveniences of the preſent war, looking on things "with a carnal eye, and not minding that which "chiefly, if not only, ought to have been conſidered, "the ineſtimable value of the cauſe you have in "hand, the cauſe of God, and of religion, and the "neceſſities you are forced upon for the mainten-"ance of the ſame. As a juſt puniſhment for this "neglect,

" neglect, it pleaſed God to deſert, and ſuffer me " with a fatal blindneſs, to be led on, and engaged " in ſuch counſels as were wholly diſproportioned " to the reſt of my life. This, ſir, my own con- " ſcience tells me was the cauſe of my failing, and " not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or diſpoſition " toward the commonwealth, or to the parliament."

To this ſpeech, his other interceſſions, and his bribes, he owed his life. He was fined the ſum of ten thouſand pounds by the parliament, and baniſhed the kingdom for life.

I muſt beg leave to make an obſervation or two on this account of Waller's plot.

I have been principally guided by lord Clarendon's relation of the affair; becauſe it ſeemed preferable, in the main, to thoſe of the other hiſtorians. We are not however to rely implicitly upon his authority.

He is ſatisfied that Mr. Waller's ſcheme, and Sir Nicholas Criſpe's were not at all connected with each other. His reaſon for this opinion, is, that Waller, and the principal perſons concerned in his plot, were not named in the commiſſion of array. This argument, I think, is not concluſive. Waller and his friends might act in conjunction with Criſpe's correſpondents in London, and yet might not chuſe to have their names inſerted in the commiſſion of array, leſt it ſhould be intercepted by the parliament.

The commiſſion of array was made publick when Waller, Tomkins, and Chaloner were examined. Lord Clarendon ſays, it was then diſcovered to the committee, or they kept it concealed till that time. But about that time they muſt have been informed of it. For, is it probable that they would be dilatory in publiſhing it, as the intelligence, when divulged, would

would throw freſh odium upon the king, and his friends? From theſe circumſtances we may conjecture that the diſcovery of the commiſſion of array was a conſequence of the detection of Waller's plot, and that he was acquainted with Criſpe's plan, and took ſome part in it: a paragraph in Waller's ſpeech is favourable to this ſuppoſition.

"For ſo much as concerns myſelf, and my part "in this buſineſs (if I were worthy to have any "thing ſpoken, or patiently heard in my behalf) "this might truly be ſaid, that I made not this bu- "ſineſs, but found it; it was in other men's hands "long before it was brought to me, and when it "came, I extended it not, but reſtrained it. For "the propoſitions of letting in part of the king's "army, or offering violence to the members of this "houſe, I ever diſallowed, and utterly rejected "them."

If Criſpe's project is here alluded to, it was, perhaps more warm, and adventurous, than lord Clarendon allows it to have been.

It appears by the noble hiſtorian's account, that Waller was not tried by the council of war, but only by the parliament. This account is ſtrengthened by Waller's ſpeech in his own defence. And yet it is abſolutely contradicted by Whitelocke's Memoirs, and the * Parliamentary Hiſtory. Both theſe authorities inform us, that Waller was condemned to be hanged by the council of war, but got a reprieve from the earl of Eſſex, the general of the parliament's army. We cannot come at the truth of paſt facts, when they are ſo differently related by reſpectable authors. Perhaps he was tried, and condemned by

* See Parliamentary Hiſtory, under the year 1643. Whitelock's Memorials under the ſame year.

the

the council of war, after he had made his ſpeech at the bar of the houſe of commons. This being admitted, he was reprieved by Eſſex, and according to Whitelocke, after having continued a year in priſon, he was rejudged by the parliament, by them condemned to pay a fine of ten thouſand pounds, and baniſhed the kingdom. If this is the truth, he was baniſhed in the year 1644. Beſides his fine of ten thouſand pounds, he expended at leaſt twenty thouſand to procure the lenity of the parliament.

The author of Waller's life, very injudiciouſly, and in contradiction to hiſtory, ſays "that though "this plot was diſcovered, it was an advantage to "the king, by producing that ſevere vow, and "covenant, which few ſwallowed but by compul-"ſion, and many to avoid it fled to Oxford, whither "alſo the earl of Portland and the lord Conway "went as ſoon as they had an opportunity." * On the contrary, lord Clarendon informs us, that though the novelty and boldneſs of the league and covenant ſtartled many, there were but few, in compariſon, who refuſed to take it; that it more clearly diſtinguiſhed to the parliament their friends from their foes, and diſpoſed them to more determined, and violent meaſures. They had now openly, and formally declared their rebellion, they were therefore to proceed vigorouſly; they were not to think of a retreat. We might have inferred by reaſon what hiſtory authoriſes us to aſſert, that the diſcovery of Waller's plot adminiſtered fuel to the flame of civil war; and greatly injured the king as well as its contriver.

Waller lived in France during his exile. He went firſt to Rouen in Normandy, where he reſided for

* See Clarendon's Hiſtory of the Rebellion. b. vii.

ſome

ſome * years. Margaret, his eldeſt daughter by his ſecond wife, Mary, of the family of Breſſe, or Breaux, was born in that city. The year of his ſecond marriage has not been tranſmitted to us; but it is generally ſuppoſed that it was near the time of his plot. This eldeſt daughter was his favourite, of his female children; and when ſhe grew up ſhe was his amanuenſis.

He paſſed the latter years of his exile at Paris; where he lived in gaiety, and elegance; in the ſociety of people of rank, and of thoſe who were diſtinguiſhed for their learning and their wit. His hoſpitality was even magnificent. No Engliſhman's table at Paris was ſo ſumptuous as Mr. Waller's, except that of lord St. Alban's, who was the queen of England's prime miniſter when ſhe kept her court there.

From this liberal, and ſplendid hoſpitality we may conclude, that lord Clarendon was miſtaken in charging him with narrowneſs in the early part of his life. For avarice increaſes with age; and the ſoul of the miſer becomes more contracted by pecuniary misfortunes.

But Waller did not ſink under his ſevere fate. He not only retained the ſpirit of converſation, politeneſs, and hoſpitality; but had vigour of mind enough to exert his poetical genius. Perhaps this ſerenity and compoſure were more the reſult of that enjoyment which a ſuſceptible conſtitution is apt to feel from preſent reſources than of the efforts of philoſophy.

In the beginning of 1650, and in the forty-fifth year of his age, he wrote a new year's poetical epiſtle to the counteſs of Morton, who was then at Paris

* The greater part of the time of his baniſhment, ſays the author of his life.

The

This lady conveyed the princeſs Henrietta, daughter of Charles the firſt, to France, in the year 1646. Her eſcape with her royal charge is celebrated in this poem, which has great merit: it contains polite compliment, pertinent hiſtorical alluſions, and ſtriking ſimiles At the concluſion, where the poet's fancy anticipates the future power of prince Charles, and the charms of Henrietta, the dominion of royalty, and beauty are finely contraſted.

Born in the ſtorms of war, this royal fair,
(Produced like lightning in tempeſtuous air)
Though now ſhe flies her native iſle, leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea, or wind,
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the Britiſh throne,
Where peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

In this poem, and in his epitaph on colonel Charles Cavendiſh, which he likewiſe wrote in his baniſhment, he inveighs againſt the rebels, and reminds us that the abject ſpeech which he made at the bar of the houſe of commons, in which he regrets his attempt to ſerve the king, as a moſt impious undertaking, and pronounces their cauſe the cauſe of religion, and of God, was totally an artifice to ſave his life, and directly oppoſite to the ſentiments of his heart.

Soon after he was baniſhed, an Engliſh lady of his acquaintance deſired him to collect his poems, and ſend them to her from France. He complied with her requeſt, and they were publiſhed in the year 1645. A letter was prefixed to the poems when they were printed, which he ſent with them to the lady; but, as Mr. Fenton obſerves, it ſeems not to have been intended for a publick dedication. It is evident that

that when he wrote tat letter, he had recovered all his chearfulneſs, and vivacity. This firſt edition of Mr. Waller's poetry was entitled—"Poems, written "by Edmund Waller, of Beconsfield, Eſq. lately a "member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons," and there was added in the title-page—"All the "Lyrick poems in this book were ſet by Mr. Henry "Lawes, of the king's chapel, and one of his majeſty's "private muſick." In his letter to the lady he tells her that he had bid adieu to poetry; but that reſolution he afterwards dropt, and greatly augmented his poetical collection. Who this female correſpondent was, to whom the world owed the firſt publication of Waller's poems, Mr. Fenton could not diſcover.

His principal fund while he abode at Paris, was his wife's jewels; a fund, which his elegant manner of living for ſome years had almoſt exhauſted. His gaiety, however, was not ſuppreſſed by his bad circumſtances: he jocularly told his friends that he was come to the rump-jewel.

As his finances were ſo low, it behoved him to endeavour to procure a repeal of the ſentence which had ſequeſtered his fortune, and condemned him to baniſhment for life. For this purpoſe he applied to colonel Scroope; who had married his ſiſter, and had conſiderable intereſt with Cromwell, who was now the abſolute maſter of England. At that gentleman's interceſſion, the protector gave him leave to return to his native country, and to the poſſeſſion of his eſtate, which was now not half of what it was worth when it was left him by his father. Yet he had fifteen hundred pounds a year ſtill remaining, which, at that time, enabled a gentleman to live with elegance, and ſplendour.

In 1654, the year in which he returned to England, he wrote his panegyrick on Oliver Cromwell. A beautiful, and ſpirited compoſition, in which the

harmony, and delicate graces of Waller are elevated with the dignity of the epick ſtrain. His deſcription of the privileges and power of Britain, in this poem, is pictureſque, and animated; it claims our admiration as juſtly, as his fulſom praiſe of Cromwell deſerves our contempt. One can hardly ſuppreſs indignation to ſee the tribute which is only due to virtue and piety, proſtituted to uſurpation, and cruelty. Formality, and rigour, in peruſing Waller's miſapplied encomium, will deteſt his memory; but rational benevolence will quit this view of him with a generous pity for the weakneſs of human nature.

Cromwell was ambitious to change his title of protector into that of king. His parliament, however, did not favour his project. To make himſelf independent of them by ſeizing American treaſures, he declared war againſt Spain. In the beginning of September in the year 1656, Captain Stayner built three Engliſh frigates; gained a ſignal victory over the Spaniſh fleet, off Cales; and took a galleon which had on board above two millions of plate. On this occaſion, Waller's genius was again the ſlave of Cromwell: he wrote a poem in praiſe of his conduct and of the naval exploit, entitled—* 'of a war with 'Spain, and fight at ſea.' In the concluſion he recommends to the ſtate the object of Cromwell's, and, as the poet ſays, of the nation's wiſhes. He propoſes that a crown and ſceptre ſhould be made for the protector out of the bullion which had been taken from the Spaniards.

Then let it be as the glad nation prays—
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the ſtate fixed by making him a crown;

* Blake and Montague were the admirals of the fleet; but the battle was fought by Stayner.—See Fenton's comment on the poem.

With

With ermin clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal ſceptre made of Spaniſh gold.

Cromwell died on the third of September in the year 1658, and Waller wrote a poem on that event, entitled—"On the death of the lord protector." The royaliſts thought that the ſtorm of wind which happened at that time was raiſed by the devil, the prince of the power of the air, who had come to take poſſeſſion of the protector's ſoul, and convey it to the infernal regions. But, if we believe Waller's muſe, that hurricane proceeded from a different cauſe, from the violent grief of nature for the death of ſo great a man. The gloom of ſuperſtition perverts phyſical effects, and propogates errour; the lively imagination of the poet works them into machinery, and only amuſes mankind.

The author of Waller's life ſuppoſes that he wrote this poem merely from the regard he had for Cromwell, and out of gratitude for his paſt favours, as he could now no longer befriend, or injure him. But from the tenour of Waller's conduct we may conjecture that the poem was dictated by a different motive; that he wrote it to ingratiate himſelf with Cromwell's ſon, who, for aught he then knew, might inherit his father's power.

After his return from baniſhment, he lived chiefly at Hall-Barn, near Beconsfield, where Cromwell uſed frequently to viſit him, and his mother. Though that lady was related to the uſurper, ſhe was a warm royaliſt, and often took the liberty to upbraid him with his hypocriſy, and barbarity. He had calmneſs enough not to be angry at this freedom, but waved with jeſt the accuſations which he could not oppoſe with argument. He uſed to throw a napkin at Mrs. Waller, and tell her, that he would not enter into diſputes with his aunt. So he called her, though ſhe

was only his couſin. At length, however, he diſcovered that frankneſs in converſation was not the only conſequence of her zeal for the royal cauſe, but that ſhe carried on ſome correſpondences for the king's intereſt. She was therefore, by his order, made her daughter's priſoner for ſome time in her own houſe.

Though we do not find that Cromwell gave Waller any ſhare in the buſineſs of the ſtate, yet he treated him not only with reſpect, but with kindneſs. He regarded him as his relation; nor was he inſenſible of his talents, and his literary accompliſhments. There was an intimacy between them; and Cromwell, according to Waller's report, was well acquainted with the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, entered into the ſpirit of thoſe noble writers, and made obſervations upon them that ſhowed uncommon penetration and taſte. He concluded, from this diſplay of the protector's manly ſentiments, that his ſanctified grimace was only a political character which he had aſſumed; and the following accident confirmed him in his opinion.

When Waller and he were, one day, engaged in converſation, a ſervant came, and told Cromwell that ſome gentlemen who were in the next room, begged leave to ſpeak with him upon particular buſineſs. Cromwell went to them, and ſtayed with them for a little time. It is probable they had waited upon him on an affair of ſome intricacy. For in leaving them, and opening the door of the apartment where Waller was, he recommended them to better inſtruction than he could give them, in theſe words—"The Lord "will reveal"—"The Lord will help." Waller ventured to ſmile at the religious drama.—Cromwell was ingenuous in his turn.—"Couſin Waller, ſaid "he,

" he, I muſt talk to theſe men in their own way." They reſumed their converſation, which we may ſuppoſe, was more rational than that which had paſſed between Cromwell and his puritans.

In the year 1660 he preſented to king Charles the ſecond, a congratulatory poem, on his majeſty's happy return. He wrote it in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Whether, in compoſing it, the vigour of his mind was precluded by a conſcious ſhame for his inconſiſtent diſtribution of praiſe, or whether the vivacity of his genius was now growing torpid by time, this performance is certainly far inferior to many of his other productions. It ſeems elaborate, but it is neither ſpirited, nor accurate; and the ſimilies, by which he would illuſtrate the clemency of the king, unhappily convey the ideas of ravage and deſolation. Mr. Fenton obſerves, that, from this time our poet's genius declined apace. The remark demands our aſſent; not becauſe it is Mr. Fenton's, but becauſe the truth of it is proved by Waller's latter pieces; for implicitly to conclude that the mental faculties muſt always become weaker when the body begins to loſe its elaſticity, is derogatory to the dignity of the human mind, and contradicted by experience.

Charles the ſecond told Waller that he thought his poem on his return fell far ſhort of his panegyrick upon Cromwell. A juſt criticiſm, and a delicate reproof of his flattery of the uſurper! Waller, however, was not diſconcerted at the oblique, though poignant rebuke; but immediately made the beſt apology for himſelf that could have been offered. " Sir, (replied he to the king) poets always ſucceed " better in compoſing fiction than in adorning " truth."

About this time the famous St. Evremond left France, his native country, and came to England. He got acquainted with our author, and an intimacy commenced between them, which laſted as long as Waller lived. When St. Evremond went to Holland, where he reſided for ſome years, he gave Waller the charge of his manuſcripts, many of which were loſt by ſome accident in 1665, the year of the plague in London. It is thought that St. Evremond returned to England for the ſake of Mr. Cowley's company, and Mr. Waller's: the friendſhip of thoſe great men was formed, and endeared by their congeniality of mind.

No man had the art of pleaſing more than Waller; and it gained him the good graces of Charles the ſecond, that eaſy and ſociable king. In his majeſty's convivial hours with the duke of Buckingham, and his other gay courtiers, he was often one of the company. Drinking was more common in high life at that time than it is now: but Waller was extremely temperate. Yet he made his converſation agreeable at thoſe meetings to the laſt hour. He could ſo well accommodate himſelf to his company, that his ſobriety threw no reſtraint, nor gloom upon them. He could be as much actuated by the feſtivity of his temper, and the richneſs of his fancy as others were by the impreſſion of Bacchus; and nature ſupplied him with thoſe raptures for which they were indebted to the fecundity of wine. Whence Mr. Saville uſed to ſay, that "No man in England ſhould keep him "company without drinking but Ned Waller."

An edition of his poems was publiſhed in 1664. The preface which was then prefixed to it is printed with his proſe works in this edition. It is ſuppoſed to have been written by himſelf, or under his inſpection.

The

The kindneſs with which he was treated by the king encouraged him to aſk of his majeſty the provoſtſhip of Eton-College, in 1665, which became then vacant by the death of Dr. John Meredith. It was granted him by the king; but the earl of Clarendon, who was then lord chancellor refuſed to ſet the ſeal to the patent, becauſe laymen, he ſaid, could not legally hold the provoſtſhip. Waller made a careful ſearch for precedents in his favour; he only found two, by which the ſtatutes of the college had evidently been violated. His diſappointment in not obtaining this office, the poſſeſſion of which he had been ſo near, put an end to the intimacy which had long ſubſiſted betwixt him and lord Clarendon; and in the year 1667, he joined warmly with the duke of Buckingham in the impeachment of that nobleman. In 1668, when Clarendon had fled to France, the provoſtſhip of Eton was again vacant by the death of Dr. Alleſtry, and he again made application for it to the king, who ordered his privy-council to examine and determine whether he might confer it upon a lay-man. The cauſe was argued before the council for three days by the ableſt lawyers of the time. The deciſion of the queſtion, was, that laymen were excluded from the place by the act of uniformity. The king told Waller that he could not violate an act of parliament. Thus his expectations were a ſecond time defeated; and the provoſtſhip was given to Dr. Zachary Cradock.

Notwithſtanding the familiarity to which he was admitted by Charles, his intereſt with him never went farther, afterwards, than to procure a pardon about the year 1685, for his couſin John Hambden, grandſon to the famous Hambden, who had been condemned for high treaſon, and to prevent the trial of his ſon for the ſame crime.

He was a member of the houſe of commons in two parliaments of this reign. In the ſecond, which met on the eighth of March, 1661, he repreſented Haſtings in Suſſex. In the third, which met on the ſixth of March, in the year 1678, he was returned the ſecond time for Chipping Wycombe in Buckinghamſhire. Few men have ſhone with Waller's eloquence in the Houſe, and few have had his parliamentary experience. He ſate in eight parliaments; in one of James the firſt, in four of Charles the firſt; in two of Charles the ſecond: and in the year 1685, in the reign of James the ſecond, he was choſen for Saltaſh, a Corniſh borough. He was then eighty years old; and yet at that age, biſhop Burnet, in the Hiſtory of his own Times, ſays, that his ſpeeches were more entertaining than thoſe of any member in the houſe.

Poetry, in which his youth had been ſo much employed, was his favourite amuſement to the laſt years of his life. He was old when he altered the Maid's Tragedy, for the entertainment of the court. It is one of Fletcher's plays. Mr. Southerne told his friend Mr. Fenton that he had ſeen this tragedy acted at the Theatre Royal, towards the end of Charles the ſecond's reign, but not with Mr. Waller's alterations. We find, by a letter from St. Evremond to Corneille, that Waller was a great admirer of that poet, and uſed to tranſlate parts of his plays. "Mr. Waller "(ſays St. Evremond to Corneille) is always impa-"tient to ſee your new pieces, and never fails to "tranſlate an act or two of them, in which he takes "great pleaſure."

In the year 1680, and in the ſeventy fifth of his age, he wrote his poem on the earl of Roſcommon's tranſlation of Horace's Art of Poetry. An animated performance for old age; but it was the old age of Waller.

In the year 1685, within two years of his death, he wrote his ſix Cantos on Divine Love, and his two Cantos on the Fear of God; in which he has more merit as a chriſtian than as a poet. His genius was now oppreſſed with the infirmities of old age, and his ſubject was againſt him. The gay theology of the heathens is more favourable to poetical imagination than the ſimple, and ſevere truths of our purer religion. The Greeks and Romans had many deities; they perſonified love, and wine, and war, and other ſenſible objects of this lower world. The poet can eaſily comprehend the nature of thoſe fictitious gods, and avail himſelf of their attributes. The ſcriptural ſyſtem adopted into life will effectually reform the heart, and reward the moral agent with happineſs; but the pagan divinity ſupplies richer and more varied materials to the operations of fancy. There are very few poems of any length, founded upon ſcripture, which can be peruſed with pleaſure; unleſs the mind of the reader is more influenced by devotion than taſte.

The verſes on his ſacred poetry were the laſt he wrote. They would not have done him diſcredit when his genius was in its meridian. They are at once poetical and philoſophical. The reader will ſee, by the ſix lines which cloſed his tuneful ſtrain for ever, that, like the ſwan of the ancient poets, he ſung ſweetly to the laſt. Tacitus wiſhed to have had his feeling mind impreſſed with the laſt words of Agricola. May we not liſten with a tender attention to the expiring notes of Waller.

The ſoul's dark cottage, battered, and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:

Leaving

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new. *

He was above eighty when he wrote the poem, entitled, "A preſage of the ruin of the Turkiſh "empire, preſented to his majeſty king James the "ſecond on his Birth-day." James, notwithſtanding the bigotry, and gloomineſs of his mind, affected to be an admirer of Waller. He one day ordered the earl of Sunderland to bid him ſee him in the afternoon. When Waller came, the king took him into his cloſet. During their converſation, his majeſty aſked him how he liked the picture which was there? "Sir (ſaid Waller) my eyes are ſo dim that I "cannot ſee it."—"It is the princeſs of Orange" ſaid the king—"And the princeſs of Orange (re-"plied Waller) is like the greateſt woman the world "ever ſaw."—"Pray who was ſhe?"—"Queen "Elizabeth." ſaid Waller.—"I am ſurpriſed (an-"ſwered the king) that you ſhould think ſo: but I "muſt own ſhe had a wiſe council."—"And did "your majeſty (rejoined Waller) ever know a fool "chuſe a wiſe one?"——In this anſwer he probably had his eye upon James's imprudent adviſers.

When he intended to marry his favourite daughter to Dr. Birch, the king endeavoured to prevent the match, and ordered a French nobleman to tell him that "His majeſty wondered he ſhould marry his "daughter to a falling church."—"Sir (anſwered

* Theſe elegant and ſentimental lines drew the following compliment from Dryden which is worthy of its author and the occaſion.

Still here remain; ſtill on the threſhold ſtand;
Still at this diſtance view the promiſed land;
That thou may'ſt ſeem, ſo heavenly is thy ſenſe,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

Dryden's Miſcellanies.

"Waller)

" Waller) the king does me very great honour to " take any notice of my domeſtick affairs; but I " have lived long enough to obſerve that this falling " church has a trick of riſing again."

He told his friends that " The king would be left " like a whale upon a ſtrand." The author of his life infers from this anecdote that he was in the ſecret of the Revolution. But it does not appear from *it* that he was in that ſecret. A man of common penetration, without being concerned in the Revolution, might have known that the king would run a-ground. The ſame author further informs us, that his ſon, and heir, Edmund Waller, joined the party of the prince of Orange, as ſoon as he landed in England. Neither was he authoriſed by that circumſtance, to aſſert, that the father was, undoubtedly inſtrumental in bringing over king William.

Waller often converſed with lady Sunderland (who was more famous by the name of Sachariſſa than by her title) when they were both very old. The ardent lover had now long been ſunk in the polite and entertaining companion. At the counteſs of Wharton's, at Wooburn near Beconsfield, where many ladies, and gentlemen were met, ſhe aſked him " when he would write ſuch fine verſes upon her " again?"——" Oh, madam (replied Waller) when " your ladyſhip is as young again."

Some time before he died, he purchaſed a ſmall eſtate at Coleſhill, the place of his birth. Having gone thither one day to dine, he ſaid " He ſhould be " glad to die, like the ſtag, where he was rouſed." We have, naturally, a ſtrong attachment to our native ſpot; which to a certain degree, reſembles the affection we have for our parents, and our early connexions. In the exuberance of fancy, we even imagine

gine that the friendly ground will be hoſpitable to our remains; that the turf will there lie lighter upon us; and that our aſhes will be guarded by the genius of the place.

In the ſummer of 1668, having a ſwelling in his legs, he went to Windſor with his ſon-in-law, Dr. Birch, to conſult Sir Charles Scarborough, who was there, in attendance, as firſt phyſician to king James the ſecond. "I am come (ſaid he) to you, "as to an old friend as well as a phyſician, to aſk "you what this ſwelling means."——"Why Sir," replied Sir Charles, "your blood will run no longer." Waller received his ſentence with ſerenity, and reſignation.

In the autumn of that year his diſtemper increaſed, he was confined to his bed, and he found his death aproaching. He prepared himſelf for the awful criſis; he deſired Dr. Birch to adminiſter the ſacrament to him, and his family to join with him in receiving it. He profeſſed his faith in chriſtianity with great earneſtneſs and fervour; and told thoſe around him an anecdote, which does honour to his eaſy and ſocial hours; and his laſt moments were well employed in relating it. "I remember (ſaid he) the duke of "Buckingham once talked profanely before king "Charles the ſecond when I happened to be one of "the company.—I could not let his licentious irony "paſs without a reproof. My lord, ſaid I, I am a "great deal older than your grace; and I believe I "have heard more arguments for atheiſm than ever "your grace did: but I have lived long enough to "ſee there is nothing in them; and ſo I hope your "grace will" Whatever the defects of Waller's life were, he ſupported the laſt ſcene of it with propriety and dignity. He died on the twenty-firſt of October,

October, 1687, and was interred with his anceſtors in the church-yard of Beconsfield. *

Many elegies were written on his death by his poetical cotemporaries. He had often caught inſpiration in the bowers of Parnaſſus; and his grave was ſhaded with its laurels.

A fine monument was afterwards erected over it by his ſon's executors. The Latin inſcriptions upon it were written by Mr. Rymer, hiſtoriographer to the Queen. As they have no force of compoſition, and as they contain no material information but what will be found in this narrative, I ſhall not obtrude them upon the reader. It will now be expected that I ſhould ſay ſomething of his perſon and character.

The endowments of his mind were recommended by the graces of his form. Mankind are ſo ſubject to the faſcination of externals, that the effects of the moſt elevated genius and virtue are greatly obſtructed by perſonal diſadvantages. Worth, covered by deformity gains upon us but by ſlow approaches,

* He had by his firſt wife a ſon and a daughter. The former died young; the latter was married to Mr. Dormer of Oxfordſhire. By his ſecond wife he had five ſons, and eight daughters, moſt of whom ſurvived him. The mind of Benjamin, his eldeſt ſon, was ſo inferiour to that of his father, that he had not a common underſtanding. He was ſent to New Jerſey in America. Edmund, our poet's ſecond ſon, inherited his eſtate. This gentleman likewiſe wrote verſes; but by the ſpecimen of his poetry, which we have from the authour of Waller's Life, it appears that he only fancied that he had derived genius from his father. He died without iſſue, and left the eſtate to Edmund, the eldeſt ſon of his brother, Dr. Stephen Waller, who was the poet's fourth ſon, and a famous civilian. He was appointed one of the commiſſioners for the union of the two kingdoms.

and

and muſt not expect to be generally well received till the world is convinced of its reality by repeated experience. But to him in whom nature hath united amiable qualities and great talents with perſonal elegance, we are immediately prepared to pay homage. While the eye ſurveys, the mind wiſhes to eſteem, and to admire.

Waller's perſon was handſome and graceful. That delicacy of ſoul, which produces inſtinctive propriety, gave him an eaſy manner, which was improved, and finiſhed by a polite education, and by a familiar intercourſe with the Great. The ſymmetry of his features was dignified with a manly aſpect; and his eye was animated with ſentiment and poetry.

His elocution, like his verſe, was muſical and flowing. In the ſenate, indeed, it often aſſumed a vigorous and majeſtick tone, which, it muſt be owned, is not a leading characteriſtick of his numbers.

He was ſo happily formed for ſociety, that his company was ſought for by thoſe who deteſted his principles and his conduct. He muſt have had very engaging qualities who kept up an intimacy with people of two prejudiced, and exaſperated parties; and who had the countenance of kings of very different tempers and characters. He was a favourite with the perſons of either ſex of the times in which he lived, who were moſt diſtinguiſhed for their rank, and for their genius. The mention of a Morley, a St. Evremond, a Dorſet, a Clarendon, and a Falkland, with whom he ſpent many of his ſocial hours, excludes a formal eulogium on his companionable talents. Let it ſuffice, therefore, to obſerve, that his converſation was chaſtiſed by politeneſs, enriched by learning, and brightened by wit.

The warmth of his fancy, and the gaiety of his diſpo-

diſpoſition, were ſtrictly regulated by temperance and decorum. Like moſt men of a fine imagination, he was a devotee to the fair ſex: but his gallantry was not vitiated with debauchery; nor were his hours of relaxation and mirth proſtituted to profaneneſs and infidelity. Irreligion and intemperance had not infected all ranks in Waller's time as they *have* now; but he had as much merit in avoiding the contagion of a profligate court, with which he had ſuch familiar intercourſe, as we can aſcribe to an individual of the preſent age, who mixes much with the world, and yet continues proof againſt its licentiouſneſs. He rebuked the impious wit of the libertine even before a king who was deſtitute of religion and principle; and who enjoyed a jeſt upon that ſacred truth which it was his duty to defend and to maintain.

But his virtue was more theoretick than practical. It was of a delicate and tender make; formed for the quiet of the poetick ſhade, and the eaſe of ſociety; not hardy and confirmed enough for a conflict with popular commotions. His behaviour on his trial was hypocritical, unmanly, and abject: yet the alarming occaſion of it, on which but few would have acquitted themſelves with a determined fortitude, extenuates it in ſome meaſure to candour and humanity; though he who had effectually reduced the diſcipline of philoſophy to practice, would rather have ſuffered death than purchaſed life with the ignominy which it coſt Waller. But let us recollect that Providence is very rarely laviſh of its extraordinary gifts to one man. Let us not condemn him with untempered ſeverity, becauſe he was not a prodigy which the world hath ſeldom ſeen; becauſe his character compriſed not the poet, the orator, and the hero.

That

That he greatly improved our language and verſification, and that his works gave a new æra to Engliſh poetry, was allowed by his cotemporaries, nor has it ever been diſputed by good criticks. Dryden tells us he had heard Waller ſay, that he owed the harmony of his numbers to Fairfax's tranſlation of the Godfrey of Bulloigne. Whoever reads that tranſlation, and compares it with our author's poetry, will ſee in how rude a ſtate Engliſh verſe was when Waller began to write, and what advantage it received from *him*. Perhaps more elegant language, and more harmonious numbers than his, would be expected even from a middling poet in this age of refinement: but ſuch a writer would be as much inferiour to Waller in abſolute merit, as it is more difficult to attain new, than to copy paſt excellence, as it is eaſier to imitate than to invent. A voyage to the Weſt Indies, firſt achieved by Columbus, and the calculations of Newton, are now often made by the modern mariner and mathematician: but who refuſes admiration to the inventor of fluxions, and to the diſcoverer of America?

Eaſe, gallantry, and wit, are the principal conſtituents of his poetry. Though he is frequently plaintive with tenderneſs, and ſerious with dignity. But impartiality muſt acknowledge that his muſe ſeldom reaches the ſublime. She is characteriſed by the ſofter graces, not by grandeur and majeſty. It is her province to draw ſportive or elegiack notes from the lyre; not to ſound the trumpet, and inflame the ſoul.

Hitherto we have remarked our author's beauties; we muſt now mention his faults. Undiſtinguiſhed praiſe is as weak as it is unjuſt; it neither does credit to the encomiaſt, nor to the perſon commended.

Gram-

Grammatical inaccuracies are not unfrequent in Waller. The literary amuſement of the gentleman was not ſufficiently tempered with the care and circumſpection of the author. He ſometimes prefers a point, more brilliant than acute, to a manly and forcible ſentiment; and ſometimes violates the ſimplicity of nature for the conceit of antitheſis. In his fondneſs of ſimile, he is apt to loſe the merit of a good by the addition of a bad one; in which he ſacrifices truth and propriety to ſound and ſplendour. Theſe faults, however, we muſt, in a great meaſure, impute to the rudeneſs of the age, with which greater poets than Waller complied; partly from negligence, or the immediate influence of example, and partly from neceſſity.

Waller's works will always hold a conſiderable rank in Engliſh poetry. His great abilities as a ſtateſman and an orator are indiſputable; and his moral character will be viewed with lenity by thoſe whoſe minds are actuated by humanity, and who are properly acquainted with their own failings; who conſider the violence of the times in which he lived, and who are accuſtomed to think before they decide.

TO

Dedication.

Opus marmor M. RYSBRAKE Londini.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

THE

LADY MARGARET CAVENDISHE HARLEY.

LET others boaſt the nine Aonian maids,
Inſpiring ſtreams, and ſweet reſounding ſhades;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearſe,
And bade the Laurels learn the lofty verſe.
In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boaſted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd ſoul with rays divine:
None but the Fair infuſe the ſacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When WALLER, kindling with cœleſtial rage,
View'd the bright HARLEY of that wond'ring age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth poſſeſt,
The praiſe of ſcience faintly warm'd his breaſt:
But, fir'd to fame by SIDNEY's roſy ſmile,
Swift o'er the laureat realm he urg'd his toil.
His muſe, by nature formed to pleaſe the Fair,
Or ſing of Heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender Power's of love:
More ſweetly ſoft her awful beauty ſhone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As Angels love, congenial ſouls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid, and ſublime, the grave, and gay,
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal Lays to bound
Their copious ſenſe, and harmonize the ſound;

With

With varied Notes the curious ear to pleaſe,
And turn a nervous thought with artful eaſe.
Maker, and model, of melodius verſe!
Accept theſe votive honors at thy herſe.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praiſe,
Infuſe thy Genius, and my fancy raiſe!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the ſong his Shade inſpires.

In WALLER's fame, O faireſt HARLEY! view
What verdant palms ſhall owe their birth to You.
To you what deathleſs charms are thence decreed,
In Sacchariſſa's fate vouchſafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of with'ring Time,
Her beauties flouriſh in Ambroſial prime:
Still kindling rapture, ſee! ſhe moves in ſtate;
Gods, Nymphs, and Heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praiſe of love's delight
In pureſt minds may ſtain the virgin-white:
How bright, and chaſte, the Poet and his Theme;
So Cynthia ſhines on Arethuſa's ſtream.
A ſainted Virtue to the ſpheres may ſing
Thoſe ſtrains, that raviſh'd here the Martyr-King.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd eaſe
Politely formed, to profit and to pleaſe,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praiſe, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's roſe without a thorn diſplay'd
Her bloom, and in a fragant bluſh decay'd.

Such ſoul-attracting airs were ſung of old,
When bliſsful years in golden circles roll'd:
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and ſtrife,
While love was all the penſive care of life,
The ſwains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their paſſion to reſound:
Fancy perſu'd the paths where beauty led,
To pleaſe the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs ſigh'd;

From

From death redeem'd by verſe, the vaniſhed Fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or ſparkled in a ſtar!
Bright as the ſtars, and fragrant as the flow'rs
Where Spring reſides in ſoft Elyſian bow'rs;
While theſe the bow'rs adorn, and they the ſphere,
Will Sachariſſa's charms in ſong appear.
Yet, in the preſent age, her radiant name
Muſt take a dimmer interval of fame;
When You to full meridian luſtre riſe,
With Morton's ſhape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carliſle's wit, her geſture, and her mien;
And, like ſeraphic Rich, with zeal ſerene;
In ſweet aſſemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners, more refin'd!
That Angel-frame, with chaſte attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd Morn awakes the May,
Of nobleſt youths will reign the publick care,
Their joy, their wiſh, their wonder, and deſpair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The ſiſter-arts with ſudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the Painter nymph reſumes;
The canvas warm with roſeate beauty blooms:
Inſpir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and ſoftens with your ſmile;
Proud to receive the form, by fate deſign'd
The faireſt model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muſe's heav'nly voice!
The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margareta's praiſe;
And all ye liſt'ning Loves record the Lays!
So, Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing Orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The firſt, the brighteſt, of the ſtarry train.

What fav'rite Youth aſſign the Fates to riſe,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's Garter'd ſhield ſuſtains
Trophies, atchieved on Gallia's viny plains:
Or, ſmiling Peace a mingled wreath diſplays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays:

Adorn,

DEDICATION.

Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite Youth aſſign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good:
His breaſt the guardian Ark of heav'n-born law,
To ſtrike a faithleſs age with conſcious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reaſon ſway'd;
Not fear'd, but honor'd; and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wiſe, brave, and ſtudious to ſupport the State,
With candor firm; without ambition, bold;
No deed diſcolor'd with the guilt of gold.
That heav'n may judge the choiceſt bleſſings due;
And give the various Good compriz'd in You.

E. FENTON.

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OF

OF THE

DANGER

HIS MAJESTY

(BEING PRINCE)

Eſcaped in the Road at SAINT ANDERO.

NOW had his Highneſs bid farewel to SPAIN,
And reach'd the ſphere of his own pow'r, the main:
With BRITISH bounty in his ſhip he feaſts
Th' HESPERIAN Princes, his amazed gueſts,
To find that wat'ry wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great MADRID.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons echo'd from th' affrighted ſhore,
With loud reſemblance of his thunder, prove
BACCHUS the ſeed of cloud-compelling JOVE:
While to his harp divine ARION ſings
The loves, and conqueſts, of our ALBION Kings.
Of the fourth EDWARD was his noble ſong,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquiſh'd HENRY's head;
Rais'd the White Roſe, and trampled on the Red:
'Till LOVE, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought MARS and WARWICK to the conquer'd ſide:
Neglected WARWICK (whoſe bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and reſumes the ſceptre of our State)
Woos for his Maſter; and, with double ſhame,
Himſelf deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady BONA: whom juſt anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.

Ah! ſpare your ſwords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and muſt repair the ſame:
When France ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conqu'ring eyes,
Have made the beſt of ENGLISH hearts their prize;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counſels of our State.
What the prophetic Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious Lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too ſure a ſign of ſea's enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royal troop engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to ſweep
NEPTUNE's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding Deep:
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounter ſeems too rough for jeſt;
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball,
Toſt to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold BRITONS ſtill ſecurely row'd;
CHARLES and his virtue was their ſacred load:
Than which a greater pledge heav'n could not give,
That the goo l boat this tempeſt ſhould out-live.
But ſtorms increaſe! and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the PRINCE's face;
The reſt reſign their courage, ſkill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel, (wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver THAMES to ride,)
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry Main,
As TITAN's car did, while the golden rein

Fill'd

Fill'd the young hand of his * advent'rous ſon,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire,
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by fire.
Th' impatient ſea grows impotent and raves,
That, night aſſiſting, his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th' oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad deſire.
The pale IBERIANS had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To ſee the PRINCE with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleaſures of their Court before:
Godlike his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of Death affright:
Next to the pow'r of making tempeſts ceaſe,
Was in that ſtorm to have ſo calm a peace.
Great MARO cou'd no greater tempeſt feign,
When the loud winds uſurping on the Main
For angry JUNO, labor'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded TROY:
His bold ÆNEAS, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the GREEKS had quell'd
In honorable fight: our Hero ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and ſceptres, more
Than ever PRIAM, when he flouriſh'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untaſted joys;
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in FRANCE;
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph, than † ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the ſea.

* Phaeton. † Venus.

That noble ardor, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry THETIS, raiſe her waves above
Th' heroic PRINCE's courage, or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhou'd periſh, where that image dwelt.
Ah LOVE forbid! the nobleſt of thy train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the GALLIC Court;
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem, which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo:
Like bright AURORA, whoſe refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of enſuing day;
And warns the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafie ſhadows, from the threaten'd heat.
From CUPID's ſtring of many ſhafts that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble FAME had ſhed,
As through the wond'ring world ſhe flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But LOVE's firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the PRINCE's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of JASON, THESEUS, and ſuch Worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.
And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old MUSÆUS ſo divinely ſung:
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns and favours that deſire;
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to ſwim,
And in LEANDER's danger pities him;
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune, ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous GREEK's.

For

For from the ſtern of ſome good ſhip appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make;
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair HERO's hand extends.
The ſhip at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage reſtrained, foaming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repels:
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Wou'd not be moved for our ſiſter States:
For ENGLAND is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the Genius of that land they know,
Whoſe PRINCE muſt be (as their own books deviſe)
Lord of the ſcene, where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the ROMAN bard; "all human things
"Of deareſt value hang on ſlender ſtrings."
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heav'n our joy, ſupported by a line!
Which for that inſtant was Heav'n's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of JOVE,
On which the fabric of our world depends;
One link diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

Of his MAJESTY's receiving the News of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death.

SO earneſt with thy God! Can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger interrupt thy pray'r?
The ſacred wreſtler, till a bleſſing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heav'n:
Nor was the ſtream of thy devotion ſtop'd,
When from the body ſuch a limb was lop'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was noleſs maim;
Tho' thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold HOMER durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his * beſt pattern: of PATROCLUS ſlain,

* ACHILLES.

With ſuch amazement as weak mothers uſe,
And frantic geſture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by Royal HECTOR's lance:
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
† The famous painter cou'd allow no place
For private ſorrow in a Prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this,
Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiſs.
Their PHOEBUS ſhou'd not act a fonder part
For the ‡ fair boy, than he did for his hart:
Nor blame for HYACINTHUS' fate his own,
That kept from him wiſh'd death, had'ſt thou been known.
He that with thine ſhall weigh good DAVID's deeds,
Shall find his paſſion, nor his love, exceeds:
He curſt the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe ZIBA with his heir divide:
Where thy immortal love to thy bleſt friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their ſeed deſcends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmov'd; and yet like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our CHARLES's pedigree from heav'n; and taught
How ſome bright dame, compreſt by mighty JOVE,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

To the KING on His NAVY.

WHERE-E'ER thy Navy ſpreads her canvas wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings:
The FRENCH, and SPANIARD, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to fear.
So JOVE from IDA did both hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped,
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed:

† TIMANTHES. ‡ CYPARISSUS.

Thou

Thou on the Deep impoſeſt nobler laws;
And by that juſtice haſt remov'd the cauſe
Of thoſe rude tempeſts, which for rapine ſent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy THAMES, be free
From both thoſe fates, of ſtorms, and piracy.
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or PEGASEAN horſe:
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation, as to touch our ſoil.
Should Nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the centre ſpread the liquid Main,
Thy pow'r were ſafe; and her deſtructive hand
Wou'd but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful Fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
Thoſe tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's reſtorer once cou'd not indure,
That finiſh'd BABEL ſhou'd thoſe men ſecure,
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabric to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood:
To thee his choſen more indulgent, He
Dares truſt ſuch pow'r with ſo much piety.

On the taking of SALLE.

OF JASON, THESEUS, and ſuch Worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales antiquity has told:
Such beaſts, and monſters, as their force oppreſt,
Some places only, and ſome times, infeſt.
SALLE that ſcorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
And future ages threatning with a rude,
And ſavage race, ſucceſſively renew'd:
Their King deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide:
This peſt of mankind gives our Hero fame,
And thro' the obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once to cruel AGAG ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſs made,

So ſhall the ſword make thine: and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword.
Juſt CHARLES like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled ſeas:
With ſhips, they made the ſpoiled merchant mourn;
With ſhips, their city and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged caſtles ſent
O'er-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of tempeſts in the ſeas;
Like hungry wolves, thoſe pirates from our ſhore
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſh'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the ſea!
Mad CACUS ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
The herd of fair ALCMENA's ſeed invades;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
MOROCCO's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon, to have ſeen and known
The injur'd world's avenger and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

Upon his MAJESTY's repairing of St. PAUL's.

THAT ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon MELITA's ſhore,
Than did his Temple in the ſea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the firſt ‡ Monarch of this happy Iſle,
Mov'd with the ruin of ſo brave a pile,
This work of coſt and piety begun,
To be accompliſh'd by his Glorious Son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.

‡ K. JAMES I.

He,

He, like AMPHION, makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A pow'r, like that of harmony in ſound.
Thoſe antique minſtrels ſure were CHARLES-like Kings,
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects hearts their ſtrings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles' great Apoſtle; and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have born her name:
Two diſtant virtues in one act we find,
The modeſty, and greatneſs of his mind:
Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury of all-impairing age;
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd, from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earneſt of his grand deſign,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which, ſpouſe-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument or hand.
For, doubtful reaſon few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it ſhou'd amend:
But beauty, with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds
A welcome ſov'reignty in rudeſt minds.
Not ought which SHEBA's wond'ring Queen beheld
Amongſt the works of SOLOMON, excell'd
His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity, and art.
While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long-wanted ſhowers they forget to ſend:
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The

The ſun, which riſeth to ſalute the Quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty cou'd ſo far extend:
The KING built all; but CHARLES, the weſtern-end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heav'n!
LAOMEDON, that had the Gods in pay,
NEPTUNE, with him * that rules the ſacred day,
Cou'd no ſuch ſtructure raiſe: TROY wall'd ſo high,
Th' ATRIDES might as well have forc'd the ſky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To ſee ſuch pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful field;
The taſk is eaſier to deſtroy, than build.

* * * *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. * * * HORAT.

To the QUEEN, occaſion'd upon ſight of Her MAJESTY's Picture.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty, which the dazling light
Of Royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all acceſs, ſave by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted, Mighty QUEEN:
In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The QUEEN of BRITAIN, and the QUEEN of love!
As the bright ſun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So, happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere,
As your high Majeſty with awful fear

* APOLLO.

In

In human breaſts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided ſun.
No other nymphs have title to mens hearts,
But as their meanneſs larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred CHARLES his) never love durſt fly.
Heav'n that prefer'd a ſceptre to your hand,
Favor'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole world's miſtreſs, other than a QUEEN.
All had been rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No pow'r atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals LOVE's empire, both in heav'n and earth:
Such eyes as yours, on JOVE himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning, as his own:
Witneſs our JOVE, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to the HESPERIAN Dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil, a fairer prey;
The Royal Youth purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the GALLIC Court:
There public care with private paſſion, fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs and his love,
And the free faith of your * Great Brother prove;
With his † ACHATES, breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their Graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outſhine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?——
So, when the fair LEUCOTHOE he eſpy'd,
To check his ſteeds impatient PHOEBUS earn'd,
Though all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?

* LEWIS XIII. K. of France. † D. of BUCKINGHAM.

Not

Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs Gods
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes
Of men in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, 'till piety and they return.

Of the QUEEN.

THE lark, that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble neſt, lies ſilent in the field:
But if (the promiſe of a cloudleſs Day)
AURORA ſmiling bids her riſe and play;
Then ſtrait ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice:
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy wings are ſtretch'd
Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n her note ſhe fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the buſy throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th' ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muſe, like bold PROMETHEUS, flies,
To light her torch at GLORIANA's eyes.
Thoſe ſov'reign beams, which heal the wounded ſoul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul!
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's ſcorn of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow worm ſpy'd; ſuppoſing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing ſtone;
For life it had, and like thoſe jewels ſhone:
He held it dear, 'till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.
She ſaves the lover, as we gangrenes ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lop'd limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High heav'n, and theſe expoſtulations uſe.
" Cou'd nature then no private woman grace,
" Whom we might dare to love, with ſuch a face,
" Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
" Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?

" Beyond

" Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
" What envious Pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?"
Thus, in a ſtarry night fond children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the ſky;
Which, tho' they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compaſſion, to mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:
For mercy has, cou'd mercy's ſelf be ſeen,
No ſweeter look than this propitious QUEEN.
Such guard, and comfort, the diſtreſſed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate wou'd ruin, it prefers;
For all the miſerable are made hers.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor ſheep from tempeſts, and their ſhepherds, ſhields:
The royal bird poſſeſſes all the boughs,
But ſhed, and ſhelter, to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next!
For which ſo oft thy fertile womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waſte thy ſpirits, and diffuſe thy blood:
What vaſt hopes may theſe iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus deſcended, are to reign?
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our ſeas no longer ſhall our pow'r confine.
A brave romance who wou'd exactly frame
Firſt brings his knight from ſome immortal dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield;
None might the mother of ACHILLES be,
But the * fair pearl, and glory of the ſea:
The man † to whom great MARO gives ſuch fame,
From the high bed of heav'nly VENUS came:
And our next CHARLES, whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh, ſpring from thine.

* THETIS. † ENÆAS.

The

The APOLOGY of SLEEP,

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is thoſe breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil, and care:
Reſt to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,
Whom Heav'n, and her tranſcendent thoughts, have plac'd
Above thoſe ills which wretched mortals taſte.
Bright as the deathleſs Gods, and happy, ſhe
From all that may infringe delight is free:
LOVE at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haſte obeys.
Such real pleaſures, ſuch true joys ſuſpenſe,
What dream can I preſent to recompenſe?
Shou'd I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds ſeem all at her command:
Or place her in OLYMPUS' top, a gueſt
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That pow'r wou'd ſeem, that entertainment, ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent court:
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, ſever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Aſcending do the ſeat of ſenſe invade,
No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining mind:
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs ſkies,
Where flowing NILUS want of rain ſupplies;
That chryſtal heav'n, where PHOEBUS never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what ſo hard which Numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold * MÆONIAN made me dare to ſteep
JOVE's dreadful temples in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my pow'r,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bow'r,

* HOMER.

Where

Where GLORIANA their great miſtreſs lies:
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes; 'till the joyful ſun
Without a rival half his courſe has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

PUERPERIUM.

YOU Gods that have the pow'r
To trouble, and compoſe
All that's beneath your bow'r,
Calm ſilence on the ſeas, on earth impoſe.

Fair VENUS, in thy ſoft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breaſt can'ſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs, give this thy ſacred iſland reſt,
Make heav'n ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care, our HALCYON, builds her neſt.

Great GLORIANA! fair GLORIANA!
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth;
Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE, upon her Landing.

GREAT QUEEN of EUROPE! whence thy off-ſpring wears
All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs:
As welcome thou to ſea-girt BRITAIN's ſhore,
As erſt LATONA (who fair CYNTHIA bore)

To

To DELOS was: here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in BELGIA confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce cou'd the ocean (tho' inrag'd) have toſt
Thy ſov'reign bark, but where the obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy bed: Rome's conqu'ring hand
More vanquiſh'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: here BERECYNTHIA ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go:
A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
Mother of all that on AMBROSIA fed.
Thy god-like race muſt ſway the age to come;
As ſhe OLYMPUS peopled with her womb.
Wou'd thoſe commanders of mankind obey
Their honor'd parent; all pretences lay
Down at your royal feet; compoſe their jars,
And on the growing TURK diſcharge theſe wars:
The Chriſtian knights that ſacred tomb ſhou'd wreſt
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt: [might
Our ENGLAND's PRINCE, and GALLIA's DOLPHIN,
Like young RINALDO, and TANCREDI, fight:
In ſingle combat by their ſwords again
The proud ARGANTES, and fierce SOLDAN, ſlain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your ‡ TUSCAN Muſe exalt the fight.

The COUNTRY to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd
ORPHEUS alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And nature's ſelf, in thoſe that could not lye:
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us, ſhining through the thickeſt ſhades.
Nor ought the tribute, which the wondring court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer, and conſent, to that report,
Which echo like, the country do's return:

‡ TASSO.

Mirrors

Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartial images of things.

A * rural judge diſpos'd of beauty's prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd was prefer'd to JOVE:
Down to the mountains from the partial ſkies,
Came JUNO, PALLAS, and the Queen of love,
To plead for that, which was ſo juſtly giv'n
To the bright CARLISLE of the Court of heav'n.

CARLISLE! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their AMARILLIS, to reſound:
CARLISLE! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound:
From PHOEBUS' rage our ſhadows, and our ſtreams,
May guard us better than from CARLISLE's beams.

The Counteſs of CARLISLE in mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of ſky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the ſun appear;
Heaven then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments, and that bright aſpect.
A ſpark of virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity, is fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy beauty get:
A VENUS riſing from a ſea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, leſt thou admit increaſe
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's deceaſe.
We find not that the † laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for ANCHISES; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortal with her deathleſs bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy thro' all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright PHOEBUS might affect in ſhades to dwell,

* PARIS. † VENUS.

As they to put on ſorrow: nothing ſtands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy preſence can lay hold of none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great MERCURY, of our mighty JOVE:
Who, by the pow'r of his inchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatning Monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe;
Inſtructing Princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made SHEBA's curious Queen reſort
To the * large-hearted HEBREW's famous Court.
Had HOMER ſat amongſt his wondring gueſts,
He might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendous feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate,
The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charms, that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent Maſter's love into the heart
Of HENRIETTA! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the ſun;
And, like CAMILLA, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms: while the PARISIAN dames
Mourn for the raviſh'd glory; at her flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amazed ſtars,
When the bold charmer of THESSALIA wars
With heav'n itſelf; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending CYNTHIA from her ſeat.

In Anſwer to one who writ a Libel againſt the Counteſs of CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With DIOMEDE, to wound the Queen of love?
Thy miſtreſs' envy, or thine own deſpair?
Not the juſt PALLAS in thy breaſt did move
So blind a Rage, with ſuch a diff'rent fate:
He honor won, where thou haſt purchas'd hate.

* SOLOMON.

She

She gave aſſiſtance to his TROJAN foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'ſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe;
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy miſtreſs not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of Fairy ARTHUR's ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foes, and won the doubtful field?
So ſhall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the ſkies;
Rewarding PHOEBUS for inſpiring ſo
His noble brain, by likening to thoſe eyes
His joyful beams: but PHOEBUS is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy, nor thy ſight;
So ill thou rhym'ſt againſt ſo fair a light.

Of her CHAMBER.

THEY taſte of death that do at heav'n arrive;
But we this paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of DEATH, the dart of LOVE does ſtrike;
And renders all within theſe walls alike:
The high in titles, and the ſhepherd, here
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear:
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition loſe; and have no other ſcope,
Save CARLISLE's favour to imploy their hope.
The * THRACIAN could (tho' all thoſe tales were true
The bold GREEKS tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet ſo ſheep and lions lay,
Fearleſs, and wrathleſs, while they heard him play.
The gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:

* ORPHEUS.

While ſhe with chearful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like PHOEBUS, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

To PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas LOVE that injur'd you,
And on that rock your THYRSIS threw;
Who for proud CÆLIA could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond LOVE his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd, as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As ſouls that join in one deſire.
LOVE made the lovely VENUS burn
In vain, and for the * cold youth mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Prefer'd, to ſleeping on her breaſts.
LOVE makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright CARLISLE's conqu'ring eyes;
Which ſhe regards no more, than they
The tears of leſſer Beauties weigh.
So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea a uſeleſs ſhow'r;
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.
Then, PHYLLIS, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But ſport of heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this PARTHIAN fight
Of LOVE, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
Never encount'ring face to face;
No more to LOVE we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities:
And let our hearts, which LOVE diſjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

* ADONIS.

To

To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND, upon the Death of his Lady.

TO this great loſs a ſea of tears is due:
But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not yourſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhow'rs, the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue wou'd bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which dries,
Her ſole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'er cou'd grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
Th' obſequious ſeas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave ÆMILIUS, his great charge laid down,
(The force of ROME, and fate of MACEDON)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly ſpoke
Before ROME's people; "We did oft implore,
"That if the heav'ns had any bad in ſtore
"For your ÆMILIUS, they would pour that ill
"On his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill."
You on the barren ſeas, my Lord, have ſpent
Whole ſprings; and ſummers to the public lent:
Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhorten'd the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, than
For many lives of old, leſs happy, men.
You, that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth, and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with ÆMILIAN-courage bear this croſs,
Since public perſons only public loſs

Ought to affect. And tho' her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble ſweetneſs, and that humble ſtate,
(All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty fate!)
Might give excuſe to any common breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt:
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd
To the laſt act: it is enough her ſtone
May honour'd be with ſuperſcription
Of the ſole Lady, who had pow'r to move
The great NORTHUMBERLAND to grieve, and love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the THRACIAN youth invades
ORPHEUS, returning from th' ELYSIAN ſhades;
Embrace the Hero, and his ſtay implore;
Make it their public ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo; and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd love, tempt the LETHEAN lake;
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the fair EURYDICE ſucceed:
EURYDICE! for whom his num'rous moan
Makes liſt'ning trees, and ſavage mountains groan:
Thro' all the air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce thro' the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great CHARLES, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexing how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,

That

That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.
Nature (her faireſt lights eclipſed) ſeems
Herſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threaten'd, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health, intend.
As lillies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend:
Fold thee within their ſnowy arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs, and too young, to dye.
So like Immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languiſh, by ſo fair a train
To be lamented, and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to the Bleſt? O'er her ADONIS ſo
Fair VENUS mourn'd, and with the precious ſhow'r
Of her warm tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing flow'r.
The next ſupport, fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſue thee to the grave.
And now, relentleſs Fate about to end
The line, which backwards does ſo far extend
That antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes;
Kind PHOEBUS interpoſing, bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe; but they
Like NEPTUNE, and his * ſea-born Neece, ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the land and ſea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

* VENUS.

SONG.

STAY, PHOEBUS, ſtay!
The world to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder, as DE MORNAY's eyes.
Well does this prove
The error of thoſe antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth ſnatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY's Picture.

SUCH was PHILOCLEA, and ſuch * DORUS' flame;
The † matchleſs SIDNEY that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With ſuch extremes of excellence, compoſe;
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe!
Such chearful modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs through his ARCADIA found,
Amaz'd we ſee in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artiſt took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at KALANDER's, the brave friends ‡ had jarr'd;
And, rivals made, th' enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt nature firſt inſtructed by his thought,
In his own houſe thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think;
So much his blood is nobler than his ink?

* PAMELA. † Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.
‡ PYROCLES and MUSIDORUS.

To

To Van Dyck.

RARE Artiſan, whoſe pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves!
From thy ſhop of beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedleſs lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace:
Nor ſcorn, nor cruelty does find:
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of deſpair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her ſtubborn look
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'ſt thou yet thyſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel!
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in verſe)
Why thou cou'dſt not, at one eſſay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that bliſs?
And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs ſkill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill;
When nature's ſelf ſo often errs?
She for this many thouſand years

Seems

Of the LADY who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder SLEEP from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himſelf in SACHARISSA's eyes.
As fair ASTRÆA once from earth to heav'n,
By ſtrife, and loud impiety was driven:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wiſe SOMNUS to that paradiſe repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake,
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe wretches wake.
More proud than PHOEBUS of his throne of gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſofter limbs to hold:
Nor would exchange with JOVE, to hide the ſkies
In darkning clouds, the pow'r to cloſe her eyes:
Eyes, which ſo far all other lights controul,
They warm our mortal parts, but theſe our ſoul!
Let her free ſpirit, whoſe unconquer'd breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet, and untroubled reſt,
Know, that tho' VENUS, and her ſon, ſhou'd ſpare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet HYMEN may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, ſuſpend her ſleep.

Of the Miſ-report of her being painted.

AS when a ſort of wolves infeſt the night,
With their wild howlings at fair CYNTHIA's light;
The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from her eyes,
But never reach the miſtreſs of the ſkies:
So, with the news of SACHARISSA's wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues:
Call LOVE to witneſs, that no painted fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire:
While, unconcerned, ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new malice, than our loves before;
But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
On both our paſſions, without ſmile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom heav'n affecteth ſo!

Paints

Paints her, 'tis true: with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like glorious colors thro' the flow'ry meads;
When laviſh nature with her beſt attire
Cloaths the gay ſpring, the ſeaſon of deſire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morn:
With the ſame art, wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo [bow.
Thoſe painted clouds which form THAUMANTIAS'

Of her paſſing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old CHAOS (heav'n with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd:)
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his ſhoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright SACHARISSA far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard:
As ſhips, tho' never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater favor this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants, than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding marble of her ſnowy breaſt.
While LOVE inſults, diſguiſed in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the wind her raviſh'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
Tho' loth he ſeems her tender leaves to preſs,
More loth he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe;
From whoſe rude bounty he the double uſe
At once receives, of pleaſure, and excuſe.

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE apply'd.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpired train,
Fair SACHARISSA lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like PHOEBUS ſung the no leſs amorous boy;
Like DAPHNE ſhe, as lovely, and as coy!

With

With Numbers he the flying Nymph purſues;
With Numbers ſuch as PHOEBUS' ſelf might uſe!
Such is the chaſe, when love and fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads;
Invok'd to teſtify the lover's care,
Or form ſome image of his cruel Fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er theſe he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay.
Yet, what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All, but the Nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like PHOEBUS thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Fabula PHOEBI et DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis THYRSIS, PHOEBIque ſacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra SACHARISSÆ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipſe olim DAPHNI majora canebat;
Nec fuit aſperior DAPHNE, nec pulchrior illâ:
Carminibus PHOEBO dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua: formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſanâ mente ſolebat.
Audîît illa procul miſerum, cytharamque ſonantem;
Audîît, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis!
Ne tamen omnino caneret deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit DAPHNE ſua laurea PHOEBUS.

SONG.

SAY, lovely Dream! where could thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colors of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In

In heav'n itſelf thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a Dream:
Cruel SACHARISSA's mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape;
Such as wander by the brook
Of LETHE, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And, death reſembling, equals all.

To Mrs. BRAUGHTON, Servant to SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-ſervant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care,
Than the bright dame's we ſerve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints: nor will her high diſdain
Forbid by humble Muſe to court her train.
So, in thoſe nations which the ſun adore,
Some modeſt PERSIAN, or ſome weak-eyed MOOR,
No higher dares advance his dazled ſight,
Than to ſome gilded cloud, which near the light

Of

Of their aſcending God adorns the eaſt,
And, graced with his beams, out-ſhines the reſt.
Thy ſkilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confound us ſo.
A thouſand CUPIDS in thoſe curls do ſit,
(Thoſe curious nets!) thy ſlender fingers knit:
The GRACES put not more exactly on
Th' attire of VENUS, when the Ball ſhe won:
Than SACHARISSA by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.
You the ſoft ſeaſon know, when beſt her mind
May be to pity, or to love, inclin'd:
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear
Of that ſtern Goddeſs: you, her prieſt, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the Fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that ne'er decay,
Or poliſh'd lines which longer laſt than they.
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the chearful morn do's firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fiſhes' ſhells;
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortal gifts her mind ſhould pleaſe.
The ſhining jewels GREECE, and TROY, beſtow'd
On * SPARTA's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
And ſnowy wriſts: but when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd:
Her beauty too had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

At PENS-HURST.

WHILE in the park I ſing, the liſt'ning deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear:
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the ſame:

* HELEN.

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bow'rs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhow'rs.
To Thee a wild and cruel ſoul is giv'n,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
LOVE's foe profeſs'd! why doſt thou falſly feign
Thyſelf a SIDNEY? from which noble ſtrain
* He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of LOVE, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love, or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoak of amorous SIDNEY's fire.
Nor call her mother, who ſo well does prove
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity, and love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy, and bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive: to no human ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs; but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature, to recompence the fatal pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe † healing ſprings;
Which not more help, than that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might, like ORPHEUS, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compaſſion: now, my trait'rous ſong
With thee conſpires, to do the ſinger wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not myſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath ſtill foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire!
This laſt complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt APOLLO, preſident of verſe;
Highly concerned that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to ſing;
Thus he adviſ'd me: "On yon aged tree
"Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the ſea;
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce at leaſt may with this paſſion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;

* Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. † Tunbridge-Wells.

And from the winds, and tempeſts, does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice; and vows this endleſs love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her.

To my young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love!
Yet, faireſt bloſſom! do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon:
The roſy morn reſigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warms us ſo?
Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And ſummer, tho' it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay:
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

To AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto THYRSIS owe;
I will tell you how I do
SACHARISSA love, and YOU.
Joy ſalutes me, when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on AMORET:
But with wonder I am ſtrook,
While I on the other look:
If ſweet AMORET complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains:

But

But for SACHARISSA I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myſelf is mine,
Lovely AMORET! is thine,
SACHARISSA's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.
If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection;
I would not thus long have born
Haughty SACHARISSA's ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome Pow'r above,
Which controuls our wills in love!
If not a love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt, ſollicits me,
Beauteous AMORET! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazled ſight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly ſcal'd) does know!
AMORET! as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which, but taſted, does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart.
SACHARISSA's beauty's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to heav'n excuſe
The devotion, which I uſe
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,

Which I thither ought to ſend.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heav'n itſelf be due,
To ſucceed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:
Which, though not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter-liv'd than love.

On the Friendſhip betwixt SACHARISSA and AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving Pair!
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to yourſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of LOVE controul;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either breaſt
Still beguiled LOVE does come:
Where he finds a foreign gueſt;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver doves that fly,
Yoak'd in CYTHEREA's car;
Not the wings that lift ſo high;
And convey her ſon ſo far;

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are ſo choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

To AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars!
The ſmooth ſtream, where none can ſay,
He this drop to that prefers!
AMORET, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lye?
Where the pow'r that charms us ſo?
In thy ſoul, or in thy eye?
By that ſnowy neck alone:
Or thy grace in motion ſeen?
No ſuch wonders cou'd be done;
Yet thy waiſt is ſtraight, and clean,
As CUPID'S ſhaft; or HERMES' rod:
And pow'rful too, as either God.

A LA MALADE.

AH lovely AMORET, the care
Of all that know what's good, or fair!
Is heav'n become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,——to pretend?
Hence, to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n,
Thy beauties to impair: for heav'n
Sollicits thee with ſuch a care,
As roſes from the ſtalks we tear:
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh, as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear
Scorch more than when the ſkies are clear.

And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt, your ſoul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathleſs mountains born,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their fair limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady RICH.

MAY thoſe already curs'd ESSEXIAN plains
Where haſty death, and pining ſickneſs, reigns,
Prove all a deſart! and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage beaſts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our iſland grac'd,
Like HERO's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expoſed to the boiſt'rous wind.
Ah cruel heav'n! to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows, and tears, we ſhould have fought
That ſad decree's ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whiſper of her pain
Heard, 'till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears,——the Lady RICH is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps perſue:
That Death ſhould licence have to rage among
The fair, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the young!
The * PAPHIAN Queen from that fierce battle born,
With goared hand, and veil ſo rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddeſſes may bleed.
All ſtand amazed! but beyond the reſt
Th' † heroic dame whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,

* VENUS. † CHRISTIAN Counteſs of Devonſhire.

Mov'd

Mov'd with juſt grief, expoſtulates with heav'n:
Urging the promiſe to th' obſequious giv'n,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious ſoul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A ſkilful eye at once might read the race
Of CALEDONIAN Monarchs in her face.
And ſweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do:
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So faſt, ſo faithful, loyal, and ſo true,
That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heav'n, as change her courſe.
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here!
And when this cloud of ſorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our art, and pow'r of ſpeech, is waſte.
Here paſſion ſways, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal monuments of louder praiſe.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Fair SACHARISSA!——and now only fair!
To ſacred friendſhip we'll an altar rear;
(Such as the ROMANS did erect of old.)
Where, on a marble pillar, ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs Pair.
NARCISSUS to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind;
Save that ſhe grac'd the ſev'ral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs virgin, and a faultleſs wife;
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!

Lately I ſaw her ſighing part from thee:
(Alas that ſuch the laſt farewel ſhould be!)
So look'd ASTRÆA, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind
Conſent in virtue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpight of death, does laſt;
For, as your tears, and ſorrow-wounded ſoul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So, all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the ſky.
Then grieve no more, that one ſo heav'nly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd.
Rather, ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away,
Her wond'rous beauty, and her goodneſs, merit
We ſhould ſuppoſe, that ſome propitious ſpirit
In that cœleſtial form frequented here;
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

The Battel of the SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how heav'n ſmiles
Upon thoſe late-diſcover'd iſles.

AID me, BELLONA! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write;
Seas ſtain'd with goar I ſing, advent'rous toil!
And how theſe monſters did diſarm an iſle.
BERMUDA wall'd with rocks who does not know?
That happy iſland! where huge lemons grow;
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' HESPERIAN garden boaſts of none ſo fair:
Where ſhining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich ſhore, of amber-greece is found.

The

The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aſpires,
The Prince of trees! is fewel for their fires:
The ſmoke, by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might on ſacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on od'rous timber born,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The ſweet palmitoes a new BACCHUS yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield:
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit, carowſing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce CATO did the ROMANS ſhow;
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
CARTHAGE, the miſtreſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at ſome conſtant ſeaſons ev'ry year,
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound;
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of things, which they
To ENGLISH landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the bleſt tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choiceſt melons, and ſweet grapes, they dine:
And with potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer land
Taſtes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits, and bloſſoms, on the ſame trees live;
At once they promiſe, what at once they give.
So ſweet the air, ſo moderate the clime;
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their fruit for the next age's taſte;

There,

There, a ſmall grain, in ſome few months, will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The Palma-Chriſti, and the fair papà,
Now but a ſeed (preventing nature's law)
In half the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region ſet,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe, and ill-conſtrained Notes:
While the ſupporter of the Poets' ſtyle,
PHOEBUS, on them eternally does ſmile.
Oh! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet, and beſt of paſſions, love.
There will I ſing, if gentle LOVE be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtring ſo high;
With the ſweet ſound of SACHARISSA's name,
I'll make the liſt'ning ſavages grow tame.——
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Diſcover'd were, this CANTO *ſhows.*

THO' rocks ſo high about this iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear;
Which ſhakes their hearts, while thro' the iſle they hear
A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, ere they know
From what blind cauſe th' unwonted ſound may grow:
At length two monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhore, a fiſherman eſpies;

Two

Two mighty whales! which ſwelling ſeas had toſt,
And left them priſ'ners on the rocky coaſt.
One, as a mountain vaſt; and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lion's caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lie murther'd on the ſhore:
By the wild fury of ſome tempeſt caſt,
The fate of ſhips, and ſhip-wreck'd men, to taſte.
As careleſs dames, whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So, there ſometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes; when the whales
Againſt ſharp rocks, like reeling veſſels, quaſh'd;
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces daſh'd:
Along the ſhore their dreadful limbs lie ſcatter'd;
Like hills with earthquakes, ſhaken, torn, and ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of braſs they had, who tempted firſt
Rude ſeas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news through all the nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoil;
And, as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntſman by the bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold,——before he caught the beaſt!
They man their boats, and all the young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm;
Pikes, halberts, ſpits, and darts that wound ſo far;
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to ſhow
What love, or honor, could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely laſſes, crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
Within the bounds of noble WARWICK's ſhare:

WAR-

WARWICK's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our BRITISH Peers.
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate, and honor, to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
And thro' the new world ſpread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valor gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight ſucceſsleſs toil,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the iſle.

THE boat, which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd,
Loud, as the ſea that nouriſh'd him, he roar'd.
As a broad bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive, in boiling water caſt;
Vex'd with unwanted heat, he flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barbed javelin ſtung, he raves;
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuff'ring waves.
Like SPENSER's TALUS with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like ſome huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth ſea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe wou'd
Advance her tail; her head ſalutes the mud:
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This ſees the cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumber'd mother, and her foes:

With

With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men, and boats, his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, tho' the winds be still.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap thro' which they thither came,)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake;
A pris'ner there, but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast:
Her oily side devours both blade and heft:
And there his steel the bold BERMUDAN left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the color of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal freight:
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To heav'n, that heav'n mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus drest, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, tho' a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the * pious TROJAN so,
Neglecting for CREUSA's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.

* ÆNEAS.

The

The men amazed bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of monſters, human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindneſs what the GRÆCIAN ſung,
That LOVE's bright mother from the ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh:
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore, again
Thro' rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the Main.
But, how inſtructed in each other's mind,
Or what commerce can men with monſters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her couragious ſon protected ſo;
They charge their muſquets, and with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh, of the incenſed whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend,
For the loud engines which their iſle defend:
But what thoſe Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on thoſe mighty whales,
Great NEPTUNE will not have us know; who ſends
A tide ſo high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monſters loſt, and they their arms.

SONG.

PEACE, babling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute, but, if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corpſe, and like his face:
Wrap'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces, if he cries.

Of

Of LOVE.

ANGER, in hafty words, or blows,
Itſelf diſcharges on our foes:
And ſorrow too finds ſome relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So, ev'ry paſſion, but fond love,
Unto its own redreſs does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, (born to be controul'd,)
Stoop to the forward, and the bold:
Affect the haughty, and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
Who firſt the gen'rous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrants' force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs rigor here.
Should ſome brave TURK, that walks among
His twenty laſſes, bright and young;
And beckons to the willing dame,
Prefer'd to quench his preſent flame;
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe, and ſilent fear,
All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies; he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of eunuchs were:

And

And that a more majeſtic Queen,
Or humble ſlaves, he had not ſeen.
All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty LOVE: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul; and made me bow,
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now
So the tall ſtag, upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned dogs; reſolves to try
The combat next: but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untaſted ſpring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

To PHYLLIS.

PHILLIS! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth, and beauty, ſtay,
LOVE hath wings, and will away.
LOVE hath ſwifter wings than TIME:
Change in love to heav'n does climb;
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their love and hate.
PHYLLIS! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our paſt deſire:
On what ſhepherd you have ſmil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:

Leave

Leave it to the planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

To my Lord of FALKLAND.

BRAVE HOLLAND leads, and with him FALKLAND goes.
Who hears this told, and does not ſtrait ſuppoſe
We ſend the GRACES, and the MUSES, forth,
To civilize, and to inſtruct, the north?
Not that theſe arguments make ſwords leſs ſharp;
APOLLO bears as well his bow as harp:
And tho' he be the pattern of that ſpring,
Where in calm peace the ſacred virgins ſing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of JOVE, and caſt the ambitious giants down.
Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great ſoul thou art, (longing to twiſt
Bays with that ivy, which ſo early kiſs'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war, and thee?
To fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt
Among the throng, as cheaply as the reſt:
Where oaks, and brambles, (if the copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lye, to the ſame aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our iſland ſo!
Guarded with ſhips, and and all the ſea our own,
From heav'n this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the * fair HEBREW ſtand;
When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age;

* REBEKAH.

Heav'n ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood:
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours; who e'er long ſhall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our arms.
A lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
(His rebel tail ſcourging his nobler part,)
Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For drinking of HEALTHS.

LET brutes, and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought, and nature, urges, drink:
A more indulgent miſtreſs guides our ſp'rits,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care, as well as thirſt, redreſs;
And with Divinity rewards exceſs.
Deſerted ARIADNE, thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd THESEUS' cruelty deride:
BACCHUS embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault.
BACCHUS and PHOEBUS are by JOVE ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their juice inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood,
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

SONG.

I.

CHLORIS farewel! I now muſt go:
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

II. Fame

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding his fame ~~ſome~~ fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word, and oath,
A ſervant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

IV.

But what aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe.

V.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, CHLORIS, no: I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn;
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

VII.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the lute.

SUCH moving ſounds, from ſuch a careleſs touch!
So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtring about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiſs aloud;

Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here LOVE takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſt'ning deer:
Muſic ſo ſoftens, and diſarms, the mind,
That not an arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her ſelf the triumph of her eyes:
So NERO once, with harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming ROME, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a LADY ſinging a Song of his compoſing.

CHLORIS, yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had ECHO, with ſo ſweet a grace,
NARCISSUS' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Of Mrs. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air:
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?
So, when a flaſh of light'ning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid; which hopes the flame
To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came:
But, if the winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the fire.

Of

Of the Marriage of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, not chance, make others wive;
But nature did this match contrive:
EVE might as well have ADAM fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom heav'n ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out, this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows fly
Of ſad diſtruſt, and jealouſy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the faireſt nymphs do ſhow
Like moving mountains top'd with ſnow:
And ev'ry man a POLYPHEME
Does to his GALATEA ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah, CHLORIS! that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us;
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As love has me for only you!

LOVE's FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave:
Reſolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.

And this reſolve no mortal dame,
None but thoſe eyes could have o'erthrown:
The nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, ſo like herſelf alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aſpires
Above the fear of private fires;

Grown, and deſign'd, for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe;
Tho' from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heav'n indure.

From a CHILD.

MADAM, as in ſome climes the warmer ſun
Makes it full ſummer, e'er the ſpring's begun:
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad:
So, meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrap'd my glad head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favors, you afford me now:
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find;
And you not bluſh, or think yourſelf too kind.
Who now, I fear, while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs:
The ſound of love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard itſelf, tho' but a child invade;
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n ſnow.

On a GIRDLE.

THAT which her ſlender waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'ns extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

To

To the MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, CÆLIA! for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near thy heart:
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancy!
And, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.
Fool that I was! ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe:
Fool! that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
For you, that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our ſkill:
Who, like DON QUIXOTE, do advance
Againſt a wind-mill our vain lance.
Now will I wander thro' the air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at ev'ry Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawleſs as the ſea or wind)
Perſue you whereſoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal ſtars do travel ſo,
As we their names, and courſes, know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapors are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpacious air
JOVE's royal conſort had the care:
And by that pow'r did once eſcape,
Declining bold IXION's rape;
She, with her own reſemblance, grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which he embrac'd.
Such was that image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd

Your THYRSIS lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting CÆLIA caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the Fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
A fate! for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the Gods had like ſucceſs.
For in their ſtory, one, we ſee,
Perſues a nymph, and takes a tree:
A ſecond, with a lover's haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt, appears a wand'ring ſtream:
For his ſuppoſed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And ſtands amaz'd, and find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.
To theſe old tales ſuch nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find,
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But, CÆLIA, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he'll not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure lovers know;
Who, like good falc'ners, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

To FLAVIA.

SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The ſun, in all his pride, and rage,
Has not that art;

And

And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſouls ſubdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make THYRSIS' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

III.

No, FLAVIA! 'tis your love I fear;
LOVE's ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very ſhadows make us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

The FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay,
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the nymph's ſtain'd garment. Here
The coming ſpring would firſt appear;
And all this place with roſes ſtrow,
If buſy feet would let them grow.
HERE VENUS ſmil'd, to ſee blind Chance
Itſelf, before her Son, advance;
And a fair image to preſent,
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant.
'Twas ſuch a chance as this, made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were compoſed, lay:
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the firſt patterns of our race.
Then bluſh not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble ſtrait:
How could he then ſupport your weight?

How

How could the youth, alas! but bend
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiſs were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

Of SYLVIA.

OUR ſighs are heard, juſt heav'n declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers' cares:
She that has ſo far the reſt out-ſhin'd,
SYLVIA the fair, while ſhe was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now.
So when the ſky makes us indure
A ſtorm, itſelf becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from FLAVIA's ſelf her name;
Leſt ſhe provoking heav'n, ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I,
Their grief untold, ſhould pine, and die;
Than her bright morning, over-caſt
With ſullen clouds, ſhould be defac'd.

The BUD.

LATELY on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming roſe,
This early bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluck'd it tho' no better grown;
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon:
All that was meant by air, or ſun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in forms of love,
Of pureſt love, and muſic too,
When FLAVIA it aſpires to move?
When that, which life-leſs buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades?

SONG.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty toſt!
See how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted LOVE his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurling through the air.

High heav'n the glory does increaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps, this artful way:
The ſun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

On the Diſcovery of a Lady's Painting.

PYGMALEON's fate revers'd is mine:
His marble love took fleſh, and blood;
All that I worſhip'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,

A ſhaking

A ſhaking thro' their limbs they find,
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion, which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond NARCISSUS did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The ſign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the fuel!

To a LADY, from whom he received a Silver Pen.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The ſilver favor which you gave,
In ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave:
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon;
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I, that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names,
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtyle,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So

So I, the wronged pen to pleaſe,
  Makes it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip, in theſe:
  And now 'tis forced to confeſs,
That your great ſelf did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

To Chloris.

CHLORIS! ſince firſt our calm of peace
  Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favors with your fears increaſe,
  And growing miſchiefs make you kind.
So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
  Her fruit, and ſtate, while no wind blows,
In ſtorms from the uprightneſs ſwerves;
  And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure, from her yielding bows.

SONG.

WHILE I liſten to thy voice,
  Chloris! I feel my life decay:
That pow'rful noiſe
  Calls my fleeting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magic ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound.
Peace, Chloris, peace! or ſinging die;
  That together you, and I,
    To heav'n may go:
    For all we know
Of what the Bleſſed do above
Is, that they ſing, and that they love.

Of Loving at Firſt Sight.

NOT caring to obſerve the wind,
  Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch'd from myſelf, how far behind
  Already I behold the ſhore!

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſom of this Deep?
No: 'tis ſo rockleſs, and ſo clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ſhip-wreck'd veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, truth, and ev'ry grace,
Which time, and uſe, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colors faint,
Some pencil ſlow, may CUPID paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a ſingle look, inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you leſs,
Than when before your feet I lay:
But, to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſs love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the ſpring, from the new ſun
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which PHOEBUS thro' his veins has ſhot:

Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire:
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you:
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made—to love you too.

SONG.

SONG.

GO, lovely roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time, and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet, and fair, ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wond'rous ſweet, and fair!

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on ſilver THAMES did ride,
Sad GALATEA on the bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine;
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note; and let your lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Fair nymph! I have in your delights no ſhare;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew;
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh relief.
She that had all which nature gives, or chance;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this iſland could afford,
The greateſt Miſtreſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the royal, mixt her noble, blood;
And in high grace with GLORIANA ſtood:
Her bounty, ſweetneſs, beauty, goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e'er thought her happineſs too much:
So well-inclin'd her favors to confer,
And kind to all, as heav'n had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in the ſpan of life,
That tho' few years (too few alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſs to leave
The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until autumn, on the bough ſhould grow:
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet, a ſeat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did haſtily ſeem, and ſlow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What heav'n ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon remov'd from our wond'ring eyes!
But ſince the * Sifters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.

* PARCÆ.

Vouchſafe,

Vouchſafe, ſad nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The liſt'ning trees, and ſavage mountains, groan;
What rock's not moved when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

GALATEA.

'Twas HAMILTON!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me ſay no more.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we ſome antique Hero's ſtrength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty NIMROD did perſue.
What huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare ſuch a monſter chaſe?
Reſembling, with each blow he ſtrikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head! which every year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring,
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing:
Which might it never have been caſt,
(Each year's growth added to the laſt,)
Theſe lofty branches had ſupply'd
The EARTH's bold ſons' prodigious pride:
Heav'n with theſe engines had been ſcal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a LADY in Retirement.

SEES not my Love, how time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flow'rs?
Though none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours:
TIME, what we forbear, devours!

Had HELEN, or th' * EGYPTIAN Queen,
Been near ſo thrifty of their graces;
Thoſe beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of age, which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaſeleſs ſhow'r,
Upon the autumn, or the ſpring,
And ſpare us neither fruit, nor flow'r;
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of love's neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion;
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

The Miſer's Speech; in a Maſque.

BALLS of this metal ſlack'd ATLANTA's pace,
And on the † amorous youth beſtow'd the race:
VENUS, (the nymph's mind meaſuring by her own,)
Whom the rich ſpoils of cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to MARS, could well adviſe
Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor leſs may JUPITER to gold aſcribe:
For, when he turn'd himſelf into a bribe,
Who can blame DANAE, or the brazen tow'r,
That they withſtood not that almighty ſhow'r?
Never till then, did LOVE make JOVE put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that ſhape,
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder ſcape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd APOLLO's wrong,
Thoſe aſſe's ears on MIDAS' temples hung:
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew metal like his diſh.
Would BACCHUS bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and die creating gold.

* CLEOPATRA. † HIPPOMENES.

Upon

Upon BEN JOHNSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
Pleas'd, and diſpleas'd, with her own faults, indures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſic cures.
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, ſexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-reſembling pen,
That, what-e'er cuſtom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a brother can his brother know)
Is repreſented to the wond'ring eyes
Of all that ſee, or read, thy comedies.
Who-ever in thoſe glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces, of his mind:
And, by the help of ſo divine an art,
At leiſure view, and dreſs, his nobler part.
NARCISSUS, cozen'd by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, diſcov'ring the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that PLATO had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colors, ſpeech, and motion grac'd.
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate's no leſs peculiar than thy art;
For as thou could'ſt all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which ſtill eſcapes,
Like PROTEUS, in variety of ſhapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Plays.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All theſe good plays, but thoſe of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage;
Credits the laſt, and entertains this age.

No Worthies, form'd by any Muſe but thine,
Could purchaſe robes, to make themſelves ſo fine.
What brave commander is not proud, to ſee
Thy brave MELANTIUS in his gallantry?
Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,
Sees thy ASPASIA weeping in her gown.
I never yet the Tragic ſtrain aſſay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable * MAID.
And, when I venture at the comic ſtyle,
Thy SCORNFUL LADY ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd, and mar'd,
Our ſport in Plays, by rend'ring it too hard!
So, when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the reſt out-go
So far, but that the beſt are meas'ring caſts,
Their emulation, and their paſtime laſts:
But, if ſome brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and toſs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, on his Tranſlation of ſome parts of the Bible.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men,
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the choir
Of angels, who their ſongs admire!
What-ever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with heav'n conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

* The Maid's Tragedy.

Say,

Say, ſacred Bard! what could beſtow
Courage, on thee, to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this torch, thou haſt climb'd high'r
Than * he who ſtole cœleſtial fire.

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly ſet a Song of mine in the Year 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verſes give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (tho' ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low:
But if a trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Airs our numbers dreſt,
Make a ſhrill ſally from the breaſt
Of nymphs, who ſinging what we pen'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend;
While LOVE, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice, and heart.
You, by the help of tune, and time
Can make that ſong, which was but rhyme:
Nor pleading, no man doubts the cauſe;
Or queſtions verſes ſet by LAWES.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim, and faint:
So others, with diviſion, hide
The light of ſenſe, the Poets' pride:
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt:
The writer's and the ſetter's ſkill
At once the raviſh'd ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a ſong,
Content themſelves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*;
Let words, and ſenſe, be ſet by thee.

* PROMETHEUS.

To Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, upon his Two Firſt Books of GONDIBERT, written in FRANCE.

THUS the wiſe nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood when ſtorms and winter come;
Perſuing conſtantly the chearful ſpring,
To foreign groves does her old muſic bring.
The drooping HEBREWS' baniſh'd harps, unſtrung
At BABYLON, upon the willows hung:
Yours ſounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No leſs in courage, than in ſinging well;
While unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you:
Who, with the MUSES' help, can mock thoſe fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and diſorder ſtates.
So OVID, when from CÆSAR's rage he fled,
The ROMAN Muſe to PONTUS with him led:
Where he ſo ſung, that we thro' pity's glaſs,
See NERO milder than AUGUSTUS was.
Hereafter ſuch, in thy behalf, ſhall be
Th' indulgent cenſure of poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch art can ſing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curſe doth bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their preſent youth be taught.
This to thyſelf.—Now to thy matchleſs book:
Wherein thoſe few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure freſh language told;
Like new-ſtamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold:
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In ſuch a ſtyle as Courts may boaſt of now:
Which no bold tales of Gods or monſters ſwell;
But human paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.
MARS, nor BELLONA, are not named here;
But ſuch a GONDIBERT as both might fear:

VENUS

VENUS had here, and HEBE, been outſhin'd,
By thy bright BIRTHA, and thy RHODALIND.
Such is thy happy ſkill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies, and the GRECIAN Gods!
Whoſe Deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the ſov'reign crown:
Such as of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood,
Though not reſiſted, may be underſtood.

To my Worthy Friend, Mr. WASE, the Tranſlator of GRATIUS.

THUS, by the muſic, we may know
When noble wits a hunting go,
Through groves that on PARNASSUS grow.

The MUSES all the chaſe adorn;
My Friend on PEGASUS is born:
And young APOLLO winds the horn.

Having old GRATIUS in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntſmen with delight may read
How to chuſe dogs, for ſcent, or ſpeed;
And how to change, or mend the breed.

What arms to uſe, or nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combat, or to tame:
With all the myſt'ries of that game.

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In antient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, ſince powder known,
That man, ſo cruel to his own,
Should ſpare the race of beaſts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from ſun to ſun;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text;
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse, to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage:

Since none doth more to PHOEBUS owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

To his worthy Friend Master EVELYN, upon his Translation of LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS, (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim in ENGLISH verse,
No monarch rules the universe:
But chance, and atoms, make this ALL
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with Angel's wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
'Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.
So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The ROMAN language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.

This

This ſpeaks thy glory, noble friend!
And BRITISH language does commend:
For here, LUCRETIUS whole we find,
His words, his muſic, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
OVID tranſlated, VIRGIL too,
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do:
Nor LUCAN we, nor HORACE ſpar'd;
Only LUCRETIUS was too hard.
LUCRETIUS, like a Fort, did ſtand
Untouch'd; till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of ſuch new bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways;
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's, and your own.

To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS, upon his Tranſlation of the VENETIAN Triumph.

THE * winged lion's not ſo fierce in fight,
As LIBERI's hand preſents him to our ſight:
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud, as BUSINELLO's verſe:
But your tranſlation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty BUSINEL.
As their ſmall gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ſhips, whoſe ſails employ more air:
So does th' ITALIAN to your genius vail,
Mov'd with a fuller, and a nobler, gale.
Thus, while your Muſe ſpreads the VENETIAN ſtory,
You make all EUROPE emulate her glory:
You make them bluſh, weak VENICE ſhould defend
The cauſe of heav'n, while they for words contend;

* The Arms of Venice.

Shed

Shed Chriſtian blood, and populous cities raſe,
Becauſe they're taught to uſe ſome diff'rent phraſe.
If, liſt'ning to your charms, we could our jars
Compoſe, and on the TURK diſcharge theſe wars;
Our BRITISH arms the ſacred tomb might wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the eaſt:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great TASSO celebrate the fight.

* Verſes to Dr. GEORGE ROGERS, on his taking the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Padua, in the Year 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children ſtrove,
With hills on hills, to ſcale the throne of JOVE;
PALLAS and MARS ſtood by their ſovereign's ſide,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd:
While the wiſe PHOEBUS, HERMES, and the reſt,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muſes beſt,
Deſcending from their ſo diſtempered ſeat,
Our groves and meadows choſe for their retreat.
There firſt APOLLO try'd the various uſe
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that Art, to which who can pretend
A juſter title than our noble Friend;
Whom the like tempeſt drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crowns him here; and in the bays ſo earn'd,
His country's honour is no leſs concern'd;

* This little Poem (which is now firſt inſerted among WALLER's WORKS) was printed, together with ſeveral others on the ſame occaſion, by Dr. ROGERS, along with his inaugural exerciſe at PADUA; and afterwards in the ſame manner re-publiſhed by him at LONDON, together with his HARVEIAN Oration before the College of Phyſicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. WALLER was yet living.

Though the above verſes were firſt printed in 1664, they ſeem to have been written before the Reſtoration, as appears from the lines towards the concluſion.

She

Since it appears not all the ENGLISH rave,
To ruin bent: ſome ſtudy how to ſave;
And as HIPPOCRATES did once extend
His ſacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave friend, ſuppoſe that thy great ſkill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic iſle,
Their ſpirits calm, and peace again ſhall ſmile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.
Patavij, typis Pauli Frambotti.

CHLORIS and HYLAS. Made to a Saraband.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh HYLAS! why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the ſpring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd ſtrings of thy lute,
Never can'ſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy deſire.

HYLAS.

Sweeteſt! you know, the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compoſe:
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or roſe:
So, love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what at once do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

HYLAS.

CHLORIS! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring:
TIME from yourſelf does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay ſpring:

She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning hath blaſted.

In Anſwer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING's Verſes.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth, and aſk no more; be wiſe,
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

CON.

The virtuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride: and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely, for ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

PRO.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
Be ſtyled virtuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But—to ſleep better: for who-e'er drinks deep
Of this NEPENTHE, rocks himſelf aſleep.

CON.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys;
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys.
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit: this once paſt,
What reliſhes? ev'n kiſſes loſe their taſte.

PRO.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy:
But ſhall we ſtarve, 'cauſe ſurfeitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impair
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy Pair,
Whoſe joys juſt HYMEN warrants all the night,
Conſume the day too in this leſs delight?

CON.

CON.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas! we know
The homelieſt thing that mankind does, is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled, children there muſt be.——
So muſt bread too: but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO.

I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping Hine
Gets of my pregnant land, muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not ſo;
For when ANCHISES did fair VENUS know,
What int'reſt had poor VULCAN in the boy,
Famous ÆNEAS, or the preſent joy?

CON.

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or ſcenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoils the Play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.

PRO.

Plays, and Romances, read, and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not ſeen at all,
Whom would they pleaſe? To an heroic tale
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

CON.

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it were.

PRO.

If 'twere not heav'n, if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heav'n to thoſe that now are there.

CON.

And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs: ſo here. reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

PRO.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.

In

In goodly proſpects, who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our ſight:
Where you ſtand wiſely winking, that the view
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.

CON.

They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

PRO.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he that dares not touch, nor uſe his ſtore.

To a Friend, of the different Succeſs of their Loves.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion! where two lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yok'd with heart:
Succeſsful youth! whom LOVE has taught the way
To be victorious, in the firſt eſſay.
Sure love's an art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th' experienced ſtill proſper worſt!
I, with a diff'rent fate, perſu'd in vain
The haughty CÆLIA; 'till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion born,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhe relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more
Now, than my vows, and ſervice, did before.
So, in ſome well-wrought hangings, you may ſee
How HECTOR leads, and how the GRECIANS flee:
Here, the fierce MARS his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the ARGIVE fleet he fires:
But there, from heav'n the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted TROY retires within her walls:

* MINERVA.

They

They that are foremoſt in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chaſe.
So like the chances are of love, and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are;
In love, the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly:
They fly that wound, and they perſue that die.

An APOLOGY for having lov'd before.

THEY that never had the uſe
Of the grape's ſurprizing juice,
To the firſt delicious cup
All their reaſon render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, nor choice, or art,
To the firſt that's fair, or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light
Then, at AURORA, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing tow'rd the eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe:
He neither might, nor wiſh'd to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Imploy'd his utmoſt ſight.

To ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince!——alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter-bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, thro' all the boughs is ſpread;
But virtues, which in parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſs thro' the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft thoſe graces give.
Great JULIUS, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led:
* He that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the ſkies,
To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree, which reach'd to heav'n:
Of mortal ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd.
And beauty too, in ſuch exceſs
As yours, ZELINDA! claims no leſs:
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady grove,
Where your lov'd mother ſlept with JOVE:

* ALEXANDER.

And

And yet excuſe the faultleſs dame,
Caught with her ſpouſe's ſhape, and name:
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

To my Lady MORTON on NEW-YEARS-DAY, at the LOUVRE in PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind;
Still as they paſs, they court and ſmile on you;
And make your beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new.
To the fair VILLARS we DALKEITH prefer;
And faireſt MORTON now as much to her:
So like the ſun's advance your titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtyle you fair, your ſex's praiſe,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious, as your eyes.
If JUDITH, marching with the General's head,
Can give us paſſion when her ſtory's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Tho' a leſs bloody, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming TROY, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princeſs, like a brand:
A brand! preſerv'd to warm ſome Prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
So VENUS, from prevailing GREEKS, did ſhrowd
The ‡ hope of ROME, and ſav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this age.
Dark ſhades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps misfortune, and there triumphs crime!
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in night;
This portion only may endure the light,

* HENRIETTA MARIA, youngeſt Daughter to K. CH. I.
† K. CHARLES II. ‡ ÆNEAS.

Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to ſcape,
When thro' the guards, the river, and the ſea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with ſorrow ſee
The foreſt waſted; and that lofty tree
Which holds her neſt about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the GALLIC ſhore.
Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous air,
Tho' now ſhe flies her native iſle, (leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea, or wind!)
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the BRITISH throne:
Where peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STRANGE! that ſuch horror, and ſuch grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In CHLORIS' fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at love, and play with ſnakes.

By this, and by her coldneſs, barr'd,
Her ſervants have a taſk too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy ſnake! that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that neſt of ſnow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take

Take heed, fair EVE! you do not make
Another tempter of this ſnake:
A marble one ſo warm'd would ſpeak.

The NIGHT-PIECE, or a Picture drawn in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which faireſt nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from MIRA's charms:
MIRA can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye;
Quit all that LELY's art can take,
And yet a thouſand captives make.

Her ſpeech is grac'd with ſweeter ſound,
Than in another's ſong is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright ſtars, and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accompliſh'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the ſplendor of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her ſhining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage ſet,
Her beauty by the ſhade does get:
There, bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that our paſſion might reſtrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Preſents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whiſpers tell our care;
He that on her his bold hand lays
With CUPID's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are ſo keen!)
Wound us unſhot, and ſhe unſeen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ſhip-wreck'd by her breath:
Love, favor'd once with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his ſail;
'Till he arrive where ſhe muſt prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.
So, we th' Arabian coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the ſpices blow;
By the rich odor taught to ſteer,
Tho' neither day, nor ſtars appear.

Part of the fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis tranſlated,

Beginning at V. 437.

* * * * *Taleſque miſerrima fletus*
Fertque refertque ſoror. * * * *

And ending with

Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærula verrunt. V. 583.

ALL this her weeping † ſiſter does repeat
To the ‡ ſtern man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her prayers, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had ſtop'd his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boiſt'rous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground:
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on ev'ry ſide the Heroe preſt,
Feels love, and pity, ſhake his noble breaſt;
And down his cheeks tho' fruitleſs tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heav'n to hate.

† Anna. ‡ Æneas.

Her

Her reſolution to diſpatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own ſiſter, knows.
Beſides, there ſtood, as ſacred to her * Lord,
A marble temple which ſhe much ador'd;
With ſnowy fleeces, and freſh garlands, crown'd;
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful ſound;
Her huſband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And diſmal owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold;
Scorn'd, and deſerted, to herſelf ſhe ſeems;
And finds ÆNEAS cruel in her dreams.
So, to mad PENTHEUS, double THEBES appears;
And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd ears.
ORESTES ſo, with like diſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghoſt.
Now grief, and fury, to their height arrive;
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved ſiſter, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear ſiſter! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of ÆTHIOPIA, lies
The place where ATLAS does ſupport the ſkies:
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' HESPERIAN fruit, and made the dragon ſleep:
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And, where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve:
The courſe of rivers, and of heav'n, can ſtop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witneſs, ye Gods! and thou, my deareſt part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:

* SICHÆUS.

With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the pile be dreſt;
(The knowing woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raſe the man out of our memory.
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred rites pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her ſiſter thought
Would follow, than SICHÆUS' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks, and lofty pines, do lie;
Hung all with wreaths, and flow'ry garlands round;
So by herſelf was her own fun'ral crown'd!
Upon the top the TROJAN's image lies,
And his ſharp ſword, wherewith anon ſhe dies.
They by the altar ſtand, while with looſe hair
The magic propheteſs begins her pray'r:
On CHAOS, EREBUS, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls; beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from LETHE's lake to come.
She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry God,
And ev'ry Pow'r; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time, when weary mortals ſteep
Their careful temples in the dew of SLEEP:
On ſeas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet, and deep ſilence fell:
But not on DIDO! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted, ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud prince, in wild NUMIDIA born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?

Or,

Or, ſhall I with th' ungrateful TROJAN go,
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by ſad experience! known
The perjur'd race of falſe LAOMEDON?
With my SIDONIANS ſhall I give them chaſe,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No,—dye! and let this ſword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah ſiſter! vanquiſh'd with my paſſion, thou
Betray'dſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.
Had I been conſtant to SICHÆUS ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breaſt,
While the DARDANIAN does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip, for ſudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the ſon of JOVE appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and color, all like MERCURY.
Fair VENUS' ſeed! canſt thou indulge thy ſleep,
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind!
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine;
She meditates revenge, reſolv'd to dye;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This ſaid, the God in ſhades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd ÆNEAS, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouſing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas ſpread:
What God ſoe'er that thus vouchſafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
Aſſiſt us ſtill, ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his ſhining ſword:
Thro' all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the ſhore, and ruſh into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the luſty TROJANS ſweep
NEPTUNE's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

On the Picture of a Fair Youth, taken after he was Dead.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay, and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nouriſh'd them, a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they ſmile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their autumn grow:
So love, and beauty, ſtill that viſage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had mar'd
Thoſe lovely features, which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell;
When that accompliſh'd ſoul, in this fair frame,
No buſineſs had, but to perſuade that dame;
Whoſe mutual love advanc'd the youth ſo high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

On a Brede of divers Colors, woven by Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty ſlender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine:
As nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not JUNO's bird, when, his fair train dis-ſpread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which ſo adorns the ſkies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dies.

A PANEGYRIC to my LORD PROTECTOR, of the preſent Greatneſs, and joint Intereſt of his HIGHNESS, and this Nation.

WHILE with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from our ſelves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let

Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complain :
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign ;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as NEPTUNE ſhew'd his face
To chide the winds, and ſave the TROJAN race :
So, has your HIGHNESS, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of ambition toſſing us repreſt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious ſtate ;
The ſeat of empire, where the IRISH come,
And the unwilling SCOTS, to fetch their doom.

The ſea's our own : and now, all nations greet,
With bending ſails, each veſſel of our Fleet :
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ſwelling ſails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this iſland to give law,
To balance EUROPE, and her ſtates to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on BRITAIN ſmile ;
The greateſt Leader, and the greateſt Iſle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent ;
Or thus created ; it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour at your Court ;
And then your HIGHNESS, not for ours alone,
But for the world's PROTECTOR ſhall be known.

FAME, ſwifter than your winged navy, flies
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies ;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy, and rapine, uſe.

With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt :
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us embraced, by the ſea, and You ?

Lords

Lords of the world's great waſte, the ocean, we
Whole foreſts ſend to reign upon the ſea;
And ev'ry coaſt may trouble, or relieve:
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy ſeats arrive:
While we deſcend at pleaſure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs ocean ſet,
Of her own growth, hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As EGYPT does not on the clouds rely,
But to the NILE owes more than to the ſky;
So, what our earth, and what our heav'n, denies,
Our ever-conſtant friend, the ſea, ſupplies.

The taſte of hot ARABIA's ſpice we know,
Free from the ſcorching ſun, that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in PERSIAN ſilks we ſhine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, tho' the heavieſt metal, hither ſwims:
Ours is the harveſt where the INDIANS mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our ſteeds:
ROME, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this iſland all her own.

Here the third EDWARD, and the BLACK PRINCE too,
FRANCE-conqu'ring HENRY flouriſh'd; and now YOU;
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the GRECIAN ſtate,
Till ALEXANDER came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the MACEDONIAN cry'd,
He wiſt not THETIS in her lap did hide
Another yet: a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than That he did ſubdue.

He

He ſafely might old troops to battel lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike PERSIAN, and the MEDE;
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils, than honour, to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The CALEDONIANS, arm'd with want, and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old ROMAN wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our ENGLISH iron holds them faſt at home.

They, that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun; but muſt extol your grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allowed them place.

Prefer'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of ROME.

Like favor find the IRISH, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate:
While by your valor, and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the ſea, are join'd.

HOLLAND, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent;
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing Poſts, the terror, and the news;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty, and with awe, engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battels won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, ſpare.

To pardon, willing; and to puniſh, loth;
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate, or error, had our age miſ-led,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread;
The only cure, which could from heav'n come down,
Was ſo much pow'r, and piety, in one!

One! whoſe extraction from an antient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine:
The meaneſt, in your nature mild and good;
The Noble, reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſpirit you could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give,
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons ſhould live:
Born to command, your Princely virtues ſlept
Like humble DAVID's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage, and your matchleſs worth,
Dazling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſp'rous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate, exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great ſcene! when, without noiſe,
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory:
But living virtue, all atchievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill, to grapple with at laſt.

This

This Cæſar found: and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage:
Miſtaken BRUTUS thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence, and wars:
To ſuch a tempeſt, as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If ROME's great ſenate could not weild that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſpirits compoſe:
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into AUGUSTUS' arms did caſt:
So ENGLAND now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the MUSES, with ſuch notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the image of our MARS in fight:

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choak
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muſe:
Here, in low ſtrains your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays, and olive, bring

To

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like JOSEPH's ſheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at Sea.

NOW, for ſome ages, had the pride of SPAIN,
Made the ſun ſhine on half the world in vain;
While ſhe bid war to all, that durſt ſupply
The place of thoſe her cruelty made dye.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taſte;
And the beſt portion of the earth lay waſte.
From the new world, her ſilver, and her gold
Came, like a tempeſt, to confound the old.
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone ſhe gives us Emperors, and Popes:
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
EUROPE was ſhaken with her INDIAN mines.
When BRITAIN, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded majeſty of SPAIN;
And knowing well that empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport, and ſinews are of coin;
Our nation's ſolid virtue did oppoſe,
To the rich troublers of the world's repoſe.
And now ſome months, incamping on the Main,
Our naval army had beſieged SPAIN:
They that the whole world's monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd;
From whence our red Croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a rival on the ſea.
Others may uſe the ocean as their road,
Only the ENGLISH make it their abode:
Whoſe ready ſails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconſtant ſky:
Our oaks ſecure, as if they there took root;
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.
Mean-while, the SPANIARDS in AMERICA
Near to the Line the ſun approaching ſaw;

And

And hoped their EUROPEAN coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips, by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons ſtuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive ſlowly tow'rds their fate.
Before St. LUCAR they their guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard ſome ſhips of ours (tho' out of view)
And, ſwift as eagles, to the quarry flew:
So heedleſs lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragic play,
And with their ſmoky cannons baniſh day:
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable arms embrace the Fleets.
Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent ſtars, one fate they have;
The ſhip their coffin, and the ſea their grave!
Bold were the men on which the ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhip-wreck was the worſt:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had ſail'd from near th' antartic Pole,
Their treaſure ſafe, and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock, or ſea!
What they would ſpare, our fiercer art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror, and in noiſe.
Once JOVE from IDA did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray:
Here, heav'n in vain that kind retreat ſhould found:
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some, we made prize: while others burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore,
As avarice had dig'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies ſafer in the Deep:

Where

Where THETIS kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now, into her lap the richeſt prize
Fell, with the nobleſt of our enemies:
The * Marquis, (glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent,
To periſh in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's ſide;
And, ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices, and gums, about them melting fry;
And, phœnix-like, in that rich neſt they dye:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to aſhes turn'd:
Aſhes! more worth than all their fun'ral coſt;
Than the huge treaſure which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying lovers, and their floating ſons,
Suſpend the fight, and ſilence all our guns:
Beauty, and youth, about to periſh, finds
Such noble pity in brave ENGLISH minds;
That, (the rich ſpoil forgot, their valor's prize,)
All labor now to ſave their enemies.
How frail our paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath, and fury, to a friendly care!
They that but now for honor, and for plate,
Made the ſea bluſh with blood, reſign their hate;
And, their young foes indeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.
With theſe returns victorious MONTAGU,
With laurels in his hand, and half PERU.
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great PROTECTOR hath ſuch wreaths enough:
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the ſtate fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermin clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal ſceptre, made of SPANISH gold.

* Of BAJADOZ.

Upon

Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE muſt reſign! heav'n his great ſoul does claim
In ſtorms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhakes our Iſle;
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air.——So ROMULUS was loſt!
New ROME in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her King;
And, from obeying, fell to worſhipping.
On OETA's top thus HERCULES lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him ſpread.
The poplar too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero from the continent
Raviſh'd whole towns; and forts from SPANIARDS reft,
As his laſt legacy to BRITAIN left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind,
Our bounds' enlargement was his lateſt toil;
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our Iſle:
Under the tropic is our language ſpoke:
And part of FLANDERS hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us diſ-engage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And, with wiſe conduct, to his country ſhow'd
The antient way of conqu'ring abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace, and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the ſea with ſuch a breath,
That, to remoteſt ſhores her billows roul'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

To the KING, upon his MAJESTY'S Happy Return.

THE riſing ſon complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the clouds, then ſhews his globe of light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as tho'
He knew what harm his haſty beams would do.
But your full majeſty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of your ſtate,
(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverſe Fate!)
With ſuch a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurprize;
That, if your grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not, Sir! too haſtily forgive.
Our guilt preſerves us from th' exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatters ſpirits and would life deſtroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting ESTHER, does before you ſtand,
Watching you ſceptre: the revolted ſea
Trembles, to think ſhe did your foes obey.
GREAT BRITAIN, like blind POLYPHEME, of late,
In a wild rage, became the ſcorn, and hate,
Of her proud neighbours; who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force, would ſink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant-Iſle has got her eye again.
Now, ſhe might ſpare the ocean; and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes.
Naked, the GRACES guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder ſhall,
Princes that ſaw you diff'rent paſſions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whoſe converſation was their late delight.
So SEMELE, contented with the rape
Of JOVE, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape;
When ſhe beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And

And tho' it be our ſorrow, and our crime,
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without you here; yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to your preſent reign.
For, having view'd the perſons, and the things,
The counſils, ſtate, and ſtrength of EUROPE's Kings,
You know your work; ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as heav'n does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as books, but ſuch as practice, taught.
So the loſt ſun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern, imploy'd:
He ripens ſpices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remoteſt regions hither comes.
This ſeat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had ARCHIMEDES known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here: your pow'r, and ſkill,
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.
Much-ſuff'ring Monarch! the firſt ENGLISH-born,
That has the crown of theſe three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own ſoil, contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue, and your ſacred word,
At laſt preventing your unwilling ſword)
Armies, and fleets, which kept you out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redreſs'd his wrong.
When ſtrait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire;
And, with a noble rage, their KING require.
So th' injur'd ſea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel ſtay;
Raging, the late-got land ſhe overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for grace, and expiate their ſin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and ſcorpions oil.

If then ſuch praiſe the * MACEDONIAN got,
For having rudely cut the GORDIAN knot;
What glory's due to him, that could divide,
Such ravel'd int'reſts? has the knot unty'd,
And without ſtroke ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where craft, and malice, ſuch impeachments laid?
But while we praiſe you, you aſcribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd JERICHO ſo low:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go;
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind ſalutes the field.
Thus, patience crown'd, like JOB's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For, tho' your courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private virtue could indure the ſhock?
Like your Great Maſter, you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who love with frailty ſhew'd.
Rude INDIANS, tort'ring all the royal race,
Him with the throne, and dear-bought ſceptre grace,
That ſuffers beſt: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how you combat Fortune now ſhe's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd.
While, to yourſelf ſevere, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter parts fall to the people's ſhare.
Safety, and equal government, are things
Which ſubjects make as happy as their Kings.
Faith, law, and piety, (that baniſh'd train!)
Juſtice, and truth, with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's eaſy life,
Once more ſhall flouriſh, without fraud, or ſtrife.
Your reign no leſs aſſures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm ſun advances his increaſe;

* ALEXANDER.

And

And does the ſhepherds as ſecurely keep,
From all their fears, as they preſerve their ſheep.
But above all, the Muſe-inſpired train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping heads again:
Kind heav'n at once has, in your perſon, ſent
Their ſacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * * HORAT.

On St. JAMES's PARK, as lately improved by his MAJESTY.

OF the firſt paradiſe there's nothing found,
Plants ſet by heav'n are vaniſh'd, and the ground;
Yet the deſcription laſts: who knows the fate
Of lines that ſhall this Paradiſe relate?
Inſtead of rivers rowling by the ſide
Of EDEN's garden, here flows-in the tide:
The ſea, which always ſerv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers old as ſeas, to which they go,
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.
For future ſhade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of ORPHEUS, or AMPHION's hand,
In better order could not make them ſtand.
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous ſhade:
The gallants dancing by the river ſide;
They bathe in ſummer, and in winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the muſic in the boats,
And the loud ECHO which returns the Notes:

While over-heard a flock of new-ſprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the ſun controul,
Dark'ning the ſky: they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton ſailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a ſhole of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' ſides:
The Ladies angling in the chryſtal lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines, and eyes,
They make the fiſhes, and the men, their prize.
A thouſand CUPIDS on the billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide:
From THETIS ſent as ſpies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Sov'reign's Court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may deſcry:
The choiceſt things that furniſh NOAH's ark,
Or PETER's ſheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread:
Yonder, the harveſt of cold months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the royal cup:
There ice, like chryſtal firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot July with December's froſt;
Winters dark priſon, whence he cannot fly,
Tho' the warm ſpring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the ALPS, or in deep caves below.
Here a well-poliſh'd Mall gives us the joy,
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force imploy:
His manly poſture, and his graceful mein,
Vigor, and youth, in all his motions ſeen;
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And ſuch a fury from his arm has got,
As from a ſmoaking culverin 'twere ſhot.

Near

Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold ſons of earth, that thruſts their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky.
In ſuch green palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch old counſellors they did adviſe,
And, by frequenting ſacred groves, grew wiſe.
Free from th' impediments of light, and noiſe,
Man thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts imploys.
Here CHARLES contrives th' ord'ring of his ſtates,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring Princes' fates:
What nation ſhall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous ſhade;
The world, from INDIA to the frozen north,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The proſpect thought, and contemplation, gives.
That ſeat of empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themſelves apply;
The ſtructure by a * Prelate rais'd, WHITEHALL,
Built with the fortune of ROME's Capital:
Both, diſproportion'd to the preſent ſtate
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that † antique Pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the ſacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like Gods, like mortals there they ſleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Thoſe ſuns of empire! where they riſe, they ſet.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The crown ſhould triumph over popular rage:
Hard by that ‖ Houſe where all our ills were ſhap'd,
Th' auſpicious temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So, ſnow on ÆTNA does unmelted lye,
Whence rowling flames, and ſcatter'd cinders, fly;

* Cardinal WOLSY. † Weſtminſter-Abbey.
‖ Houſe of Commons.

The diſtant country in the ruin ſhares,
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain ſpares.
Next, that * capacious Hall, he ſees, the room
Where the whole nation does for juſtice come:
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the gown,
And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.
Here like the people's paſtor he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find:
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
And with himſelf his beſt adviſer talks:
How peaceful olives may his temples ſhade,
For mending laws, and for reſtoring trade:
Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds inlarg'd.
Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing kingdoms, and of falling ſtates:
What ruling arts gave great AUGUSTUS fame;
And how ALCIDES purchas'd ſuch a name.
His eyes, upon his † native Palace bent
Cloſe by, ſuggeſts a greater argument:
His thoughts riſe higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that ſtar expect,
Which at his birth appear'd; to let us ſee,
Day, for his ſake, could with the night agree:
A Prince, on whom ſuch diff'rent lights did ſmile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promiſe, or foretel, he will make good:
Reform theſe nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

* Weſtminſter-hall. † St. James's.

Of

Of the Invaſion and Defeat of the TURKS, in the Year 1683.

THE modern NIMROD, with a ſafe delight
Perſuing beaſts, that ſave themſelves by flight;
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Chriſtians chaſe, and ſacrifice to fame.
A Prince, with eunuchs, and the ſofter ſex,
Shut up ſo long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the GERMAN, and, neglecting heav'n,
Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n,
His Grand Viſier, preſuming to inveſt
The chief * imperial city of the weſt,
With the firſt charge compell'd in haſte to riſe,
His treaſure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The ſtandard loſt, and Janizaries ſlain,
Render the hopes he gave his maſter vain.
The flying TURKS, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom:
And his guard murmurs that ſo often brings
Down from the throne their unſucceſsful Kings.
The trembling SULTAN's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct, by another's fate:
The Grand Viſier, a tyrant, tho' a ſlave,
A fair example to his maſter gave;
He BASSAS' heads, to ſave his own, made fly,
And now, the SULTAN to preſerve, muſt die.
The fatal bow-ſtring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he ſo unjuſtly fought:
Made the world tremble with a num'rous hoſt,
And of undoubted victory did boaſt.
Strangled he lies! yet ſeems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and inſtruct the proud:
That of the great, neglecting to be juſt,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of duſt.
The TURKS ſo low, why ſhould the Chriſtians loſe
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes?

* Vienna.

Neglect

Neglect their preſent ruin to complete,
Before another SOLYMAN they get?
Too late they would with ſhame, repenting, dread
That num'rous herd, by ſuch a lion led.
He RHODES, and BUDA, from the Chriſtians tore,
Which timely union might again reſtore.
But, ſparing TURKS, as if with rage poſſeſt,
The Chriſtians periſh, by themſelves oppreſt:
Cities, and provinces, ſo dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
What Angel ſhall deſcend, to reconcile
The Chriſtian-ſtates, and end their guilty toil?
A Prince more fit from heav'n we cannot aſk,
Than BRITAIN's King, for ſuch a glorious taſk:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear, and favor, of mankind.
His warrant does the Chriſtian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is ſign'd, and Britain does obtain,
What ROME had ſought from her fierce ſons in vain.
In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And ſoldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this ſucceſsful union, we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accompliſh'd by his royal word,
Without unſheathing the deſtructive ſword:
Without a Tax upon his ſubjects laid,
Their peace diſturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to ſuch a Prince deny,
With whoſe deſires the greateſt Kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne:
And we owe more to heav'n, than to the ſword,
The wiſh'd return of ſo benign a Lord.
CHARLES, by old GREECE with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique Heroes ſhall be plac'd.
What THESEUS did, or THEBAN HERCULES,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace:

Which

Which on the TURKS ſhall greater honor gain,
Than all their giants, and their monſters, ſlain.
Thoſe are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

To the QUEEN, upon her MAJESTY's Birth-day, after her happy Recovery from a dangerous Sickneſs.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd ſo
The faireſt light the world can ſhow.
Welcome the new! whoſe ev'ry day,
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away
By pining ſickneſs from the Fair,
That matchleſs beauty does repair;
So faſt, that the approaching ſpring,
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring,
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But, we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;
We, that eſteem'd you ſent from heav'n,
A pattern to this Iſland giv'n;
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there;
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo near deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then indure;
And tremble yet, as not ſecure.
So, tho' the ſun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipſe ſet free;
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help ſo near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindneſs of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,

His

His tears reſerv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd than all theſe kingdoms were!
For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials, and elixirs, fail'd
On your pale cheek, he drop'd the ſhow'r,
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT to her MAJESTY, on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are ſeen,
A glorious Saint, a matchleſs Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' INFANTA here.
May all thoſe years, which CATHARINE
The Martyr, did for heav'n reſign,
Be added to the line
Of your bleſt life among us here!
For all the pains that ſhe did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleaſures ſhare!

May heav'n itſelf content
With CATHARINE the Saint!
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

Of her MAJESTY on NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been,
How are we chang'd, ſince we firſt ſaw the Queen?
She, like the Sun, does ſtill the ſame appear;
Bright at ſhe was at her arrival here!
TIME has commiſſion mortals to impair,
But things cœleſtial is oblig'd to ſpare.
May ev'ry new year find her ſtill the ſame,
In health, and beauty, as ſhe hither came!

When

When Lords, and Commons, with united voice,
Th' INFANTA nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
Firſt of our Queens, whom not the KING alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
With like conſent, and like deſert, was crown'd
The * glorious Prince, that does the TURK confound:
Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
And her example chaſes vice away.
Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

Of TEA, commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, PHOEBUS has his bays;
Tea both excels, which ſhe vouchſafes to praiſe.
The beſt of Queens, and beſt of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did ſhow
To the fair region, where the ſun does riſe;
Whoſe rich productions we ſo juſtly prize.
The Muſe's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
Repreſs thoſe vapors which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the ſoul ſerene,
Fit, on her Birth-day, to ſalute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady-Actors: Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majeſtic frown;
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your crown!
And for that look, which does your people awe,
When in your throne, and robes, you give them law,
Lay it by here; and give a gentler ſmile!
Such as we ſee great JOVE's in picture, while
He liſtens to APOLLO's charming lyre,
Or judges of the ſongs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the Stage ſhew all their ſkill,
And after do as love, and fortune, will:

* JOHN SOBIESKI, K. of Poland.

We

We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own cloaths more ſerious, and more wiſe.
Modeſt at home, upon the Stage more bold;
We ſeem warm lovers, tho' our breaſts be cold;
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the Prince of ORANGE: and of her Portrait written by the late Ducheſs of YORK while ſhe lived with her.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempeſts the ſupport,
In peace the glory, of the BRITISH Court!
Into whoſe arms, the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or ſacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your bounty hear,
Will think you miſtreſs of the INDIES were:
Tho' ſtreighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:
Like the bleſt oil, the widow's laſting feaſt,
Your treaſure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While ſome your beauty, ſome your bounty ſing,
Your native Iſle does with your praiſes ring:
But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in ſuch a ſtrain,
As none but ſhe, who in that court did dwell,
Could know ſuch worth; or worth deſcribe ſo well.
So, while we mortals here at heav'n do gueſs,
And more our weakneſs, than the place, expreſs;
Some angel, a domeſtic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath ſeen, and known.

To the Ducheſs of ORLEANS, when ſhe was taking leave of the Court at DOVER.

THAT ſun of beauty did among us riſe,
ENGLAND firſt ſaw the light of your fair eyes.
In ENGLISH too your early wit was ſhown:
Favor that language! which was then your own,

* Lady ANNE HYDE.

When,

When, tho' a child, thro' guards you made your way:
What fleet, or army, could an angel ſtay?
Thrice happy BRITAIN! if ſhe could retain,
Whom ſhe firſt bred, within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt LONDON, in apparel new,
Shook off her aſhes to have treated you:
But we muſt ſee our glory ſnatch'd away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty ſea:
No wind can favor us; howe'er it blows,
We muſt be wreck'd, and our dear treaſure loſe!
Sighs will not let us half our ſorrows tell——
Fair, lovely, great, and beſt of Nymphs, farewel!

Upon her *MAJESTY's new Buildings at SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT QUEEN! that does our Iſland bleſs,
With Princes, and with Palaces:
Treated ſo ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;
And, with a brave revenge, do ſhow
Their glory went, and came, with you.
While peace from hence, and you were gone,
Your houſes in that ſtorm o'erthrown,
Thoſe wounds which civil rage give,
At once you pardon, and relieve.
Conſtant to ENGLAND in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Tho' by rude hands their neſts are ſpoil'd,
There, the next ſpring, again they build.
Accuſing ſome malignant ſtar,
Not BRITAIN, for that fatal war;
Your kindneſs baniſhes your fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here.
But what new Mine this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a pile from ruin riſe?
This like the firſt creation ſhows,
As if at your command it roſe.

*HENRIETTA MARIA, Q. Dowager of K. CHARLES I.

Frugality,

Frugality, and bounty too,
(Thoſe diff'rent virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well manag'd, ſtore.
You both employ, and feed the poor.
Let foreign Princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of pride, and coſt;
Of vaſter fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.
This by the Queen herſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The ſtate, and order, does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd;
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd;
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entring, beneath us we deſcry;
And wonder how we came ſo high.
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend;
All ſeems before her feet to bend:
And here, as ſhe was born, ſhe lies;
High, without taking pains to riſe.

Of a TREE cut in PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of ink, preſerve it white:
Whoſe travel o'er that ſilver field does ſhow,
Light track of leverets in morning ſnow.
LOVE's image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot, or blemiſh, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers ſhould the pencil foil,
Without the help of colors, or of oil!
For, tho' a painter boughs, and leaves, can make;
'Tis you alone, can make them bend and ſhake:
Whoſe breath ſalutes your new-created grove,
Like ſouthern winds, and makes it gently move.
ORPHEUS could make the foreſt dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the foreſt too.

To

To a LADY, from whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many years had been loſt.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they ſubdue become their ſpies:
Secrets, as choiceſt jewels, are
Preſented to oblige the Fair:
No wonder then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found, where ſouls are caught.

The picture of fair VENUS, (that
For which men ſay, the Goddeſs ſat)
Was loſt, 'till LELY from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new copies write:
All things, but one, you can reſtore;
The heart you get returns no more.

Of the Lady MARY, Princeſs of ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came;
A royal Hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely, dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppoſe
Such mighty armies in the field,
And HOLLAND from prevailing foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not BELGIA's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the ſun does riſe;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

ORANGE, with youth, experience has;
In action young, in council old:
ORANGE is what AUGUSTUS was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
Bloſſoms, and fruit, at once are found:
In him we all admire the ſame,
His flow'ry youth with wiſdom crown'd!

Empire, and freedom, reconcil'd
In HOLLAND are, by great NASSAW:
Like thoſe he ſprung from, juſt, and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair! ſo near ally'd,
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now LOVE has you together ty'd
May none this triple knot undo!

The Church ſhall be the happy place
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Tho' divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thouſand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all:
For, while he thus his neece beſtows,
About our iſle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which ATHENS had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood;
Had their's been ſuch as CHARLES has made,
That mighty ſtate 'till now had ſtood.

Of ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their works ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live, or die,
The verſes, and the prophecy.

But

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt, in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen ſtone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in LATIN, or in GREEK:
We write in ſand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

CHAUCER his ſenſe can only boaſt;
The glory of his numbers loſt!
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain;
And yet he did not ſing in vain.

The Beauties which adorn'd that age,
The ſhining ſubjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love.

This was the generous poet's ſcope;
And all an ENGLISH pen can hope;
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can ſo far extend their fame.

Verſe, thus deſign'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent love.

Upon the Earl of ROSCOMMON's Tranſlation of HORACE, De Arte Poeticâ: And of the Uſe of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her HORACE taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The Poet writ to noble PISO there;
A noble PISO does inſtruct us here:

Gives us a pattern in his flowing ſtile;
And with rich precepts does oblige our Iſle:
BRITAIN! whoſe genius is in verſe expreſs'd;
Bold, and ſublime; but negligently dreſs'd.
HORACE will our ſuperfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horſe,
Favor his flight, and moderate his force.
Tho' Poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy, and his judgment, ſhows.
Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from HELICON proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream! ſhould never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns, and thiſtles, grow,
Which envy, or perverted nature, ſow.
Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold;
But they move more, in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
The MUSE's friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action ſhines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council, or in fight,
His country's honor is his chief delight:
Praiſe of great acts he ſcatters as a ſeed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verſes, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd)
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults;
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known what they diſcreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the raviſh'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear:

Such

Such as, of old, wiſe bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd men their wild retreats forſake:
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raiſing cities with their charming lutes.
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the MUSES taught.
So, wandering bees would periſh in the air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the ſpoil;
Preſerv'd in winter by their ſummer's toil:
They give us food, which may with Nectar vie,
And wax, that does the abſent ſun ſupply.

Ad COMITEM MONUMETENSEM de BENTIVOGLIO ſuo.

FLORIBUS ANGLIGENIS non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cùm ſatis indigenis te probet ipſe Liber:
Per me ROMA ſciet tibi ſe debere, quòd ANGLO
ROMANUS didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce CÆSARE vidit.
Candida ROMULIDUM te duce ſcripta videt.
Conſilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris eſto!
Sed ſtudio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis Liber hic inſtructus, & arte BATAVA,
A BELGA nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; diſcordes FLANDRIA quaſſa monet.
Hic diſcat miles pugnare, orare ſenator;
Qui regnant, leni ſceptra tenere manu.
Macte, COMES! virtute novâ; veſtri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Cum ſtertunt alii ſomno vinoque ſepulti,
Nobilis antiquo ſtemmate digna facis.

To Mr. KILLEGREW, upon his altering his Play PANDORA, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, becauſe not approved on the Stage.

SIR, you ſhould rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play:
You had oblig'd us by imploying wit,
Not to reform PANDORA, but the Pit.
For, as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her ſong;
While the loud daw, his throat diſplaying, draws
The whole aſſembly of his fellow-daws:
So, muſt the writer, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:
Whilſt nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and leſſen as they fly.

On the Duke of MONMOUTH's Expedition into SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solſtice.

SWIFT as JOVE's meſſenger, (* the winged god)
With ſword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command:
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Aſſiſt the Hero with continued light.
On foes ſurpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave ſpace,
Which they would prove, his valor, or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder ſpoke;
And then, like lightning, thro' that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty SCOTS with ſuch a terror ſtrook;
That to his courage they reſign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.

* MERCURY.

Glad

Glad that ſo little loyal blood it coſt,
He grieves ſo many BRITONS ſhould be loſt:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the Court his int'reſt does employ
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal ſword, ſhould die.
And now, theſe raſh bold men their error find,
Not truſting one beyond his promiſe kind:
One! whoſe great mind, ſo bountiful, and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer, and to ſave.
In vulgar breaſts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as theſe his high extraction tell:
And give a ſecret joy to * him that reigns,
To ſee his blood triumph in MONMOUTH's veins:
To ſee a Leader whom he got, and choſe,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But ſeeing envy, like the ſun, does beat
With ſcorching rays, on all that's high, and great:
This, ill-requited MONMOUTH! is the bough
The MUSES ſend, to ſhade thy conqu'ring brow.
Lampoons, like ſquibs, may make a preſent blaze;
But time, and thunder, pay reſpect to bays.
ACHILLES' arms dazle our preſent view;
Kept by the Muſe as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of VULCAN firſt they came;
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame.
Such care ſhe takes, to pay deſert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defenſe,
Knows how to give a nobler recompenſe.

To a Friend of the Author, a Perſon of Honor, who lately writ a religious Book, intitled, 'Hiſtorical Applications, and Occaſional 'Meditations upon ſeveral Subjects.'

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in ſuch an age!
Who can preſume to find a guard
From ſcorn, when heav'n's ſo little ſpar'd?

* K. CHARLES II.

Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the prophane impatient are,
When nobler pens makes this their care:
For why ſhould theſe let in a beam
Of divine light, to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleaſing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth, and fortune, warrant give
That ſuch men write what they believe:
And, feeling firſt what they indite,
New credit give to antient light.
Amongſt theſe few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from Kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wiſh the throng of Great, and Good,
Made it leſs eas'ly underſtood!

To a Perſon of Honor, upon his incomparable, incomprehenſible Poem, intitled, THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the BRITISH nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
As braſs, or marble, to your fame, have rear'd.
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave anceſtors could fight;
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own:
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
More, than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
Explain'd their cuſtoms, and their rights a-new,
Better than all their Druids ever knew:
Unriddl'd thoſe dark oracles, as well
As thoſe that made them, could themſelves foretell.

For,

For, as the BRITONS long have hop'd in vain,
ARTHUR would come to govern them again:
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raiſe the dead, and give new life to men:
Make Rival-Princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom diſtant ages did ſo far remove.
For, as eternity has neither paſt,
Nor future, authors ſay, nor firſt, nor laſt;
But is all inſtant; your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then, why ſhould you, whoſe miracles of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-buſied head,
T' obſerve what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, ſince you have ſuch arbitrary pow'r,
It were defect in judgment to go low'r;
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude.
For, no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit.
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe, that underſtands it here.

To Mr. CREECH, on his Tranſlation of LUCRETIUS.

WHAT all men with'd, tho' few could hope to ſee,
We are now bleſt with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the antient learned LATIN ſtore,
Giv'ſt us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage
The idleſt moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place ſome wond'rous monſter breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There, Farce is Comedy; bombaſt call'd ſtrong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong.
'Tis hard to ſay they ſteal them now-a-days;
For ſure the Antients never wrote ſuch plays.

Theſe ſcribling inſects have what they deſerve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to ſtarve.
That SPENSER knew, that TASSO felt before;
And Death found ſurly BEN exceeding poor.
Heav'n turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great VIRGIL's happier fortune may he find,
And be our CÆSAR, like AUGUSTUS, kind!
But let not this diſturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'ſt for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curſt to write thy verſe with care;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from ſuch a hand,
That has, with books, himſelf at free command?
Thou know'ſt in youth, what age has ſought in vain;
And bring'ſt forth ſons without a mother's pain.
So eaſy is thy ſenſe, thy verſe ſo ſweet,
Thy words ſo proper, and thy phraſe ſo fit;
We read, and read again: and ſtill admire
Whence came this youth, and whence this wond'rous fire!
Pardon this rapture, SIR! But who can be
Cold, and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodneſs may my ſeveral faults forgive,
And by your help theſe wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your ſeverer ſight,
They ſeem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with ſpeed in deſerv'd flames be thrown!
They'll ſend no ſighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying ſilently, your juſtice own.

The TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN thro' the world fair MAZARINE had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the ſun;
Hither at length the ROMAN eagle flies,
As the laſt triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
As heir to JULIUS, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this Iſland bend.

But

But PORTSMOUTH, ſpringing from the antient race
Of BRITONS, which the SAXON here did chaſe;
As they great CAESAR did oppoſe, makes head,
And does againſt this new invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs, and fearleſs, to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for, ſhe knows, the day
Muſt not be won the AMAZONIAN way.
Legions of CUPIDS to the battle come,
For LITTLE BRITAIN theſe, and thoſe for ROME,
Dreſs'd to advantage this illuſtrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the liſt appear.
What may the Fates deſign! for never yet
From diſtant regions two ſuch beauties met.
VENUS had been an equal friend to both,
And VICT'RY to declare herſelf ſeems loth:
Over the camp with doubtful wings ſhe flies;
'Till CHLORIS ſhining in the field ſhe ſpies.
The lovely CHLORIS well attended came,
A thouſand GRACES waited on the dame:
Her matchleſs form made all the ENGLISH glad,
And foreign Beauties leſs aſſurance had,
Yet, like the three on IDA's top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the ball.
Which to determine, LOVE himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the neglected ſhould become leſs kind.
Such killing looks! ſo thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unſafe to be a ſtander-by.
Poets, approaching to deſcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inſtructed how to write.
They with leſs hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in ALSATIA:
And, with that foil of violence, and rage,
Set-off the ſplendor of our golden age:
Where LOVE gives law, Beauty the ſceptre ſways;
And uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

Of

Of an ELEGY made by Mrs. WHARTON on the Earl of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the MUSES! on the herſe
Not ſtrowing tears, but laſting verſe;
Which ſo preſerves the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
CHLORIS, in lines ſo like his own,
Gives him ſo juſt, and high, renown;
That ſhe th' afflicted world relieves,
And ſhews, that ſtill in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.
His loſs ſupply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph ſhould melt in tears.
Then, faireſt CHLORIS! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our ſake;
Leſt his fair ſoul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

To CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent we know,
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valu'd ſo:
Things without uſe, tho' they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early roſe, made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthful MAY,
Doth yield her ſweets, ſince he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our ſtars do ſhew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, ſince ſtill known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So, your admired beauty ſtill
Is, by effects, made good, or ill.

Upon

Upon our late Loſs of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

THE falling bloſſoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the ſucceeding years:
And hope is all which art, or nature, brings,
At the firſt trial, to accompliſh things.
Mankind was firſt created an eſſay;
That ruder draught the Deluge waſh'd away.
How many ages paſs'd, what blood, and toil,
Before we made one Kingdom of this Iſle!
How long in vain had nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect princeſs, e'er her HIGHNESS came?
For joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait,
'Tis the ſet price of happineſs complete.
As a firſt fruit, heav'n claim'd that lovely boy:
The next ſhall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER, for the Drawing of the Poſture, and Progreſs, of his MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea, under the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL: Together with the Battle, and Victory, obtained over the DUTCH, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the ſea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is ſeen:
Here place the BRITISH, there the HOLLAND fleet,
Vaſt floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who ſhould reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd Main.
Make heav'n concern'd, and an unuſual ſtar
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the ſea ſhine with gallantry, and all
The ENGLISH youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant DUKE! whoſe early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct ſhow'd.

His

His bright ſword now a dearer int'reſt draws,
His Brother's glory, and his country's cauſe.
Let thy bold pencil, hope and courage ſpread
Thro' the whole navy, by that Hero led:
Make all appear, where ſuch a prince is by,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud ſails ſwell, more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the BATAVIANS, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the ocean, and mankind
Aſk his conſent, to uſe the ſea, and wind:
While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the INDIES in his armed hand.
Paint an eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of HOLLAND for their navy's ſtay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to ſhun,
Thro' the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coaſt where morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary BELGIAN ſteers;
Confeſſing now, he dreads the ENGLISH more
Than all the dangers of a frozen ſhore;
While from our arms, ſecurity to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the day behind.
Deſcribe their fleet abandoning the ſea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
Our firſt ſucceſs in war make BACCHUS crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The DUTCH their wine, and all their brandy loſe;
Diſarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
While the glad ENGLISH, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the ſpoil.
His high commands to AFRIC's coaſt extend,
And make the MOORS before the ENGLISH bend:
Thoſe barb'rous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, ſuch as we are pleas'd to give.
Deſerted by the DUTCH, let nations know,
We can our own, and their great buſineſs do:

Falſe

Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which, worſe than tempeſts, did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe Streights, make HOLLAND's SMYRNA fleet
With a ſmall ſquadron of the ENGLISH meet:
Like falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the ſhock.
There paint confuſion in a various ſhape,
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape:
EUROPE, and AFRICA, from either ſhore
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight ſo, deſerve to rule the ſea.
But, nearer home, thy pencil uſe once more,
And place our navy by the HOLLAND ſhore;
The world they compaſs'd while they fought with SPAIN;
But here already they reſign the Main:
Thoſe greedy mariners, out of whoſe way
Diffuſive nature could no region lay,
At home, preſerv'd from rocks, and tempeſts, lie;
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their ſingle towns th' IBERIAN armies preſt;
We all their Provinces at once inveſt:
And, in a month, ruin their traffick more,
Than that long war could, in an age, before.
But, who can always on the billows lie?
The wat'ry wilderneſs yields no ſupply.
Spreading our ſails, to HARWICH we reſort,
And meet the Beauties of the BRITISH court.
Th' illuſtrious DUCHESS, and her glorious train,
(Like THETIS, with her nymphs) adorn the Main.
The gazing Sea-Gods, ſince the * PAPHIAN Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Pow'rs for us themſelves declare:
Reſolv'd the aid of NEPTUNE's Court to bring;
And help the nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring:
The ſoldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new valor from the Ladies' eyes.

* VENUS.

Mean-

Mean-while, like bees when thorny winter's gone,
The DUTCH (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports; and sailing in their way,
Our HAMBURGH merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
Enough to serve us 'till we reach our foes.
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd a-while by the unweldome night,
Th' impatient ENGLISH scarce attend the light.
But now the morning, (heav'n severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And PHOEBUS lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.
As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds incountring one another crush:
With swelling sails, so from their several coasts,
Join the BATAVIAN, and the BRITISH, hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern, and rage,
The ROMAN fleets at ACTIUM did engage:
They, for the empire of the world they knew;
These, for the old contend, and for the new.
At the first shock, with blood, and powder stain'd,
Nor heav'n, nor sea, their former face retain'd:
Fury, and art, produce effects so strange,
They trouble nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines, but that by which men die;
There YORK appears; so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as antient as the sea!
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has thro' the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd!
The great ACHILLES march'd not to the field,
'Till VULCAN that impenetrable shield,
And arms, had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
But shafts, and darts, which the weak PHRYGIANS threw.

Our

Our bolder Hero on the deck does ſtand
Expos'd the bulwark of his native land:
Defenſive arms laid by as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.
Some Pow'r unſeen thoſe Princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt him firſt OPDAM his ſquadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the SWEDES:
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to periſh by a Prince's hand.
The tall BATAVIAN in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow ſides:
Yet, not inclin'd the ENGLISH ſhip to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his ſword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miſs'd the DUKE, but his great heart it griev'd:
* Three worthy perſons from his ſide it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their ſcatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
More to be valu'd than a thouſand lives!
On ſuch a theatre, as this, to die;
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a witneſs by!
Who would not thus a ſacrifice be made,
To have his blood on ſuch an altar laid?
The reſt about him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:
So trembled JACOB, when he thought the ſtains
Of his ſon's coat had iſſu'd from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
Before, for honor; now, revenge, he fought:
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by FAME) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valor, and their truth:
The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd,—and their lives!
He ſtorms, and ſhoots: but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too ſlow:

* Earl of FALMOUTH, Lord MUSKERRY, and Mr. BOYLE.

They miſs, or ſweep but common ſouls away;
For ſuch a loſs, OPDAM his life muſt pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to board:
And make the guilty DUTCH, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged veſſel like an eagle ſhows,
When thro' the clouds to truſs a ſwan ſhe goes:
The BELGIAN ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge rock
Inhabiting the ſea, expects the ſhock.
From both the fleets mens eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the bus'neſs of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noiſe ſuſpend;
The ſilent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful victʼry bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the war's ſucceſs:
When heav'n itſelf, for ENGLAND to declare,
Turns ſhip, and men, and tackle into air.
Their new commander from his charge is toſt,
Which * that young Prince had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, ſway'd their infant-ſtate.
His flight tow'rds heav'n th' aſpiring BELGIAN took;
But fell, like PHAETON, with thunder ſtrook:
From vaſter hopes than his, he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the BRITISH Admiral:
From her broadſides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the ſun:
That, bears the radiant enſign of the day;
And ſhe, the flag that governs in the ſea,
The DUKE, (ill-pleas'd that fire ſhould thus prevent
The work, which for his brighter ſword he meant)
Anger ſtill burning in his valiant breaſt,
Goes to complete revenge upon the reſt.
So, on the guardleſs herd, their keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a tiger in the LIBYAN plain.
The DUTCH, accuſtom'd to the raging ſea,
And in black ſtorms the frowns of heav'n to ſee,

* Prince of Orange.

Never

Never met tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! MARS he reſembles, when
JOVE ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both thoſe that led, and thoſe that gave them aid;
Where he gives on, diſpoſing of their fates,
Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits:
With which he pleads his Brother's cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The ſea with ſpoils his angry bullets ſtrow,
Widows, and orphans, making as they go:
Before his ſhip, fragments of veſſels torn,
Flags, arms, and BELGIAN carcaſſes, are born:
And his deſpairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
So, the rude BOREAS, where he lifts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the ſhore; and with a boiſt'rous rage,
Does heav'n at once, and earth, and ſea engage.
The DUTCH, elſewhere, did thro' the wat'ry field
Perform enough to have made other's yield;
But ENGLISH courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter takes delight:
Their bloody taſk, unweary'd ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by death, or victory.
Iron, and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of hail, from either ſide are born:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
Improves the arts, and inſtruments, of rage:
Death-haſt'ning ills nature enough has ſent,
And yet men ſtill a thouſand more invent!
But BACCHUS now, which led the BELGIANS on
So fierce at firſt, to favor us begun:
Brandy, and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves, with mod'rate ſhow'rs:

But over-charg'd with never-ceaſing rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a foe enough to ruin all.
Of this diſorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful ENGLISH ſuch advantage find;
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo intangled BELGIANS blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then,
Their guns ſhoot bullets, and their veſſels men.
The ſcorch'd BATAVIANS on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to paſs in CHARON's, boat.
And now, our Royal Admiral ſucceſs
(With all the marks of victory) does bleſs:
The burning ſhips, the taken, and the ſlain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
Nearer to HOLLAND as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe, and tumult of the fight;
His cannons roar, fore-runner of his fame,
Makes their HAGUE tremble, and their AMSTERDAM:
The BRITISH thunder does their houſes rock,
And the DUKE ſeems at ev'ry door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer, (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning deſtruction) haſtens their deſpair:
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd fleet as loſt;
And fear our preſent landing on their coaſt.

The trembling DUTCH th' approaching Prince behold,
As ſheep a lion, leaping tow'rds their fold:
Thoſe piles, which ſerve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his fury to reſtrain.
"What wonders may not ENGLISH valor work,
"Led by th' example of victorious YORK?
"Or, what defence againſt him can they make,
"Who, at ſuch diſtance, does their country ſhake?
"His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
"And let in both the ocean and the foe."
Thus cry the people:—and their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the Deep:
Blaming their STATES' ill conduct, to provoke
Thoſe arms, which freed them from the SPANISH yoke.

Painter!

Painter! excuſe me, if I have a-while
Forgot thy art, and us'd another ſtyle:
For, tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as they ſit;
The taſk in battel does the MUSES fit:
They, in the dark confuſion of a fight,
Diſcover all; inſtruct us how to write;
And light, and honor, to brave actions yield;
Hid in the ſmoke, and tumult of the field.
Ages to come ſhall know that Leader's toil,
And his great name, on whom the MUSES ſmile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace;
And this relation with thy colors grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;
And our * Great Monarch high above them ſet:
Like young AUGUSTUS let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at ſea;
Where † EGYPT's Queen, and EASTERN Kings, o'erthrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the world his own.
Laſt draw the commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treaſure to ſupply his fleet:
They vow with lives, and fortunes, to maintain
Their KING's eternal title to the Main:
And, with a preſent to the DUKE, approve
His valor, conduct, and his country's love.

To the ‡ KING.

GREAT SIR! diſdain not in this piece to ſtand,
Supreme commander both of ſea and land:
Thoſe which inhabit the cœleſtial bow'r,
Painters expreſs with emblems of their pow'r;
His club ALCIDES, PHOEBUS has his bow,
JOVE has his thunder, and your navy YOU.
But your great providence no colors here
Can repreſent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking, to ſecure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increaſe:

* K. CHARLES II. † CLEOPATRA.
‡ K. CHARLES II.

You, for theſe ends, whole days in council ſit;
And the diverſions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valor, and of force,
If your high wiſdom govern'd not their courſe:
You as the ſoul, as the Firſt Mover you,
Vigor, and life, on ev'ry part beſtow:
How to build ſhips, and dreadful ord'nance caſt,
Inſtruct the artiſts; and reward their haſte.
So, JOVE himſelf, when TYPHON heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit VULCAN's ſmoky cave:
Teaching the brawny CYCLOPS how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old GREEKS diſcover'd your abode,
CRETE had not been the cradle of their God:
On that ſmall iſland they had look'd with ſcorn;
And in GREAT BRITAIN thought the Thund'rer born.

A Preſage of the Ruin of the TURKISH Empire: preſented to his Majeſty King JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.

SINCE JAMES the Second grac'd the BRITISH throne,
Truce, well-obſerv'd, has been infring'd by none;
Chriſtians to him their preſent union owe,
And late ſucceſs againſt the common foe:
While neighb'ring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their hate.
So, angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our Iſland ſent;
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit, for ſuch a glorious taſk,
Than ENGLAND's King, from heav'n we cannot aſk;
He, (great, and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn ſwords ſhall turn againſt the TURK.
Such Kings, like ſtars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aſpect propitious to mankind;
Favor the innocent, repreſs the bold;
And, while they flouriſh, make an age of gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valor young;
At ſea ſucceſsful, vigorous, and ſtrong;

His

His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Eſteem, and rev'rence, thro' the world do find.
A Prince, with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a peace.
BRITAIN declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours ceaſe,
Adviſ'd by him, inclin'd to preſent peace;
Join to the TURK's deſtruction; and then bring
All their pretences to ſo juſt a King.
If the ſucceſsful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, ſo great applauſe do find?
Shall the vex'd world leſs honor yield to thoſe
That ſtop their progreſs, and their rage oppoſe?
Next to that pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is, to ſet bounds, and give ambition law.
The BRITISH MONARCH ſhall the glory have,
That famous GREECE remains no longer ſlave:
That ſource of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they, to ROME; and ROMANS, hither brought.
The baniſh'd MUSES ſhall no longer mourn;
But may with LIBERTY to GREECE return:
Tho' ſlaves, (like birds that ſing not in a cage)
They loſt their genius, and poetic rage;
HOMERS again, and PINDARS, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.
The TURK's vaſt empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be ſoon undone,
Did not this Hero make their int'reſt one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Creſcent low.
Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing ſun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun:
And this great day, (ſo juſtly honor'd here!)
Known to the eaſt, and celebrated there.

Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
"Auſus & ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem." VIRG.

To the DUCHESS, when he presented this Book to her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,
And with the Beauties, of a former age:
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit, and early knowledge, fear,
To our productions we become severe:
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last:
And make you through as many ages shine,
As TASSO has the Heroes of your line.
Tho' other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the BRITISH Muse:
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So, the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

These VERSES were writ in the TASSO of her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace;
But in no one durst all perfection place:
In her alone that owns this book, is seen
CLORINDA's spirit, and her lofty mein;
SOPHRONIA's piety, ERMINIA's truth,
ARMIDA's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind; and ev'ry grace express,
More to our wonder, than RINALDO fought:
The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.

OF

OF

DIVINE LOVE.

A

POEM

IN

SIX CANTOES.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant;
Sic *nos* SCRIPTURÆ *depaſcimur aurea dicta;*
Aurea! perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ! * *
Nam DIVINUS AMOR *cùm cæpit vociferari,*
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * LUCRETIUS, Lib. 3.

Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non fama, petita eſt,
Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis: * *
Namque *ubi mota calent* ſacrâ *mea pectora* Musâ,
Altior humano ſpiritus ille malo eſt.
OVID. de Triſt. Lib. 4. El. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. *ASSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.*

II. *The preference and Love of* GOD *to man in the Creation.*

III. *The same Love more amply declar'd in our Redemption.*

IV. *How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.*

V. *Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were universally embrac'd.*

VI. *Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.*

CANTO I.

THE GRECIAN Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor JOVE at us, nor PHOEBUS is arriv'd;
Frail Deities! which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.
Yet, if they ſtill divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age;
When, not from HELICON's imagin'd ſpring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing?
This with the fabric of the world begun;
Elder than light, and ſhall out-laſt the ſun.
Before this oracle, like DAGON, all
The falſe pretenders, DELPHOS, AMMON, fall:
Long ſince deſpis'd, and ſilent, they afford
Honor, and triumph, to th' eternal Word.
As late philoſophy our globe has grac'd,
And rowling earth among the planets plac'd:
So has this Book intitled us to heav'n;
And rules, to guide us to that manſion, given;
Tells the conditions how our peace was made;
And is our pledge for the Great AUTHOR's aid.
His pow'r in nature's ample book we find;
But the leſs volume does expreſs his mind.
This light unknown, bold EPICURUS taught,
That his bleſt GODS vouchſafe us not a thought;
But unconcern'd, let all below them ſlide,
As fortune does, or human wiſdom, guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred yoke,
And band of all ſociety, is broke:
What uſe of oaths, of promiſe, or of teſt,
Where men regard no God, but intereſt?
What endleſs war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet juſt,
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!

Were

Were Scripure ſilent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſhood, and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep tow'rds being good, or wiſe:
For, tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect:
Slaves to their paſſion, reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourſelves, we need;
And Sacred Writ our reaſon does exceed.
For, tho' heav'n ſhews the glory of the LORD,
Yet ſomething ſhines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this, (which all his work excells!)
His tender kindneſs, and compaſſion, tells:
While we, inform'd by that cœleſtial Book,
Into the bowels of our MAKER look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning) ſhall our ſong commend:
Deſcribe itſelf, and warm us with that flame,
Which firſt from heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savors too much of private intereſt.
This mov'd not MOSES, nor the zealous PAUL;
Who for their friends abandon'd ſoul and all:
A greater yet from heav'n to hell deſcends,
To ſave, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praiſe can fathom ſuch a love,
Which reach'd the loweſt bottom from above?
The * Royal prophet, that extended grace
From heav'n to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote:
Heav'n was ſcarce heard of, until HE came down
To make the region, where love triumphs, known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did perſuade,

* DAVID.

For,

For, love it was that firſt created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos: and beſtow'd new grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to reſt here; and ſome, to ſhine above:
Earth, ſea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But, there was none
That to themſelves, or others, yet were known:
The world a palace was, without a gueſt,
'Till one appears, that muſt excel the reſt:
One! like the AUTHOR, whoſe capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the MAKER find:
Might meaſure heav'n, and give each ſtar a name;
With art, and courage, the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with ſwelling ſails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his experience know:
Make ſtrongeſt beaſts obedient to his will,
And ſerve his uſe the fertil earth to till.
When, by his WORD, GOD had accompliſh'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the duſt he took
A graceful figure, and majeſtic look:
With his own breath, convey'd into his breaſt
Life, and a ſoul fit to command the reſt.
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For ſuch a gift; and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his praiſes in a wilder note;
But not with laſting Numbers, and with thought;
Man's great prerogative! But above all
His grace abounds, in his new fav'rite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation ſhakes:
From his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curſt the earth, but bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
Amidſt the ſtorm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the VIRGIN's ſeed:
Tho' juſtice death, as ſatisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror ſhould his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His SON deſcends, to treat a peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious ſeat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His bus'neſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe, whoſe malice could not let him live.
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us reſolv'd to periſh) he refus'd:
While they ſtood ready to prevent his loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Croſs.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch great love conſtrain'd
To make return of love: upon this Pole
Our duty does, and our religion, rowl.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an eſſay, a taſte of heav'n below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of thoſe that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But ſmoke will vaniſh, when that flame breaks out;
This is the fire that would conſume our droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.
Could we forbear diſpute, and practiſe love,
We ſhould agree, as Angels do above.
Where love preſides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues ſtay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters, as a native there;
For, born in heav'n, it does but ſojourn here.
He that alone would wiſe, and mighty, be,
Commands that others love, as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we ſoar ſo high?—
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.

Nor

Nor ſhould we be with this command diſmay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid:
For, he took fleſh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, inſtruct our thought;
As man he ſuffer'd, and as GOD he taught.
Will, for the deed, he takes; we may with eaſe
Obedient be, for if we love, we pleaſe.
Weak tho' we are, to love, is no hard taſk;
And love for love, is all that heav'n does aſk.
Love! that would all men juſt, and temp'rate, make,
Kind to themſelves, and others, for his ſake.
'Tis with our minds, as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this love, they muſt with weeds abound,
(Unruly paſſions) whoſe effects are worſe
Than thorns, and thiſtles, ſpringing from the curſe.

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or miſery, is born;
Of his proud foe the envy, or the ſcorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Baſe in himſelf, but great in heav'n's eſteem:
With love, of all created things the beſt:
Without it, more pernicious than the reſt.
For, greedy wolves unguarded ſheep devour
But while their hunger laſts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundleſs avarice his wants exceeds,
And on his neighbours, round about him, feeds.
His pride, and vain ambition, are ſo vaſt,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waſte:
Debauches, and exceſs, (tho' with leſs noiſe)
As great a portion of mankind deſtroys.
The beaſts, and monſters, HERCULES oppreſt,
Might, in that age, ſome provinces infeſt:
Theſe more deſtructive monſters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign:
But ſoon would vaniſh, if the world were bleſs'd
With ſacred love, by which they are repreſs'd.

Impendent

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conſcience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of deſpair, does their whole life annoy:
But, love appearing, all theſe terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whoſe breaſt this ſacred love has place,
Death, as a paſſage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds, and thick vapors, which obſcure the day,
The ſun's victorious beams may chaſe away;
Theſe which our life corrupt, and darken, love
(The nobler ſtar!) muſt from the ſoul remove.
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter ſun moves in a boundleſs ſphere:
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among Angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS iron age, (ſo fraudulent, and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold:
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks ſhould honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſown crop:
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap;
None for himſelf would either ſow, or reap:
Our ready help, and mutual love, would yield
A nobler harveſt, than the richeſt field,
Famine, and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenneſs of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others ſurfeit now;
But then we ſhould the uſe of Plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich, and needy, ſtand;
And ſpread heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers, and receivers, bleſs;
Increaſe their joy, and make their ſuff'ring leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with ſev'ral for the people's ſake:
He that, long-faſting, would no wonder ſhow,
Made loaves and fiſhes, as they eat them, grow.

Of

Of all his pow'r, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none, but to expreſs his love:
And ſuch a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs, which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers, and lions, into dens we thruſt;
But milder creatures with their freedom truſt.
Devils, are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force, but love, nor bond, but bounty, knows.
Men, (whom we now ſo fierce, and dang'rous ſee)
Would guardian Angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love, what ISAIAH propheſy'd, can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the rejected raiſe,
Smooth, and make ſtreight, our rough and crooked ways.
Love, ſtrong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in title fall:
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom heav'n with that high character has bleſt.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone beſtow complete repoſe on man:
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign ſtrife among the nations ceaſe.
No martial trumpet ſhould diſturb our reſt,
Nor Princes arm, tho' to ſubdue the eaſt;
Where for the Tomb, ſo many Heroes (taught
By thoſe that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice-happy we, could we like ardor have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many ſelfs, as men:
All of one family, in blood allay'd,
His precious blood, that for our ranſom dy'd!

CANTO VI.

THO' the creation (ſo divinely taught!)
Prints ſuch a lively image on our thought,
That the firſt ſpark of new-created light,
From Chaos ſtrook, affects our preſent ſight:
Yet, the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt,
The day of riſing, then the day of reſt;
That ev'ry week might new occaſion give,
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
Then, let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred charm,
To keep his blood, among us, ever warm:
And ſinging, as the Bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of love.
But, on ſo vaſt a ſubject, who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails: or, if it could ſupply,
What mortal thought can raiſe itſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But, tho' we find this ſacred taſk too hard,
Yet the deſign, th' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does ſuſpend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As SAUL's afflicted ſpirit, from the ſound
Of DAVID's harp, a preſent ſolace found:
So, on this theme while we our Muſe engage,
No wounds are felt, of fortune, or of age.
On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to ceaſe.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind;
The ſoul contending to that light to flie
From her dark cell, we practiſe how to die:
Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy, ſo complete, ſo ſolid, and ſevere,
Would leave no place for meaner pleaſures there;
Pale they would look, as ſtars that muſt be gone,
When from the eaſt the riſing ſun comes on.

OF

OF THE

FEAR OF GOD.

IN

TWO CANTOES.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to ceaſe:
Tho' the word, Fear, ſome men may ill indure,
'Tis ſuch a fear, as only makes ſecure.
Aſk of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy ſtate.
He that invites will not th' invited mock;
Op'ning to all, that do in earneſt knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our aſſurance rolls upon that ſphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my ſong; the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd;
It brings from heav'n an Angel for a guard:
Tranquility, and peace, this fear does give;
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light; by which he made, and governs, all.
'Tis God alone ſhould not offended be;
But we pleaſe others, as more great than he.
For a good cauſe, the ſuff'rings of man
May well be born: 'tis more than Angels can.

Man, ſince his fall, in no mean ſtation reſts,
Above the Angels, or below the beaſts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirſt, and hunger, to perform his will.
Others, tho' rich, ſhall in this world be vext;
And ſadly live, in terror of the next.
The * world's great conqu'ror would his point perſue;
And wept becauſe he could not find a new:
Which had he done, yet ſtill he would have cry'd;
To make him work, until a third he ſpy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To heav'n itſelf, unleſs it make them grow.
Tho' richly fed, man's care do ſtill exceed:
Has but one mouth, yet would a thouſand feed.
In wealth, and honor, by ſuch men poſſeſt,
If it increaſe not, there is found no reſt.
All their delight is while their wiſh comes in;
Sad when it ſtops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis ſtrange, men ſhould neglect their preſent ſtore,
And take no joy, but in purſuing more;
No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim:
This is the mark, and glory, of our frame.
A ſoul capacious of the Deity.
Nothing, but he that made, can ſatisfy.
A thouſand worlds, if we with him compare,
Leſs than ſo many drops of water are.
Men take no pleaſure, but in new deſigns:
And what they hope for, what they have, out-ſhines.
Our ſheep, and oxen, ſeem no more to crave;
With full content feeding on what they have:
Vex not themſelves for an increaſe of ſtore;
But think to-morrow we ſhall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from heav'n,
They do from us expect it ſhould be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely;
More than vain men upon the Deity:
More beaſts than they! that will not underſtand,
That we are fed from his immediate hand.

* ALEXANDER.

Man

Man, that in him has Being, moves, and lives,
What can he have, or uſe, but what he gives?
So that no bread can nouriſhment afford,
Or uſeful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EARTH praiſes conquerors for ſhedding blood:
Heav'n, thoſe that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terreſtrial honor, to be crown'd
For ſtrowing men, like ruſhes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminiſhes mankind,
Does no addition to his ſtature find:
But, he that does a noble nature ſhow,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow.
For virtue practis'd ſuch an habit gives,
That among men he like an Angel lives.
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell;
Lov'd, and admir'd, by thoſe he does excell.
Fools anger ſhew, which politicians hide:
Bleſt with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
Nor ſees he reaſon why he ſhould engage,
Or vex his ſpirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities toſt
On raging waves, and in the tempeſt loſt.
The rolling planets and the glorious ſun,
Still keep that order which they firſt begun:
They their firſt leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their CREATOR, as a law, did ſet.
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way;
Knowledge of good, and evil, as at firſt,
(That vain perſuaſion!) keeps them ſtill accurſt!
The Sacred Word refuſing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury, and pride.

As clocks, remaining in the ſkilful hand
Of ſome great maſter, at the figure ſtand;
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random ſtrike, and the falſe hour do ſhow:
So, from our MAKER wandering, we ſtray;
Like birds, that know not to their neſts the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here:
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight;
Behold his face, and ſhun eternal night.

Silence, my Muſe! make not theſe jewels cheap,
Expoſing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is beſt;
Where great truths are in feweſt words expreſt.
Wreſtling with death, theſe lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my ſoul delight.
O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or, that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace, if ſickneſs, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth;
As pangs that wait upon a ſecond birth.

OF

DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOES.

Occaſioned upon ſight of the LIIId Chapter of Iſaiah, turned into Verſe by Mrs. Wharton.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verſe we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquiſitive to know
The ſecret, which this oracle does ſhow.
What was to come, ISAIAH did declare;
Which ſhe deſcribes, as if ſhe had been there;
Had ſeen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws ſo lively, that they bleed a-new.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold:
So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old!
If they ſhould die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton SAPPHO's live?
Who with his breath his image did inſpire,
Expects it ſhould foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes, as well as men, may know;
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verſe ſo deſign'd, on that high ſubject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought:
The ſmoke which we from burning incenſe raiſe,
When we complete the ſacrifice of praiſe.
In boundleſs verſe the fancy ſoars too high
For any object, but the Deity.
What mortal can with heav'n pretend to ſhare
In the ſuperlatives of wiſe, and fair?
A meaner ſubject when with theſe we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.

Sacred ſhould be the product of our Muſe,
Like that ſweet oil, above all private uſe;
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it ſhould be on the altar laid.
Verſe ſhews a rich ineſtimable vein,
When, drop'd from heav'n, 'tis thither ſent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praiſe,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raiſe.
For, as that Angel up to heav'n did riſe,
Born on the flame of MANOAH's ſacrifice:
So, wing'd with praiſe, we penetrate the ſky;
Teach clouds, and ſtars, to praiſe him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praiſe to echo, and ſuſpend their moan.
For, that he reigns, all creatures ſhould rejoice;
And we with ſongs ſupply their want of voice.
The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In ſongs of praiſe their preſent union ſhow:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in ſong,
Angels, and we, aſſiſted by this art,
May ſing together, tho' we dwell a-part.
Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems muſt
No higher riſe, than winds may lift the duſt.
From that they ſpring; this, from his breath that gave,
To the firſt duſt, th' immortal ſoul we have.
His praiſe well ſung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the duſt, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE that did firſt this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the ALMIGHTY face to face:
Wonders he did in ſacred verſe unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age;
Nor verſe, that flows from ſo divine a rage.
Eldeſt of Poets, he beheld the light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er eternal night:

* MOSES.

Chaos

Chaos he ſaw; and could diſtinctly tell
How that confuſion into order fell:
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The work of the CREATOR, and his Reſt:
How the flood drown'd the firſt offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For, new-made earth, ſo even, and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold,
Early diſtempers make our youth look old:
Our days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nouriſh'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely.
Neglecting heav'n. But we, of ſhorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbiſh here,
This ſpan of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler ſeat.
Which well obſerving, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how faſt his life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the world was made;
And may again retire, when that ſhall fade.
The laſting ILIADS have not liv'd ſo long,
As his, and DEBORAH'S, triumphant ſong.
DELPHOS unknown, no Muſe could them inſpire,
But that which governs the cœleſtial choire.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal;
And from their ſtore ſucceeding Poets ſteal:
HOMER'S SCAMANDER for the TROJANS fought,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old KISHON taught:
His river ſcarce could fierce ACHILLES ſtay;
Hers, more ſucceſsful, ſwept her foes away.
The hoſt of heaven, his PHOEBUS, and his MARS,
He arms; inſtructed by her fighting ſtars,
She led them all againſt the common foe:
But he, (miſ-led by what he ſaw below!)
The Pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into diff'rent ſides.

The

The nobleſt parts which in his Heroes ſhine,
May be but copies of that Heroine.
HOMER himſelf, and AGAMEMNON, ſhe
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth ſhe relates, in a ſublimer ſtrain,
Than all the tales the boldeſt GREEKS could feign:
For, what ſhe ſung, that SPIRIT did indite,
Which gave her courage, and ſucceſs, in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchleſs dame;
From heav'n her Poem, and her conqueſt came.
Tho' of the JEWS ſhe merit moſt eſteem;
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater theme:
Her martial ſong deſcribes how SISERA fell;
This ſings our triumph over death, and hell.
The riſing light employ'd the ſacred breath
Of the bleſt VIRGIN, and ELIZABETH.
In ſongs of joy the Angels ſung his birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the ſcorn,
Which, for our guilt, ſo patiently was born!
Conception, birth, and ſuff'ring, all belong,
(Tho' various parts) to one cœleſtial ſong:
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an art,
Has, in this conſort, ſung the tragic part.
As HANNAH'S ſeed was vow'd to ſacred uſe;
So, here this Lady conſecrates her Muſe,
With like reward may heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muſe is born!

On the Paraphraſe on the LORD'S Prayer, written by Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds! liſten etherial lights!
While our URIANA ſings what heav'n indites:
The Numbers are the Nymph's; but from above
Deſcends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his throne:
And how can he to miſerable men
Deny requeſts, which his own hand did pen?

In

In the Evangeliſts we find the proſe;
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows;
A devout rapture! ſo divine a hymn,
It may become the higheſt Seraphim!
For they, like her, in that cœleſtial choire,
Sing only what the SPIRIT does inſpire.
Taught by our LORD, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

Some Reflections of His upon the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer.

I. HIS ſacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound!
It was JEHOVAH; 'tis OUR FATHER now;
So low to us does heav'n vouchſafe to bow! *
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;
And did ſo dearly for our ranſom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections reign:
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not obedience to his ſceptre bring;
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burthen light;
His ſervice freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heav'n, it muſt be made our own:
His will ſhould all our inclinations ſway,
Whom nature, and the univerſe, obey.
Happy the man! whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been eternally deſign'd:
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourſelves, we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup;
Like new-born babes, depending on the breaſt,
From day to day, we on his bounty feaſt.

* Pſalm xviii. 9.

Nor

Nor ſhould the ſoul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The ſetting ſun ſhould ſeem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of ſpecial grace.

V. *That he ſhould all our treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
Tho' ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy taſk,
We curſe ourſelves when thus inclin'd we aſk.
This pray'r to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our ſouls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
The nobleſt worſhip of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his love:
Not to forgive our enemies alone;
But, uſe our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
And thoſe we may in ſeveral ſtations know:
The rich, and poor, in ſlipp'ry places ſtand:
Give us enough! but with a ſparing hand!
Not ill-perſuading want; nor wanton wealth;
But, what proportion'd is to life, and health.
For, not the dead, but living, ſing thy praiſe;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raiſe.

Favete linguis! * * * *
Virginibus puerisque canto. HORAT.

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
The ſubject made us able to indite:
The ſoul, with nobler reſolutions deckt,
The body ſtooping, does herſelf erect:
No mortal parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her, that unbody'd can her MAKER praiſe.

The ſeas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we, when paſſions are no more!
For, then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptineſs, which age deſcries.

The

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * * *Miratur limen olympi.* VIRG.

Stockdale says these were Waller's last verses.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH HELEN was! and who can blame the * boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his TROY?
But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair GREEK,
The armorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
Or hope for pity; but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praise of MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless MIRA, she reveals her own:
And, when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

* PARIS.

To

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou would'ſt needs (bewitch'd with ſome ill
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental arms: [charms!)
All we can wiſh, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and ſo good night!

An EPIGRAM on a Painted LADY with ill Teeth.

WERE men ſo dull they could not ſee
That LYCE painted; ſhould they flee,
Like ſimple birds, into a net,
So groſly woven, and ill ſet?
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Thoſe teeth fair LYCE muſt not ſhow,
If ſhe would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they ſtoop at ſeeming grapes,
Are diſ-abus'd, when firſt ſhe gapes:
The rotten bones diſcover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted ſepulchre.

EPIGRAM upon the GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal ſide!
On the reverſe, our beauty's pride!
Here we diſcern the frown, and ſmile;
The force, and glory, of our Iſle.
In the rich Medal, both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique;
Carv'd by ſome maſter, when the bold
GREEKS made their JOVE deſcend in gold;
And DANAE wond'ring at that ſhow'r,
Which, falling, ſtorm'd her brazen tow'r.
BRITANNIA there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itſelf had fail'd to paſs;
Virtue's a ſtronger guard than braſs.

Written

Written on a Card that her * MAJESTY tore at OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value riſe;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to cœleſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, (now Lord LANSDOWN) on his Verſes to K. JAMES II.

AN early plant! which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years;
A judgment! that could make ſo fair a choice;
So high a ſubject, to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King!

Long and ſhort Life.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round:
So, life we praiſe, that does excell
Not in much time, but acting well.

Tranſlated out of SPANISH.

THO' we may ſeem importunate,
While your compaſſion we implore:
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May with preſumption vex you more.

Tranſlated out of FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, nature will have it ſo;
'Tis but what we muſt in our autumn do!
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found:

* Q. CATHARINE.

So,

So, in the grave, ſhall we as quiet lie;
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our company.
But, ſome ſo like to thorns, and nettles, live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

Some Verſes of an imperfect Copy, deſign'd for a Friend, on his Tranſlation of OVID'S FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a gueſt
With the old ROMANS you were wont to feaſt.
NUMA's religion, by themſelves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in ſhew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plow:
Such pow'r has juſtice, faith, and honeſty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave:
But, where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angel ſhine.

* * * * * *

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the Firſt, at CHARING-CROSS.

In the Year 1674.

THAT the Firſt CHARLES does here in triumph ride;
See his Son reign, where he a Martyr dy'd;
And people pay that reverence, as they paſs,
(Which then he wanted!) to the ſacred braſs;
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the ſtatue, and the ſtone.
But, heav'n this laſting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though ſucceſsful, is but vain;
And Kings ſo kill'd riſe conquerors again,

This

This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving FAME.

PRIDE.

NOT the brave * MACEDONIAN Youth alone;
But base CALIGULA, when on the throne,
Boundless in pow'r, would make himself a God;
As if the world depended on his nod.
The † SYRIAN King to beasts was headlong thrown,
E'er to himself he could be mortal known.
The meanest wretch, if heav'n should give him line,
Would never stop, 'till he were thought divine,
All might within discern the serpent's pride,
If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
And woo the female to his painted bed:
Let winds, and seas, together rage, and swell:
This, nature teaches; and becomes them well.
‡ *Pride was not made for men:* a conscious sense
Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

EPITAPH on Sir GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemish'd probity, and truth:
Just unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious son:
Whom neighb'ring towns so often sent,
To give their sense in Parliament;
With lives, and fortunes, trusting one,
Who so discreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wise, temperate;
Contented with an old estate,

* ALEXANDER. † NEBUCHADNEZZAR.
‡ Eccluſ. x. 18.

Which no foul avarice did increaſe,
Nor wanton luxury make leſs.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:
Not LEMUEL's mother with more care
Did counſel, or inſtruct, her heir;
Or teach with more ſucceſs her ſon
The vices of the time to ſhun.
An heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was hers to him did give:
And he juſt gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught,
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His ſhort life did a pattern give,
How neighbours, huſbands, friends ſhould live.
The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noiſe, and ſtrife,
Of battles won: in thoſe we find
The ſolid int'reſt of mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies CHARLES CA'NDISH: let the marble ſtone,
That hides his aſhes, make his virtue known.
Beauty, and valor, did his ſhort life grace;
The grief, and glory, of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Saw what great ALEXANDER in the eaſt,
And mighty JULIUS conquer'd in the weſt.
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occaſion for his fame:

Where

Where dark confuſion did the nations hide;
And where the juſter, was the weaker, ſide.
Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:
The * elder did whole Regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct, and his ſword.
Born to command, a Leader he begun,
And on the rebels laſting honour won:
The Horſe, inſtructed by their Gen'ral's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the north:
Where CA'NDISH fought, the Royaliſts prevail'd;
Neither his courage, nor his judgment, fail'd:
The current of his vict'ries found no ſtop,
Till CROMWELL came, his party's chiefeſt prop.
Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer, or to die:
Virtue with rage, fury with valor, ſtrove;
But, that muſt fall which is decreed above!
CROMWELL, with odds of number, and of Fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the Church, and State:
Which the ſad iſſue of the war declar'd,
And made his taſk, to ruin both, leſs hard.
So, when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays, and flowers, on his honor'd grave!

EPITAPH on the Lady SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned SAVIL's heir;
So early wiſe, and laſting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot:
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that ſtock,
Both of his knowledge, and his flock;
That, Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other ſmil'd.

* WILLIAM Earl of Devonſhire.

While ſhe, to ev'ry well-taught mind,
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch title to her ſtore,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The MUSES daily found ſupplies,
Both from her hands, and from her eyes,
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament, and praiſe!
But, when a ſtorm diſturb'd our reſt,
The port, and refuge, of th' oppreſt.
This made her fortune underſtood.
And look'd on as ſome public good,
So that (her perſon, and her ſtate,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred temple, free.
May here her monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude age! and ſhow
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue ſee:
And one ſublime example had
Of good, among ſo many bad.

EPITAPH to be written under the LATIN Inſcription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the ENGLISH reader ſhould be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corps alone does lie
Under this ſtone, but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy:
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had their been ſpace, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding, to have ſhow'd,

We

We had not found, in all the num'rous roll
Of his fam'd anceſtors, a greater ſoul:
His early virtues to that ancient ſtock
Gave as much honor as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing e'er the froſts are paſt,
To become man he made ſuch fatal haſte;
And to perfection labor'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow experience, and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He's ſeldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, unfiniſh'd.

GREAT ſoul! for whom death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our bliſs away.
O cruel death! to thoſe you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, ſhin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that ſhade the mind.
Inſpired verſe may on this marble live,
But can no honor to thy aſhes give.——

* * * * *

THE

MAID's TRAGEDY

ALTER'D.

PROLOGUE.

SCARCE should we have the boldneſs, to pretend
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend:
Had not already ſome deſerv'd your praiſe
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays,
This, and PHILASTER, *have the loudeſt fame:*
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both, our ENGLISH *genius is expreſs'd;*
Lofty, and bold; but, negligently dreſs'd.
Above our neighbours our conceptions are:
But, faultleſs writing is th'effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, would like marble laſt.
But, as the preſent, ſo the laſt age writ;
In both we find like negligence, and wit.
Were we but leſs indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muſe would flouriſh; and a nobler rage
Would honor this, than did the GRECIAN, *Stage.*
Thus ſays our Author; not content to ſee
That others write as carleſsly as he:
Tho' he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to pleaſe you, he'd have the Poets ſweat.
In this old play, what's new we have expreſt
In rhiming verſe, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
That, as the RHONE *its haſty way does make,*
(Not mingling waters) thro' GENEVA's lake:
So, having here the diff'rent ſtyles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we leſs rudely ſhall the knot unty,
Soften the rigor of the Tragedy,
And yet preſerve each perſons character;
Then, to the other, this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the Boxes, and the Pit,
Are ſov'reign judges of this ſort of wit.
In other things the knowing artiſt may
Judge better than the people: but, a Play,
(Made for delight, and for no other uſe)
If you approve it not, has no excuſe.

THE MAID's TRAGEDY.

ACT V.

Enter EVADNE, *with a Page of honor.*

EVADNE.

AMINTOR loſt, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to betray the King.
Compell'd by threats, to take that bloody oath,
And the act ill, I am abſolv'd by both.
This iſland left, with pity I'll look down
On the King's love, and fierce MELANTIUS' frown.
Theſe will to both my reſolution bring:
Page! give MELANTIUS that; this, to the King.
[*Exit Page with the Letters.*
Under how hard a fate are women born!
Priz'd to their ruin, or expos'd to ſcorn!
If we want beauty, we of love deſpair:
And are beſieged, like frontier towns, if fair.
The pow'r of Princes armies overthrows:
What can our ſex againſt ſuch force oppoſe?
Love, and ambition, have an equal ſhare
In their vaſt treaſures; and it coſts as dear
To ruin us, as nations to ſubdue:
But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
For, towns are ſtarv'd, or batter'd, e'er they yield;
But we (perſuaded, rather than compell'd)

For

For things ſuperfluous neglect our fame,
And weakly render up ourſelves to ſhame.
Oh! that I had my innocence again,
My untouch'd honour! but I wiſh in vain:
The fleece, that has been by the dyer ſtain'd,
Never again its native whiteneſs gain'd.
Th' unblemiſh'd may pretend to virtue's crown:
'Tis beauty now muſt perfect my renown.
With that I govern'd him that rules this iſle;
'Tis that which makes me triumph in the ſpoil;
The wealth I bear from this exhauſted Court;
Which here my bark ſtands ready to tranſport.
In narrow RHODES I'll be no longer pent;
But act my part upon the continent:
ASIATIC Kings ſhall ſee my beauty's prize;
My ſhining jewels, and my brighter eyes.
Princes that fly, (their ſcepters left behind)
Contempt, or pity, where they travel, find:
The enſigns of our pow'r about we bear;
And ev'ry land pays tribute to the Fair.
So ſhines the ſun, tho' hence remov'd, as clear
When his beams warm th' Antipodes, as here. [*Exit.*

Enter MELANTIUS, *with a Letter in his hand.*

She's gone!—to periſh, if the Gods be juſt:
The ſea's not vaſt enough to quench her luſt.
The ſtanding Regiments, the Fort, the town,
All, but this wicked ſifter, is our own.
Oh! that I could but have ſurpriz'd the wretch,
E'er ſhe that watry element did reach:
Twice falſe EVADNE! ſpitefully forſworn!
That fatal breaſt, like this, I would have torn.
[*Tears the paper with fury.*
But this deſign admits of no delay;
And our revenge muſt find ſome ſpeedy way.
I'll ſound LUCIPPUS; he has always paid
Reſpect to my deſerts: could he be made
To join with us, we might preſerve the ſtate;
And take revenge, without our country's fate.
He loves his brother: but, a preſent crown
Cannot but tempt a Prince ſo near the throne.

He's

He's full of honor: tho' he like it not,
If once he ſwear, he'll not reveal the plot. [*Exit.*

Enter the KING *alone.*

MELANTIUS falſe! it cannot be: and yet,
When I remember how I merit it,
He is preſented to my guilty mind
Leſs to his duty, than revenge, inclin'd.
'Tis not my nature to ſuſpect my friends,
Or think they can have black malicious ends:
'Tis doing wrong creates ſuch doubts as theſe,
Renders us jealous, and deſtroys our peace.
Happy the innocent! whoſe equal thoughts
Are free from anguiſh, as they are from faults.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

PAGE. 'Tis from EVADNE, Sir. [*Exit.*

KING. Why ſhould ſhe uſe
Her pen to me? 'tis ſome important news!

[*Reads the Letter.*]

From on board my yacht,

[Strangely dated.]

WHICH is now bearing me away from the rage of my offended brothers: I wiſh you were as ſafe from their revenge. They aim at your life, and made me ſwear to take it. They have got the fort, and are aſſured of the inclinations both of the ſoldiers, and citizens. My firſt prayer is to the Gods for your preſervation: my next to your Majeſty, that if they return to their duty, you would afford them your grace.

'Tis no feign'd tale CALLIANAX has told:
The great MELANTIUS is as falſe as bold.
The crown we hazard, when at home we ſtay;
And teach our forces others to obey.
Conduct of armies is a Prince's art;
And when a ſubject acts that royal part,
As he in glory riſes, we grow leſs:
While our arms proſper, ruin'd by ſucceſs!
For, in a Court, what can ſo dreadful be,
As one more glorious than ourſelves to ſee;

Enter

Enter MELANTIUS *and* LUCIPPUS.

Such is the General!——To LUCIPPUS' ear
What 'tis he truſts, I'll ſtep aſide and hear.

LUC. How am I caught with an unwary oath,
Not to reveal the ſecret, which I loath!
To ſtain my conſcience with my brother's blood,
To be a King!——no! not to be a God.
He that with patience can ſuch treaſon hear,
Though he conſent not, has a guilty ear.
Unto thyſelf pronounce the name of KING;
That word will keep thee from ſo foul a thing.

MEL. Sir! your fond care, and kindneſs, comes too late,
To ſave your brother, or prevent my hate:
The people mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the ſoldiers to my will incline.
Of his own ſervants he has loſt the heart;
And in the Court I have the nobler part.
Unto yourſelf pronounce the name of KING;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd—Do not ſtorm, and frown,
At my endeavours to preſerve the crown.
Wear it yourſelf; occaſion will not ſtay;
'Tis loſt, unleſs you take it while you may.
Tumult, and ruin, will o'erwhelm the ſtate;
And you'll be guilty of your country's fate.

LUC. [*Aſide.*] Some form'd deſign againſt the King is laid;
Let's try how far our reaſon may perſuade.
[*To him.*] The crown you value ſo, my brother bears
Upon his head, and with it all the cares:
While I enjoy th' advantage of his ſtate,
And all the crown can give, except the weight.
Long may he reign! that is ſo far above
All vice, all paſſion, but exceſs of love.
And can th' effects of love appear ſo ſtrange,
That into beaſts our greateſt Gods could change?

MEL. The deathleſs Gods, when they commit a rape,
Diſguis'd a while, again reſume their ſhape:
But Princes once turn'd into beaſts, remain
For ever ſo:——and ſhould, like beaſts, be ſlain.

LUC.

LUC. Tho' more in years, you have a miſtreſs ſtill;
And for that fault would you your ſov'reign kill?
Love is the frailty of herpic minds;
And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds:
Brutes may be chaſter; pidgeons, ſwans, and doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their loves.
Juſtice, and bounty, in a Prince, are things
That ſubjects make as happy as their kings.
Will you contract the guilt of royal blood;
And rob your country of her chiefeſt good?

MEL. Of one! whoſe luſt *his* family has ſtain'd,
By whoſe good conduct he ſecurely reign'd.

LUC. Of one! whoſe choice firſt made *your* valor
And with whoſe armies *you* have got renown. [known;
'Tis all the gratitude ſubjects can ſhew,
To bear with patience what their Princes do.

MEL. Yet BRUTUS did not let proud TARQUIN

LUC. The Prince his ſon was guilty of a rape. ['ſcape.
For joys extorted with a violent hand,
Revenge is juſt, and may with honor ſtand:
But, ſhould a prince, becauſe he does comply
With one that's fair, and not unwilling, die?
Or, is it fit the people ſhould be taught
Your ſiſter's frailty, with my brother's fault?

MEL. Let her be known unchaſte; ſo it be ſaid,
That he that durſt perſuade her to't is dead.

LUC. The King has wrong'd you: is it juſt that you
Miſchief to me, and the whole nation, do?

MEL. Rather than not accompliſh my revenge,
Juſt, or unjuſt, I would the world unhinge.

LUC. Yet, of all virtues, juſtice is the beſt:
Valor, without it, is a common peſt.
Pirates, and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd.
'Tis our complexion makes us chaſte, or brave;
Juſtice from reaſon, and from heav'n, we have.
All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
That in the ſoul; and gives the name of good.
Juſtice, the queen of virtues, you deſpiſe;
And only rude and ſavage valor prize.

To

To your revenge you think the King, and all
That ſacred is, a ſacrifice ſhould fall:
The town be ruin'd, and this iſle laid waſte,
Only becauſe your ſiſter is not chaſte.
Can you expect, that ſhe ſhould be ſo ſage
To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage.
Both foul diſtempers are; but yours the worſe,
Leſs pleaſures has; and brings the greater curſe.

MEL. In idle RHODES philoſophers are bred;
And you, young Prince! are in their morals read.
Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong,
For patient duty to employ his tongue.
Oppreſſion makes men mad, and from their breaſt
All reaſon does, and ſenſe of duty, wreſt.
The Gods are ſafe, when under wrongs we groan,
Only becauſe we cannot reach their throne.
Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,
Think they may ſafely with our honor play?
Reward a ſoldier's merit with a ſtain
To his whole race, and yet ſecurely reign?——
Farewell! I know ſo brave a prince will ſcorn
To tell the ſecret, unto which he's ſworn.

LUC. [*Aſide.*] I promis'd ſecrecy, but did not ſay
I would look tamely on.---MELANTIUS ſtay!
You have my promiſe; and my haſty word
Reſtrains my tongue;—but, ties not up my ſword.
Of other virtues tho' you are bereft
By your wild rage, I know your valor's left.
Swear not to touch my brother, or with ſpeed
Behind the caſtle-wall let's meet. MEL. Agreed!

[*Exit* LUCIPPUS.

MEL. His well known virtue, and his conſtant love
To his bad brother, may the people move:
I'll take th' occaſion which he gives, to bring
Him to his death, and then deſtroy the King.

[*Exit* MELANTIUS.

Enter the KING, *as diſcovering himſelf.*

KING. O! what an happineſs it is to find
A friend of our own blood; a brother kind!

A Prince

A Prince ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo void of fear,
Is of more value than the crown I wear.
The kingdom, offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
For ſuch a brother to th' immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the crown of RHODES.
Happy this iſle, with ſuch a Hero bleſt!
What virtue dwells not in his loyal breaſt?

Enter STRATO.

STRA. Sir, we are loſt! MELANTIUS has the Fort;
And the town riſes to aſſault the Court;
Where they will find the ſtrongeſt part their own:
If you'll preſerve yourſelf, you muſt be gone.
I have a garden opens to the ſea,
From whence I can your Majeſty convey
To ſome near friend.

KING. There with your ſhallop ſtay:
The game's not loſt; I have one card to play.
Suffer not DIPHILUS to leave the Court,
But bid him preſently to me reſort. [*Exit* STRATO.
Had not this challenge ſtopp'd th' impendent fate,
We muſt have periſh'd with the ruin'd ſtate.
Forts, ſoldiers, citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing, but our private valor, left.
If he ſurvive, I have not long to reign;
But he that's injur'd, ſhould be fairly ſlain.
The people for their darling would repine,
If he ſhould fall by any hand but mine.
Leſs wiſe than valiant, the vain man is gone
To fight a duel, when his work was done.
Should I command my guards to find him, where
He meets my brother, and deſtroy him there,
All hope of peace would be for ever loſt;
And the wild rabble would adore his ghoſt.
Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm;
And the whole iſland, to revenge him, arm.
So popular, ſo mighty, have I made
This fighting man, while I liv'd in the ſhade!
But, 'twas a double fault, to raiſe him ſo,
And then diſ-honor on his houſe to throw.

Ill-govern'd

Ill-govern'd paſſions in a Prince's breaſt,
Hazard his private, and the public, reſt.
Slaves to our paſſions we become, and then
It grows impoſſible to govern men.
But, errors, not to be recall'd, do find
Their beſt redreſs from preſence of the mind.
Courage our greateſt failings does ſupply,
And makes all good; or handſomely we die.
Life is a thing of common uſe, by heav'n
As well to inſects, as to Princes, giv'n:
But, for the crown! 'tis a more ſacred thing:
I'll dying loſe it, or I'll live a King.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Come DIPHILUS, we muſt together walk,
And of a matter of importance talk. [an hour,
DIPH. [*Aſide.*] What fate is this! had he ſtay'd half
The riſing town had freed me from his pow'r.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes into a field: into which enter* LUCIPPUS *and* MELANTIUS, *with ſwords drawn.*

MEL. Be yet adviſ'd! th' injurious King forſake!
Death, or a ſceptre, from MELANTIUS take.
LUC. Be thou adviſ'd! thy black deſign forſake;
Death, or this counſel, from LUCIPPUS take.
MEL. Youth, and vain confidence, thy life betray;
Thro' armies this has made MELANTIUS way.
LUC. Drawn for your Prince, that ſword could won-
The better cauſe makes mine the ſharper now. [ders do;
Thy brutal anger does the Gods defy;
Kings are their care. Reſume thy loyalty;
Or, from thy guilty head I'll pluck the bays;
And all thy triumphs ſhall become my praiſe.
MEL. That ſhall be quickly try'd.

Enter the KING *with* DIPHILUS.

KING. With ſword in hand,
Like a good brother, by your brother ſtand.
DIPH. Glad that your pleaſure lies this noble way,
I never did more willingly obey.

KING.

KING. Thy life, MELANTIUS! I am come to take;
Of which foul treaſon does a forfeit make.
To do thee honor, I will ſhed that blood,
Which the juſt laws, if I were faultleſs, ſhou'd.
MEL. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir! but, their guards away,
Kings have but ſmall advantage of the law.
KING. Having infring'd the law, I wave my right
As king, and thus ſubmit myſelf to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reaſon why?
A ſubject ſhould be heard before he's ſlain;
And does leſs right belong to us that reign?
MEL. If, as unjuſt, I could have thought you brave,
This way I choſen had revenge to have:
A way ſo noble! that I muſt confeſs
Already I begin to hate you leſs.
So unexpected, and ſo brave a thing,
Makes me remember that you are my King.
And I could rather be contented, ſince
He challeng'd firſt, to combat with that Prince:
That ſo, a brother for a ſiſter chang'd,
We may be of your wanton pride reveng'd.
KING. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my life have
No duel ever was more juſtly fought: [ſought;
We both have reaſon for our fatal wrath;
Nor is it fit the world ſhould hold us both.

LUCIPPUS *to the* KING *a-part.*

Me for what nobler uſe can you reſerve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preſerve?
Members expoſe themſelves, to ſave the head,
This way he ſhall be ſatisfied, or dead.

MELANTIUS *to his brother a-part.*

Tho' foul injuſtice majeſty did ſtain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with courage act, ſomething divine,
That calls for rev'rence, does about them ſhine.
DIPH. Were we born Princes, we could not expect,
For an affront receiv'd, greater reſpect.

They that with ſharpeſt injuries are ſtung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thouſand pities, ſuch a royal pair
Should run this hazard, for a wanton Fair!

MEL. Let us fight ſo, as to avoid th' extreme
Either of fearing, or of killing them.

LUCIPPUS *a-part to his Brother.*

Sir! you ſhould wield a ſceptre, not a ſword;
Not with your weapon kill, but with your word:
The Gods by others execute their will.

KING. Yet heav'n does oft with its own thunder kill:
And when neceſſity, and right, command,
A ſword is thunder in a ſov'reign's hand.
Let us diſpatch, leſt any find us here,
Before we fight; or they grow leſs ſevere.

[*Here they all fight.*

LUCIPPUS *to the* KING.

Hold Sir! they only guard, and ſtill give place.
To them] Fight us as enemies, or aſk for grace.

MEL. I never thought I could expedient ſee,
On this ſide death, to right our family.
The royal ſword, thus drawn, has cur'd a wound,
For which no other ſalve could have been found.
Your brothers now in arms ourſelves we boaſt;
A ſatisfaction for a ſiſter loſt.
The blood of Kings expos'd waſhes a ſtain
Cleaner, than thouſands of the vulgar ſlain.
You have our pardon, Sir! and humbly now,
As ſubjects ought, we beg the ſame of you.

[*Here they both kneel.*

Pardon our guilty rage! which here takes end,
For a loſt ſiſter, and a ruin'd friend.

LUC. Let your great heart a gracious motion feel:
Is't not enough you ſee MELANTIUS kneel?
I'll be a pledge for both: they ſhall be true
As heretofore: and you ſhall truſt them too.
His royal arm ſhall ſtill ſupport the ſtate;
And you no more provoke ſo juſt a hate.

KING.

KING. Riſe, brave MELANTIUS! I thy pardon ſign,
With as much joy, as I am proud of mine.
Riſe, valiant DIPHILUS! I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I ſhall your juſt wrath.
DIPH. Valor reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greateſt faults, and crowns them with eſteem.
Uſe us with honor, and we are your ſlaves,
To bleed for you, when leaſt occaſion craves.
KING. With honor, and with truſt this land ſhall know,
After my brother, none ſo great as you.

Enter the KING's *Guards.*

MEL. If theſe approach us, Sir! by your command,
Take back your pardon, on our guard we ſtand.

The KING *ſteps between them.*

KING. What over-diligence has brought you here?
GUARD. Such as you'll pardon when the news you hear.
AMINTOR is retir'd, ASPASIA gone;
And a ſtrange humour does poſſeſs the town.
They arm a-pace, Sir! and aloud declare
Things, which we dare not whiſper in your ear.
The Council met, your Guards to find you ſeat,
And know your pleaſure in this exigent.
This honor'd perſon you might juſtly fear,
Were he not loyal and amongſt us here:
They ſay his merit's ill-return'd; and cry,
With great MELANTIUS they will live, and die.
MEL. Sir! not your pow'r, but virtue, made me bow:
For, all he tells you, I did kneeling know.
Tho' now the faithful'ſt of your ſubjects, we
Have been the cauſe of all this mutiny.
Go comfort, Sir! AMINTOR, while we run
To ſtop the rage of this revolting town:
And let them know the happineſs they have
In ſuch a royal pair, ſo juſt, ſo brave!
Lend me your Guards: that, if perſuaſion fail,
Force may againſt the mutinous prevail.
KING. [*to the Guards.*] Go, and obey, with as exact a care,
All his commands, as if ourſelf were there.

[*Aſide*]

[*Aſide*] He that depends upon another, muſt
Oblige his honor with a boundleſs truſt.

[*Exeunt* KING and LUCIPPUS.

MEL. How frail is man! how quickly changed are
Our wrath, and fury, to a loyal care!
This, drawn but now againſt my ſov'reign's breaſt,
Before 'tis ſheath'd, ſhall give him peace, and reſt.

[*Exeunt Brothers and Guards.*

The SCENE *changes into a Foreſt.*

Enter ASPASIA.

ASP. They ſay wild beaſts inhabit here;
But grief, and wrong, ſecures my fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuſe,
A tiger's kind, for he purſues.
To be forſaken's worſe than torn;
And death a leſſer ill than ſcorn.
No foreſt, cave, or ſavage den,
Holds more pernicious beaſts than men.
Vows, oaths, and contracts they deviſe;
And tell us they are ſacred ties:
And ſo they are in our eſteem;
But, empty names, deſpis'd by them!
Women with ſtudy'd arts they vex:
Ye Gods! deſtroy that impious ſex:
And if there muſt be ſome t' invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your altars ſmoke;
Come down yourſelves, and in their place
Get a more juſt, and nobler race.
Such as the old world did adorn,
When Heroes, like yourſelves, were born.
But this I wiſh not for ASPASIA's ſake;
For, ſhe no God would for AMINTOR take.
The heart, which is our paſſions' ſeat,
Whether we will or no does beat:
And yet we may ſuppreſs our breath:
This lets us ſee that life, and death,
Are in our pow'r: but love, and hate,
Depend not on our will, but Fate.

My

My love was lawful, when 'twas born;
Their marriage makes it merit ſcorn.
EVADNE's huſband 'tis a fault
To love; a blemiſh to my thought:
Yet twiſted with my life: and I,
That cannot faultleſs live, will die!
Oh! that ſome hungry beaſt would come,
And make himſelf ASPASIA's tomb.
If none accept me for a prey,
Death muſt be found ſome other way.
In colder regions men compoſe
Poiſon with art; but here it grows.
Not long ſince walking in the field,
My nurſe and I, we there beheld
A goodly fruit; which tempting me,
I would have pluck'd: but, trembling, ſhe,
Whoever eat thoſe berries, cry'd,
In leſs than half an hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that bough,
On which thoſe uſeful berries grow! [*Exit.*

Enter AMINTOR *alone.*

AM. Repentance, which became EVADNE ſo,
Would no leſs handſome in AMINTOR ſhow.
She aſk'd me pardon; but ASPASIA I,
(Injur'd alike!) ſuffer'd to pine, and die.
'Tis ſaid, that ſhe this dang'rous foreſt haunts,
And in ſad accents utters her complaints.
If overtaken, e'er ſhe periſh, I
Will gain her pardon, or before her die.
Not ev'ry Lady does from virtue fall;
Th' injurious King does not poſſeſs them all.
Well I deſerv'd EVADNE's ſcorn to prove,
That to ambition ſacrific'd my love.
Fools, that conſult their avarice, or pride!
To chuſe a wife, love is our nobleſt guide. [*Exit.*

Enter ASPASIA *alone, with a bough full of fair berries.*

ASP. This happy bough ſhall give relief;
Not to my hunger, but my grief.

The birds know how to chuſe their fare:
To peck this fruit they all forbear.
Thoſe chearful ſingers know not why
They ſhould make any haſte to die:
And yet they couple.——Can they know
What 'tis to love, and not know ſorrow too?
'Tis man alone that willing dies;
Beaſts are leſs wretched, or leſs wiſe.
How lovely theſe ill berries ſhew!
And ſo did falſe AMINTOR too.
Heav'n would inſnare us! who can 'ſcape
When fatal things have ſuch a ſhape?
Nothing in vain the Gods create;
This bough was made to haſten Fate.
'Twas in compaſſion of our woe,
That nature firſt made poiſons grow:
For hopeleſs wretches, (ſuch as I!)
Kindly providing means to die.
As mothers do their children keep;
So nature feeds, and makes us ſleep.
The indiſpos'd ſhe does invite
To go to bed, before 'tis night.
Death always is to come, or paſt;
If it be ill, it cannot laſt.
Sure 'tis a thing was never known:
For when that's preſent, we are gone.
'Tis an imaginary line,
Which does our Being here confine.
Dead we ſhall be, as when unborn;
And then I knew nor love, nor ſcorn.
But ſay we are to live elſewhere——
What has the innocent to fear?
Can I be treated worſe than here?
Juſtice from hence long ſince is gone;
And reigns where I ſhall be a-non.

Enter AMINTOR.

AM. 'Tis ſhe! thoſe fatal berries ſhew
The miſchief ſhe's about to do.

Women

Women are govern'd by a ſtubborn fate:
Their love's inſuperable, as their hate.
No merit their averſion can remove;
Nor ill requital can efface their love.

ASP. Like ſlaves redeem'd, death ſets us free
From paſſion, and from injury.
The living chain'd to Fortune's wheel,
In triumph led, her changes feel:
And conquerors kept poiſons by,
Prepar'd for her inconſtancy.
Bays againſt thunder might defend their brow:
But, againſt love, and Fortune, here's the bough!

[*Here ſhe puts ſome of the berries to her mouth.*

AMINTOR *ſtrikes the berries out of her hand, and ſnatches the bough.*

AM. Raſh maid, forbear! and lay thoſe berries by;
Or give them him that has deſerv'd to die.

ASP. What double cruelty is this? would you,
That made me wretched, keep me always ſo?
EVADNE has you:——let ASPASIA have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindneſs left, there ſee me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd maid,
Is all the favor that you can beſtow;
Or I receive——pray render me my bough.

AM. No leſs than you, was your AMINTOR wrong'd:
The falſe EVADNE to the King belong'd.
You had my promiſe, and my bed is free;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

ASP. Your vows to her were in the Temple made;
The ſacred altar witneſs'd what you ſaid.

AM. The Pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But, ev'ry-where hear promiſes that bind.
The heav'n, the air, earth, and the boundleſs ſea,
Make but one Temple for the Deity,
That was a witneſs to my former vow:
None can AMINTOR juſtly claim, but you:
Who gives himſelf away the ſecond time,
Creates no title, but commits a crime.

ASP. I could have dy'd but once; but this believ'd,
I may, alas! be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the port, which I almoſt did gain,
Shall I once more be toſt into the Main?
By what new Gods, AMINTOR, will you ſwear?
AM. By the ſame Gods, that have been ſo ſevere;
By the ſame Gods, the juſtice of whoſe wrath
Puniſh'd th' infraction of my former faith.
May ev'ry lady an EVADNE prove,
That ſhall divert me from ASPASIA's love!
ASP. If ever you ſhould prove unconſtant now,
I ſhall remember where thoſe berries grow.
AM. My love was always conſtant; but the KING,
MELANTIUS' friendſhip, and, (that fatal thing!)
Ambition, me on proud EVADNE threw;
And made me cruel to myſelf and you.
But if you ſtill diſtruſt my faith, I vow
Here in your preſence I'll devour the bough.
ASP. Raſh man, forbear! [*Snatching the bough from him.*
but for ſome unbelief.
My joy had been as fatal as my grief:
The ſudden news of unexpected bliſs,
Would yet have made a tragedy of this.
Secure of my AMINTOR, ſtill I fear
EVADNE's mighty friend, the King.
AM. He's here.

Enter the KING, *and his Brother, to them.*

KING. How ſhall I look upon that * noble youth,
[*Turning to his Brother.*
So full of patience, loyalty, and truth?
The fair ASPASIA I have injur'd too:
The guilty author of their double woe!
My paſſion's gone; and, reaſon in her throne,
Amaz'd I ſee the miſchiefs I have done,
After a tempeſt, when the winds are laid,
The calm ſea wonders at the wrecks it made,
AM. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their fate,
And royal kindneſs never comes to late:

* AMINTOR.

So,

So, when heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain;
Joyful, and thankful, when it ſmiles again.

Taking ASPASIA *by the hand.*

This knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we ſhall both forget you were unkind.

KING. May you be happy! and, your ſorrows paſt
Set-off thoſe joys, I wiſh may ever laſt!

Giving the letter to AMINTOR.

Read this.

AM. EVADNE fled!——ASPASIA, now
You'll have no more occaſion for your bough.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MESS. MELANTIUS, Sir! has let the people know
How juſt you are, and how he's grac'd by you:
The town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring
With repetitions of *Long live the* KING!

LUC. Sir! let us to the ſacred Temple go,
That you are ſafe our joys, and thanks, to ſhow.

KING. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The ſweeteſt incenſe is fraternal love.
Like the rich clouds that riſe from melted gums,
It ſpreads itſelf, and the whole iſle perfumes.
This ſacred union has preſerv'd the ſtate;
And from all tempeſts ſhall ſecure our fate:
Like a well-twiſted cable, holding faſt
The anchor'd veſſel in the loudeſt blaſt.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE fierce MELANTIUS *was content, you ſee,*
The KING *ſhould live; be not more fierce than he:*
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find;
But dy'd,——becauſe the killer had been kind!

Nor

Nor is't leſs ſtrange, ſuch mighty wits as thoſe
Should uſe a ſtyle in Tragedy, like proſe.
Well-ſounding verſe, where Princes tread the ſtage,
Should ſpeak their virtue, or deſcribe their rage.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
And verſes are the potent charms we uſe,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuſe.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, we ſhall be ſlain.
The innocent ASPASIA*'s life, or death,*
AMINTOR*'s too, depends upon your breath.*
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if we die, 'tis want of your applauſe.

EPILOGUE.

Deſign'd upon the firſt alteration of the Play, when the KING only was left alive.

ASPASIA *bleeding on the Stage does lye,*
To ſhew you, ſtill 'tis the MAID'S TRAGEDY.
The fierce MELANTIUS *was content, you ſee,*
The KING *ſhould live: be not more fierce than he:*
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd——becauſe the killer had been kind!
This better natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle AMINTOR *too, had he believ'd*
The fairer ſex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition ſacrific'd his love.
ASPASIA *he has ſpar'd: but, for her wound*
(Neglected love!) there could no ſalve be found.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, I muſt be ſlain.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe:
Now if I die, 'tis want of your applauſe.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. WALLER, *in his firſt thonghts of altering this Play, pitched upon a deſign of making* EVADNE *go among the Veſtals. But, conſidering that the perſons in this Play are ſuppos'd to be heathens, who never admitted any but pure virgins among their Veſtals, he chang'd his deſign. Nevertheleſs, before he did ſo, he had writ the following verſes.*

EVADNE. A Veſtal vow'd, with pity I look down
On the KING's love, and fierce MELANTIUS' frown.
But here's the ſacred place, where we may have,
Before we die, an honorable grave.
The dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like pardon from the moſt ſevere.
[*Knocks at a door.*

Enter Governeſs.

GOV. The great EVADNE viſiting our cell!

EV. 'Tis not to viſit you; but here to dwell.
Can you find room for one ſo bad as I,
That humbly begs ſhe may among you die?

GOV. You, that ſo early can correct your thoughts,
May hope for pardon for your greateſt faults.
Happy is ſhe that from the world retires,
And carries with her what the world admires!
Thrice happy ſhe! whoſe young thought fix'd above,
While ſhe is lovely, does to heav'n make love.
I need not urge your promiſe, e'er you find
An entrance here, to leave the world behind.

EV. My guilty love devotion ſhall ſucceed;
Love ſuch as mine was, tho' a dang'rous weed,
Shews the rich ſoil, (on which it grew ſo high)
May yield as fair a crop of piety.
But, of all paſſions, I ambition find
Hardeſt to baniſh from a glorious mind.
Yet, heav'n our object made, ambition may
(As well as love) be turn'd a nobler way.

Still

Still I aſcend: it is a ſtep above
A Prince's favor, to belong to JOVE.

[*They go in, and the door ſhuts.*

Enter MELANTIUS *with a Letter.*

Among the Veſtals! ſhe'll corrupt them all;
And teach them from their ſacred vow to fall. * * *

THE

THE

Firſt ACT of the TRAGEDY

OF

POMPEY,

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

POMPEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS.

PTOLEMY.

THE Fates diſcloſe their book, and now we read,
What of the * father, and the † ſon's, decreed.
Th' amazed Gods a while ſeem'd all divided:
What they demurr'd, PHARSALIA has decided!
Whoſe rivers dy'd with blood, and rapid made,
Swell with the fury of the ROMAN blade:
Arms, Eagles, bodies, all confus'dly ſpread,
Cover her fields, infected with the dead!
Heaps of the ſlain, deny'd a funeral,
Juſt nature to their own revenge does call;
From putrid corps exhaling poiſonous airs,
Enough to plague the guilty conquerors.
This is the title of great CÆSAR's cauſe!
At this dire evidence, by MARS his laws,
CÆSAR's abſolv'd, and POMPEY guilty cry'd!
This pity'd Leader of the juſter ſide,
By weary Fortune of ſucceſs bereft,
Is made a great example, and has left
The world a pattern of her rowling wheel;
Whoſe diſmal turn whole nations with him feel.
He! whoſe proſperity was wont to vye
With his own wiſh, from THESSALY does fly:
The vanquiſh'd POMPEY to our ports, our walls,
Our Court, approaching, for a refuge calls

* JULIUS CÆSAR. † POMPEY.

From

From his own father-in-law: his proud defeat
Seeks where againſt the TITANS a retreat
The Gods once found: where, in deſpight of all,
They that ſav'd heav'n (he thinks) may ſtop his fall;
And ſharing the deſpair on which he's hurl'd,
May give a prop unto the tott'ring world.
For, the world's fate on POMPEY's fate depends:
And to our EGYPT in diſtreſs he ſends,
For aid, or ruin; a recruit, or grave;
We muſt ſink with him, or his fortunes ſave.
This tempeſt, friends! your grave advice muſt calm:
He brings dread thunder, or the welcome palm:
He crown'd * the father, threatens now the ſon;
MEMPHIS he gave, and hazards what h'has done.
His ruin I muſt ſhare, or elſe comply
With CÆSAR's wiſh, and make my ſuppliant die:
The firſt, unſafe; the other baſe, and low;
I fear injuſtice, or an overthrow.
Do what I can, to whatſoe'er I fly,
'Tis full of danger, or of infamy.
The choice is mine, and you are to conſult
What to incline me, to by your reſult:
POMPEY's the theme; and we muſt have the praiſe
To trouble CÆSAR, or complete his bays.
You ſit on both their fortunes; upon more
Than any council ever ſat before!

PHOTIN. Sir! when the ſword great cauſes does decide,
Juſtice, and right, good ſtateſmen lay aſide:
And who will wiſely act in ſuch a ſeaſon,
Muſt balance ſtrength, and not examine reaſon.
Weigh your own forces then, and POMPEY's might;
His hopes are daſh'd, his fruitleſs valor light:
'Tis not from CÆSAR only that he flies,
But from the dread reproach, and wrathful eyes,
Of ROME's great Senate; whoſe beſt half invites
To a rich banquet the PHARSALIAN kites.
He flies the city, and the ſons, of ROME;
Which his defeat to ſlavery does doom:
He flies the rage of nations, and of crowns,
That would revenge on him their ranſack'd towns;

* PTOLEMY AULETES.

Their

Their weaken'd States, of men, and money, drain'd;
Their reputation by his loſſes ſtain'd;
The cauſe of all their woes: hated by all
He flies; the whole world ſhatter'd with his fall!
Will you againſt ſuch oppoſition ſtand,
And bear his cauſe up, with a ſingle hand?
The hope he had was in himſelf alone;
What might be done, he did; he over-thrown,
You muſt give way: will you ſuſtain a weight
Which ROME bends under, ſhrinking from her height?
Maintain a quarrel that has thunder ſtrook
The reeling world, and the great POMPEY broke?
They that the faults of Fortune would amend,
And be too juſt, againſt themſelves offend;
Whilſt, indiſcreetly kind with vain effort,
They periſh with thoſe friends they would ſupport;
Their faith has a brave luſtre——but they fall;
And honor leſſens not the bruiſe at all.
Side with the Gods; declare yourſelf for Fate;
Draw not on us their thunder, and their hate.
Aſk not, how juſtly, wherefore, they chaſtiſe;
But worſhip him whom they would have to riſe:
Approve of their decrees, applaud their will;
And, whom they frown on, in obedience kill.
By divine vengeance on all ſides purſu'd,
POMPEY involves your EGYPT in the fewd:
His head (that he has ſhifted ſo, to ſave!)
Falling, your royal company would have:
His preſent coming I unfriendly deem;
Th' effect of hatred, rather than eſteem:
'Tis to deſtroy you, hither now to fly;
And can you doubt if he deſerve to die?
He ſhould have come with bays upon his brows;
And with ſucceſs have ſeconded our vows:
With feaſts, and triumphs, then we had receiv'd him;
'Tis his own Fate, not we that have deceiv'd him.
Not him, but his ill fortune we neglect;
For, to his perſon we would pay reſpect:
CÆSAR ſubdu'd, by the ſame ſword had dy'd,
With which, leſs willingly! we pierce his ſide.

Under his ruin you muſt ſhelter take;
And, in this ſtorm, his death your harbour make:
Which, tho' the world ſhould reckon as a crime,
Is but a juſt compliance with the time.
The ſtrict regard of juſtice does annoy
The pow'r of crowns, and policy deſtroy:
'Tis the prerogative of Kings to ſpare
Nothing, when they their own deſtruction fear:
He wants no danger, whom the care of Right
Keeps from injuſtice when 'tis requiſite.
Who to his royal pow'r no bound would have,
To his own conſcience muſt not be a ſlave.——
And thus you have my counſel, mighty Sir!
Who kills the conquer'd, gains the conqueror.

ACHIL. PHOTINUS, Sir! ſpeaks well: but tho' the
POMPEY has loſt, his perſon yet I weigh: [day
I reverence that blood the Gods did ſpare,
When his whole army ſuch a fate did ſhare!
Nor ſee I reaſon why it ſhould be ſpilt;
Unleſs it prove a neceſſary guilt,
What needs ſuch rigor? Your eſtate is ſure;
Who takes no part, can make no forfeiture:
You may ſtand neuter, as you did before;
Though CÆSAR's riſing fortune you adore,
And treat him like a God, by my advice,
You ſhall not make him ſuch a ſacrifice:
For MARS it were too pretious! and will give
Your name a blot you never ſhall out-live:
It is enough, that POMPEY hither came,
And found no ſuccour, to keep you from blame.
The Senate, by his inclination led,
Set EGYPT's crown upon your father's head:
And yet, I ſay not Kings ſhould grateful be,
Beyond the bounds, and rule, of policy:
They of their people ought more care to ſhow,
Than gratitude for all that they can owe.
A crown beſtow'd can lay no obligation
On him, that takes it to deſtroy his nation.
Beſides, if every circumſtance be weigh'd,
What ventur'd POMPEY in your father's aid?

He

He ſought thereby to make his credit known;
And glory got by rend'ring him his own:
He to the Senate an oration made;
But CÆSAR's thouſand talents did perſuade:
Had not that treaſure made your father's way,
In vain had been what-ever he could ſay.
He, for you then; for him, to CÆSAR you
May plead:——'tis all with ſafety you can do;
And all you owe him: to receive him here,
Were to admit a gueſt that you muſt fear.
A conquer'd Conſul is ſo great a thing,
That he will bear himſelf above a King.
Forbid him landing then, and ſpare his head:
But,——if your Majeſty will have him dead,
Command this ſword to execute your will;
Great POMPEY's blood I'll be the firſt ſhall ſpill.

SEPTIM. Dread Sir! I am a ROMAN; and do know
Both theſe Commanders, and their intereſt too.
To ſuccour POMPEY were a dang'rous part;
To chaſe him hence, would gain but half the heart
Of mighty CÆSAR; and make him your foe,
Who, yet, perhaps, may ſo ſuch greatneſs grow,
(Raiſing new forces both at land and ſea)
That he at length with CÆSAR may agree:
And Both revenge themſelves on ſuch a friend,
Whoſe cold neutrality did Both offend.
In rend'ring him I no leſs danger find;
CÆSAR to pardon him muſt ſeem inclin'd;
And, with falſe glory, make glad ROME believe
'Tis for her ſake he lets his rival live:
Whilſt, in the ſecret of his thoughts, he knows
That his forc'd clemency to you he owes.
Free CÆSAR then from danger, and from guilt,
And let his fortune on your ſhame be built:
POMPEY deſtroy'd, of CÆSAR we are ſure;
And from the vengeance of the dead ſecure.
This my advice is; what ACHILLAS ſaid,
Would give you cauſe to live of Both afraid.

PTOL. Then, to neceſſity let juſtice vail,
And the plurality of votes prevail!

My inclination too favors that doom,
Which may abate this arrogance of ROME:
Let her, that does the proſtrate world beſtride,
Loſe at one ſtroke both liberty, and pride:
Let POMPEY die, in whom her hopes do live;
To the world's tyrants let's a tyrant give:
Let us contribute to the Fates' decree,
To make them ſubjects, and us Monarchs free.
At leaſt, our maſters by this brave reſolve
In the ſame ſervitude we ſhall involve.
Go then, ACHILLAS, with SEPTIMIUS go,
And make us famous by this noble blow:
Had heav'n to POMPEY been propitious,
It had not ſent him to endanger us.

ACHIL. Sir! what a King commands is always juſt.

PTOL. Haſte then, begone, and anſwer this great truſt!
Which well perform'd, our throne ſecure you make;
Remember! ROME, and EGYPT, are at ſtake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLEMY.

PHOTINUS! this our * ſiſter will deceive,
That hopes a crown from POMPEY to receive:
She knows he has our father's Will in guard,
And ſees her way to loyalty prepar'd
By his arrival: ſhe already plays
The Queen, and her ambitious hopes betrays;
Thinking by POMPEY's friendſhip, and his might,
To ratify that Will, and ſhare my right:
She looks as if ſhe were already grown
My miſtreſs, or my partner in the throne.

PHOTIN. Sir! 'tis a motive which I did not urge,
That POMPEY's death will her ill humours purge.
Your cauſe decided by that ancient hoſt
Of our late King, would half the kingdom coſt.
His Will performed will divide your ſtate;
Yet wiſh I not you ſhould your ſiſter hate;

* CLEOPATRA.

By

By nature's law ſhe ought to have her part,
Not in the royal throne, but in your heart.
To reign in conſort little honor brings;
And you would ſeem commiſſioners, not Kings.
This way how oft have ſtates diſtracted been?
But ſee! your ſiſter—the pretended Queen.——

SCENE III.

PTOLEMY, CLEOPATRA, PHOTINUS.

CLEOPATRA.

POMPEY's arriv'd, Sir! ſhall he come alone?
PTOL. ACHILLAS, and SEPITMIUS, both are gone
To wait upon him hither.
CLEOP. Are the two
Enough for him?
PTOL. Why, ſiſter! you may go.
CLEOP. Were it too much, had you in perſon gone?
PTOL. Yes!—I muſt keep the honor of the throne.
CLEOP. Remember, Sir! who plac'd you there; and
To that Great Man, to whom you ſo much owe. [bow
PTOL. Yes! your Great Man's deſerted, and o'er-
thrown.
CLEOP. Still he is POMPEY, and gave you the crown.
PTOL. 'Tis POMPEY's ghoſt which has oblig'd the
Of our dead father: let him go, and boaſt [ghoſt
Thoſe merits paſt upon his monument.——
Thither perhaps e'er-long he may be ſent.
CLEOP. POMPEY a ghoſt! and ſent unto a grave!
Is this the welcome he deſerves to have?
PTOL. 'Tis what the Gods inſpired us to do;
And what the kingdom's good compell'd us to.
CLEOP. PHOTIN, and ſuch mean counſellors, I fear,
Have with baſe counſel poiſoned your ear.
PHOTIN. The counſel, Madam, we muſt all avow—
CLEOP. Peace! 'till I ſtoop to mingle words with you.
PTOL. She is my ſiſter; let her humour ſway:
For your known innocence there needs no plea.
CLEOP. Sir! let that horrid ſentence be recall'd,
If not too late; nor longer be inthrall'd

To theſe ſlow ſlaves: but ſuch advice embrace
As heav'n ſuggeſts to thoſe of our high race. [you
PTOL. Swell'd with the hopes of POMPEY's friendſhip,
Speak like a Queen, and think to make us bow:
With a falſe ſhew virtue you can hide
Your int'reſt too, and your ambitious pride.
With POMPEY's death you could be well content,
Did he not keep our father's teſtament.
CLEOP. No Sir! 'tis honor, and not intereſt,
Which for great POMPEY makes me thus conteſt:
Take here a ſecret, which will let you know
My hopes are built upon his mortal foe.
When the rude people of this † barbarous town
Made the late King deſert his royal throne;
His native ſoil he left, in hope to find
ROME's Senate to their old confed'rate kind.
To move their pity we both went along;
You, but a tender child; myſelf, though young,
Yet of an age to make that beauty known
Which heav'n had lent me, and ſome hearts my own.
Above the reſt CÆSAR his paſſion ſhews,
Declares his love; but yet, with caution woos:
Fearing the Senate, he puts POMPEY on:
Our buſ'neſs was by their new friendſhip done.
POMPEY's authority for his ſake we had;
And you this way with royal robes are clad.
But CÆSAR, thus to gain us mighty ROME,
Thought not enough; his love purſues us home:
His purſe, as well as heart, he open'd wide;
And with his treaſure our low ſtate ſupply'd:
His thouſand talents (which are yet unpaid,)
Over the rebels us victorious made.
This knew our dying father; and beſtow'd
Half that on Me, to whom the whole he ow'd:
He knew the kingdom was my beauty's prize,
And that he ow'd his ſceptre to theſe eyes:
Betwixt us two, by his laſt Will, the land
Reſtor'd by CÆSAR does divided ſtand,
And thus, you ſee, it is no partial end,
But ſenſe of honor, makes me POMPEY's friend.

† Alexandria.

PTOL.

PTOL. This ſtory is contrived with addreſs.
CLEOP. Of CÆSAR's coming here is an Expreſs:
The cauſe I have to bear me like a Queen,
Shall by yourſelf (this day perhaps) be ſeen.
For ſome years paſt, here treated like a ſlave,
My right with-held, which our juſt father gave,
To flatter ſlaves I have employ'd my breath,
Leſt your bad Miniſters ſhould plot my death:
From PHOTIN, and ACHILLAS' tyranny,
POMPEY, or CÆSAR, now will ſet me free:
One of thoſe two our diff'rence ſhall decide;
And then you'll know the reaſon of my pride.
[*Exit* Cleopatra.

SCENE IV.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLEMY.

WHAT think you, PHOTIN! of this haughty dame?
PHOTIN. This ſecret never to my knowledge came;
Confus'd, uncertain in my thoughts, I find
No mean, whereby this ſtorm may be declin'd.
PTOL. Shall POMPEY live then?
PHOTIN. No! the rather die:
This way you muſt with your fair ſiſter vye
For CÆSAR's grace; whoſe gratitude may prove,
For ſuch a ſervice, equal to his love. [prevail?
PTOL. What if her charms with CÆSAR ſhould
PHOTIN. She muſt be flatter'd:—if you think I fail,
With wiſe SEPTIMIUS, and ACHILLAS, you
May take advice what you are next to do.
PTOL. From the high tow'r we'll look on POMPEY's fate;
And this affair at their return debate. [*Exeunt.*

SPEECHES AND LETTERS

By EDMUND WALLER, Eſq.

Nec facundia deſerit Hunc. * * * HORAT.

A SPEECH to the Houſe of Commons, April 22, 1640.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Will uſe no preface, as they do who prepare men for ſomething in which they have a particular intereſt: I will only propoſe what I conceive fit for the Houſe to conſider; and ſhall be no more concerned in the event, than they that ſhall hear me.

Two things I obſerve in his Majeſty's demands.

Firſt, The Supply.

Secondly, Our ſpeedy diſpatch thereof.

Touching the firſt: His Majeſty's occaſions for money are but too evident. For, to ſay nothing how we are neglected abroad, and diſtracted at home; the calling of this Parliament, and our ſitting here (an effect which no light cauſe could in theſe times have produced) is enough to make any reaſonable man believe, that the Exchequer abounds not ſo much in money, as the State does in occaſions to uſe it. And I hope we ſhall all appear willing to diſprove thoſe who have thought

thought to diſſuade his Majeſty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let him ſee, it is as ready, and more ſafe for the advancement of His affairs, than any new, or pretended old, way whatſoever.

For the ſpeedy diſpatch required, (which was the ſecond thing) not only His Majeſty, but, "res ipſa loquitur;" the occaſion ſeems to importune no leſs. Neceſſity is come upon us like an armed man!

Yet, the uſe of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to adviſe with His Majeſty of things concerning the Church and Commonwealth. And it hath ever been the cuſtom of Parliaments, by good and wholſome laws to refreſh the Commonwealth in general; yea, and to deſcend into the remedies of particular grievances; before any mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the beſt Parliaments, and ſtill you ſhall find, that the laſt Acts are for the free gifts of Subſidies on the People's part, and general Pardons on the King's part. Even the wiſeſt Kings have firſt acquainted their Parliaments with their deſigns, and the reaſons thereof; and then demanded the aſſiſtance, both of their counſel and purſes. But Phyſicians, though they be called of the lateſt, muſt not ſtomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themſelves roundly to the cure. Let us not ſtand too nicely upon circumſtances, nor too rigidly poſtpone the matter of Supply to the healing of our lighter wounds. Let us do what poſſibly may be done with reaſon and honeſty on our parts, to comply with His Majeſty's deſires, and to prevent the imminent ills which threaten us.

But conſider, Mr. Speaker, that they who think themſelves already undone, can never apprehend themſelves in danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor ſhall we ever diſcharge the truſt of thoſe that ſent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own defenſe and ſafety; unleſs His Majeſty be pleaſed, firſt, to reſtore them to the propriety of their goods, and lawful liberties; whereof they

they eſteem themſelves now out of poſſeſſion. One need not tell you that the propriety of goods is the mother of courage, and the nurſe of induſtry; makes us valiant in war, and good huſbands in peace. The experience I have of former Parliaments, and my preſent obſervation of the care the country has had to chooſe perſons of worth and courage, makes me think this Houſe like the Spartans, whoſe forward valor required ſome ſofter muſic to allay and quiet their ſpirits, too much moved with the ſound of martial inſtruments. 'Tis not the fear of impriſonment, or, if need be, of death itſelf, that can keep a true-hearted Engliſhman from the care to leave this part of his inheritance as intire to poſterity, as he received it from his anceſtors.

This therefore let us firſt do; and the more ſpeedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply. Let us give new force to the many laws which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our rights, and privileges: and endeavour to reſtore this nation to the fundamental, and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and the freedom of our perſons: no way doubting but we ſhall find His Majeſty as gracious, and ready, as any of his royal progenitors have been, to grant our juſt deſires therein. For, not only the people do think, but the wiſeſt do know, that what we have ſuffered in this long vacancy of Parliaments, we have ſuffered from his Miniſters. That the perſon of no King was ever better beloved of his people; and that no people were ever more unſatisfied with the ways of levying monies; 'are two truths which may ſerve one to demonſtrate the other. For, ſuch is their averſion to the preſent courſes, that neither the admiration they have of His Majeſty's native inclinations to juſtice, and clemency; nor the pretended conſent of the judges; could make them willingly ſubmit themſelves to this late tax of Ship-Money. And ſuch is their natural love, and juſt eſteem, of his Majeſty's goodneſs, that no late preſſure could provoke them, nor any example invite them, to diſloyalty, or diſobedience.

But

But, what is it then that hath bred this miſunderſtanding betwixt the King and his people? How is it, that having ſo good a King, we have ſo much to complain of? Why, we are told of the ſon of * Solomon, that he was a Prince of a tender heart; and yet we ſee, by the advice of violent Counſellors, how rough an anſwer he gave to his people. † "That his finger "ſhould be thicker than his father's loins," was not his own, but the voice of ſome perſons about him, that wanted the gravity and moderation requiſite for the Counſellors of a young King. I love not to preſs allegories too far; but, the reſemblance of Job's ſtory with ours holds ſo well, that I cannot but obſerve it to you. It pleaſed GOD to give his enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him: and yet he was not provoked to rebel, ſo much as with his tongue; tho' he had no very good example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he ſuffered. I hope his Majeſty will imitate GOD in the benigner part too: and as he was ſevere to Job only while He diſcourſed with another concerning him; but when He vouchaſed to ſpeak Himſelf to him, began to rebuke thoſe who had miſtaken and miſ-judged his caſe, and to reſtore the patient man to his former proſperity: ſo now that His Majeſty hath admitted us to his preſence, and ſpoken face to face with us, I doubt not but we ſhall ſee fairer days, and be as rich in the poſſeſſion of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at thoſe that ſeem to doubt the ſucceſs of this parliament, or that the miſunderſtanding between the King and His people ſhould laſt any longer, now they are ſo happily met. His Majeſty's wants are not ſo great, but that we may find means to ſupply Him: nor our deſires ſo unreaſonable, or ſo incompatible with government, but that His Majeſty may well ſatisfy them. For, our late experience, I hope, will teach us what rocks to ſhun, and how neceſſary the uſe of moderation is. And for His Majeſty, he has had experience enough, how that proſpers which is gotten without the

* REHOBOAM. † 2 Chron. x. 10.

concurrent

concurrent good will of his people. Never more money taken from the ſubject; never more want in the Exchequer! If we look upon what has been paid; it is more than ever the people of England were wont to pay in ſuch a time. If we look upon what has been effected therewith; it ſhews as if never King had been worſe ſupply'd: ſo that we ſeem to have endeavoured the filling of a ſieve with water. Whoſoever gave advice for theſe courſes, has made good the ſaying of the wiſe man, * "Qui conturbat domum ſuam poſſidebit "ventum." By new ways they think to accompliſh wonders; but, in truth, they graſp the wind: and are at the ſame time cruel to us, and to the King too. For, if the Commonwealth flouriſh, than he that hath the Sovereignty can never want, nor do amiſs; ſo as he govern not according to the intereſt of others; but go the ſhorteſt, and the ſafeſt, ways, to his own, and the common good.

The Kings of this nation have always governed by Parliament: and if we look upon the ſucceſs of things ſince Parliaments were laid by, it reſembles that of the Græcians.

† Ex illo fluere ac retro ſublapſa referri
Res Danaûm * * *

eſpecially on the ſubjects' part. For, though the King hath gotten little; they have loſt all.

But, His Majeſty ſhall hear the truth from us; and we ſhall make appear the errors of thoſe Divines who would perſuade us, that a Monarch muſt be abſolute, and that he may do all things "ad libitum:" receding not only from their text, (tho' that be a wand'ring too) but from the way their own profeſſions might teach them, ‡ "State ſuper vias antiquas," and, ‖ "remove "not the ancient bounds, and land marks, which our "fathers have ſet." If to be abſolute were to be reſtrained by no laws, then can no King in Chriſtendom be ſo; for, they all ſtand obliged to the laws Chriſtian: and we aſk no more; for, to this pillar are our privileges

* Prov. xi. 29.
† Virg. Æn. 2. ver. 169.
‡ Jerem. vi. 16.
‖ Prov. xxii. 28.

fixed;

fixed; our Kings at their coronation taking a ſacred oath not to infringe them.

I am ſorry theſe men take no more care to gain our belief of theſe things which they tell us for our ſouls' health; while we know them ſo manifeſtly in the wrong, in that which concerns the liberties and privileges of the ſubjects of England! But, they gain preferment; and then it is no matter, tho' they neither believe themſelves, nor are believed by others. But ſince they are ſo ready to let looſe the conſciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our protection againſt this pulpit-law, by declaring and reinforcing the municipal laws of this kingdom.

It is worth obſerving, how new this opinion is, or rather this way of Riſing, even among themſelves. For * Mr. Hooker (who ſure was no refractory man, as they term it) thinks, that the firſt government was arbitrary, till it was found, that "to live by one man's "will, became the cauſe of all men's miſery:" (theſe are his words) concluding, † that this was the original of inventing laws. And, if we look farther back, our hiſtories will tell us, that the Prelates of this kingdom have often been the mediators between the King and his ſubjects, to preſent and pray redreſs of their grievances; and had reciprocally then as much love, and reverence, from the people.

But, theſe preachers, (more active then their predeceſſors, and wiſer than the laws) have found out a better form of government! The King muſt be a more abſolute Monarch than any of his predeceſſors; and to them he muſt owe it: tho' in the mean time, they hazard the hearts of his people; and involve him in a thouſand difficulties. For ſuppoſe this form of government were inconvenient; (and yet this is but a ſuppoſition; for, theſe five hundred years it hath not only maintained us in ſafety, but made us victorious over

* Eccleſiaſtical Polity, Book. I. Sect. 10.

† "This conſtrained them to come unto laws, wherein all men "might ſee their duties beforehand, and know the penalties of "tranſgreſſing them." Ibid.

other

other nations,) but, I ſay, ſuppoſe they have another idea of one more convenient, we all know how dangerous innovations are, though to the better; and what hazard thoſe Princes muſt run, that enterpriſe the change of a long-eſtabliſh'd government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to ſuccede in this happy race; why ſhould ſo pious, and ſo good a King be expoſed to this trouble, and hazard? Beſides that, Kings ſo diverted can never do any great matter abroad.

But, while theſe men have thus bent their wits againſt the laws of their country; whether they have neglected their own province, and what tares are grown up in the field which they ſhould have tilled, I leave it to a ſecond conſideration. Not but that religion ought to be the firſt thing in our purpoſes, and deſires: but, that which is firſt in dignity, is not always to precede in order of time. For, well-being ſuppoſes a being; and the firſt impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of thoſe things without which they cannot ſubſiſt. God firſt aſſigned unto Adam maintenance of life, and gave him a title to the reſt of the creatures, before He appointed a law to obſerve. And let me tell you, if our adverſaries have any ſuch deſign, as there is nothing more eaſy than to impoſe religion on a people deprived of their liberties; ſo there is nothing more hard than to do the ſame upon free men.

And therefore, Mr. Speaker, I conclude with this motion, that there may be an order preſently made, that the firſt thing this Houſe will conſider of, ſhall be the reſtoring this nation in general to the fundamental, and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and freedom of our perſons: and that then we will forthwith conſider of the Supply deſired. And thus we ſhall diſcharge the truſt repoſed in us, by thoſe that ſent us hither: His Majeſty will ſee, that we make more than ordinary haſte to ſatisfy his demands, and we ſhall let all thoſe know that ſeek to haſten the matter of Supply, that they will ſo far delay it, as they give interruption to the former.

A Speech

A Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houſes in the Painted Chamber, July 6, 1641, upon delivering the Impeachment againſt Mr. Juſtice CRAWLEY.

MY LORDS,

I AM commanded, by the Houſe of Commons, to preſent you with theſe Articles againſt Mr. Juſtice CRAWLEY: which when your Lordſhips ſhall have been pleaſed to hear read, I ſhall take leave (according to cuſtom) to ſay ſomething of what I have collected from the ſenſe of that Houſe, concerning the crimes therein contained.

Articles of the Houſe of Commons in the name of themſelves, and of all the commons of England, againſt Sir Francis Crawley, Knight, one of the Juſtices of His Majeſty's Court of Common-Pleas, impeaching him as followeth.

I. That he, about the month of November, Anno Domini 1635, then being one of the Juſtices of the Common-Pleas, and having taken an oath for the due adminiſtration of juſtice to His Majeſty's liege people, according to the Laws and Statutes of this realm, ſubſcribed an opinion, "in hæc verba:" [I am of opinion, that as where the benefit doth more particularly redound to the good of the ports, or maritime parts, (as in caſe of piracy or depredations, upon the ſeas) there the charge hath been, and may be lawfully impos'd upon them, according to the precedents of former times: ſo, where the ſafety and good of the kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, (of which His Majeſty is the only judge,) there the charge of the defenſe ought to be born by all the realm in general. This I hold agreeable both to law and reaſon.]

II. That he, in or about the month of February, Anno Domini 1636, then being one of the Juſtices of the

the ſaid Court of Common-Pleas, ſubſcribed an extra-judicial opinion, in anſwer to Queſtions in a letter from His Majeſty, " in hæc verba : "

CHARLES REX.

When the good and ſafety of this kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom is in danger, whether may not the Kings, by Writs under the great ſeal of England, command all the ſubjects of this kingdom, at their charge, to provide and furniſh ſuch number of ſhips, with men, victuals, and munition, and for ſuch time as he ſhall think fit, for the defenſe and ſafeguard of the kingdom from ſuch peril and danger; and by law compel the doing thereof in caſe of refuſal or refractorineſs? And whether in ſuch caſe is not the King the ſole judge, both of the danger, and when, and how, the ſame is to be prevented and avoided?

C. R.

May it pleaſe your moſt excellent Majeſty!

We have according to Your Majeſty's command ſeverally every man by himſelf, and all of us together, taken into ſerious conſideration the caſe and queſtion ſigned by Your Majeſty, and incloſed in Your royal Letter. And we are of opinion, that when the good and ſafety of the kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, Your Majeſty may by Writ, under the great ſeal of England, command all the ſubjects of this Your kingdom, at their charge, to provide and furniſh ſuch number of ſhips, with men victuals, and munition; and for ſuch time as Your Majeſty ſhall think fit, for the defenſe and ſafeguard of the kingdom from ſuch danger and peril: and that by law Your Majeſty may compel the doing thereof, in caſe of refuſal, or refractorineſs. And we alſo are of opinion, That in ſuch caſe Your Majeſty is the ſo'e

judge both of the danger, and when and how, the ſame is to be prevented and avoided.

John Bramſton.	George Crook.
John Finch.	Thomas Trevor.
Humphrey Davenport.	George Vernon.
John Denham.	Robert Berkley.
Richard Hutton.	Francis Crawley.
William Jones.	Richard Weſton.

III. That he being then one of the Juſtices of the ſaid Court of Common-Pleas, delivered an opinion in the Exchequer-Chamber againſt John Hamden, Eſquire, in the caſe of Ship-money, That he the ſaid John Hamden, upon the matter and ſubſtance of the caſe, was chargeable with the money then in queſtion: a copy of which proceedings and judgment the Commons of this preſent Parliament have already delivered to your Lordſhips.

IV. That he, being then one of the Juſtices of the ſaid Court of Common-Pleas, declared and publiſhed in the Exchequer-Chamber and the Weſtern Circuit where he went Judge, That the King's right to Ship-money was ſo inherent a Right in the Crown, as an Act of Parliament could not take it away: and with divers malicious ſpeeches inveighed againſt, threatened, and diſcountenanced ſuch as refuſed to pay Ship-money. All which opinions and judgments, contained in the firſt, ſecond, and third Articles, are deſtructive to the fundamental laws of this realm, the ſubjects' Right of property, and contrary to former Reſolutions in Parliament, and to the Petition of Right: which ſaid Reſolutions and Petition of Right were well known to him.

And the ſaid Commons, by proteſtation, ſaving to themſelves only the liberties of exhibiting at any time hereafter, any other accuſation or impeachment againſt the ſaid Sir Francis Crawley, and alſo of replying to the anſwer that he the ſaid Sir Francis Crawley ſhall make unto the ſaid Articles, or any of them, or of offering proof of the premiſes, or of any other of their impeachments or accuſations that ſhall be exhibited by them, as the caſe ſhall (according to the courſe of Parliaments) require, do pray, That the ſaid Sir Francis Crawley,

Crawley, one of the juſtices of the ſaid Court of Common-Pleas, may be put to anſwer to all and every the premiſes: and that ſuch proceedings, examinations, trials, and judgments, may be upon every one of them had and uſed, as is agreeable to law and juſtice.

Then Mr. WALLER proceeded thus.

MY LORDS!

NOT only my wants, but my affections, render me leſs fit for this employment; for tho' it has not been my happineſs to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no man honors that profeſſion more, or has a greater reverence towards the grave judges, the oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Juſtice are governed, or directed, by them; and when a Parliament is called, if your Lordſhips were not aſſiſted by them, and the Houſe of Commons by other Gentlemen of that robe, experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being ſtyled "Parliamentum indoctorum." But, as all profeſſions are obnoxious to the malice of the profeſſors, and by them moſt eaſily betrayed; ſo, my Lords, theſe Articles have told you, how theſe brothers of the coif are become "fratres "in malo;" how theſe ſons of the Law have torn out the bowels of their mother. But this Judge, whoſe charge you laſt heard, in one expreſſion of his excels no leſs his fellows than they have done the worſt of their predeceſſors in this conſpiracy againſt the Commonwealth. Of the judgment for Ship-money, and thoſe extra-judicial opinions preceding the ſame (wherein they are jointly concerned) you have already heard; how unjuſt and pernicious a proceeding that was in ſo public a cauſe, has been ſufficiently expreſſed to your Lordſhips. But this man, adding deſpair to our miſery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a Right ſo inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein, my Lords, he did not only give as deep a wound to the Common-wealth as any of the reſt, but dipped his dart in ſuch a poiſon, that, ſo far as in him lay, it might

never receive a cure. As by thoſe abortive opinions, ſubſcribing to the ſubverſion of our propriety before he heard what could be ſaid for it, he prevented his own: ſo, by this declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the judgment of your Lordſhips too, and to confine the power of a Parliament, the only place where this miſchief might be redreſſed. Sure he is more wiſe, and learned, than to believe himſelf in this opinion; or, not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himſelf, and therefore, no doubt, but, by ſaying no Parliament could aboliſh this judgment, his meaning was, that this judgment had aboliſhed Parliaments.

This Impoſition of Ship Money ſpringing from a pretended neceſſity, was it not enough that it was now grown annual, but he muſt entail it upon the ſtate for ever; at once making neceſſity inherent to the Crown, and ſlavery to the ſubject? neceſſity! which diſſolving all Law, is ſo much more prejudicial to His Majeſty, than to any of us, by how much the Law has inveſted his royal State with a greater power, and ampler fortune. For, ſo undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings, as well as ſubjects, are involved in the confuſion which neceſſity produces, that the heathen thought their Gods alſo obliged by the ſame, * "Pareatur neceſſitati quam "ne dii quidem ſuperant." This Judge then having, in his Charge at the Aſſize, declared the diſſolution of the Law by this ſuppoſed neceſſity; with what conſcience could he at the ſame Aſſize proceed to condemn and puniſh men? unleſs, perhaps, he meant the Law was ſtill in force for our deſtruction, and not for our preſervation! that it ſhould have power to kill, but none to protect us! a thing no leſs horrid than if the ſun ſhould burn without lighting us; or the earth ſerve only to bury, and not to feed and nouriſh us. But, my Lords, to demonſtrate that this was a ſuppoſititious impoſed neceſſity, and ſuch as they could remove when they pleaſed; at the laſt convention in Parliament a price was ſet upon it, "for twelve Subſidies you ſhall

* Livy, lib. ix. c. 4

"reverſe

" reverſe this ſentence." It may be ſaid that ſo much money would have removed the preſent neceſſity; but, here was a rate ſet upon future neceſſity: " for twelve " Subſidies you ſhall never ſuffer neceſſity again, you " ſhall for ever aboliſh that judgment." Here this myſtery is revealed, this vizard of neceſſity is pulled off! And now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully preſented His Majeſty with twelve Subſidies, to be levied on your Lordſhips and the Commons. Certainly, there is no privilege which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the purſe of the ſubject: and yet theſe Judges, who are neither capable of ſitting among us in the Houſe of Commons, nor with your Lordſhips, otherways than as your aſſiſtants, have not only aſſumed to themſelves this privilege of parliament, but preſumed at once to make a preſent to the Crown, of all that either your Lordſhips, or the Commons of England, do, or ſhall hereafter poſſeſs.

And becauſe this man has had the boldneſs to put the power of Parliament in balance with the opinion of the Judges, I ſhall entreat your Lordſhips to obſerve, by way of compariſon, the ſolemn and ſafe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate diſpatch of the other. In parliament, as your Lordſhips know well, no new law can paſs, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordſhips, thrice in the Commons' Houſe, and then it receives the Royal Aſſent: ſo that 'tis like gold, ſeven times purified. Whereas theſe Judges, by this one reſolution of theirs, would perſuade His Majeſty, that by naming NECESSITY he might at once diſſolve (at leaſt ſuſpend) the Great Charter, thirty-two times confirmed by his Royal progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other laws provided for the maintenance of the Right and propriety of the ſubject. A ſtrange force, my Lords, in the ſound of this word NECESSITY! that, like a charm, it ſhould ſilence the laws, while we are deſpoiled of all we have; for, that but a part of our goods was taken, is owing to the grace and goodneſs of the King; for ſo much as con-

cerns theſe Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deſerve to have, when your Lordſhips ſhall have paſſed judgment upon them.

This, for the neglect of their oaths, and betraying that public truſt, which for the conſervation of our laws was repoſed in them: now, for the cruelty and unmercifulneſs of this judgment. You may pleaſe to remember that in the Old Law they were forbid † "to "ſeeth a kid in his mother's milk;" of which the received interpretation is, that we ſhould not uſe that to the deſtruction of any creature, which was intended for its preſervation. Now, my Lords, GOD, and Nature, has given us the ſea as our beſt guard againſt our enemies; and our ſhips, as our greateſt glory above other nations: and how barbarouſly would theſe men have let-in the ſea upon us, at once to waſh away our liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our land, all the propriety we have therein! making the ſupply of our navy a pretence for the ruin of our nation! For, obſerve, I beſeech you, the fruit and conſequence of this judgment; how this money has proſpered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it. On every County a ſhip is annually impos'd: and, who would not expect but our ſeas by this time, ſhould be covered with the number of our ſhips? Alas! my Lords, the daily complaints of the decay of our navy tell us how ill Ship-Money has maintained the ſovereignty of the ſea: and, by the many petitions which we receive from the wives of thoſe miſerable captives at Algiers, (being between four or five thouſand of our country-men) it does too evidently appear that, to make us ſlaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made ſlaves abroad: ſo far has this judgment been from relieving the preſent, or preventing the future neceſſity, that as it changed our real propriety into the ſhadow of a propriety; ſo, of a feign'd, it has made a real, neceſſity!

A little before the approach of the Gauls to Rome, while the Romans had yet no apprehenſion of that

† Exod. xxiii. 19.

danger,

danger, there was heard a voice in the air, louder than ordinary, "The Gauls are come;" which voice after they had ſacked the city, and beſieged the capital, was held ſo ominous that * Livy relates it as a prodigy. This anticipation of neceſſity ſeems to have been no leſs ominous to us; theſe Judges, like ill-boding birds, have called neceſſity upon the State, in a time when I dare ſay, they thought it themſelves in greateſt ſecurity. But, if it ſeem ſuperſtitious to take this as an omen, ſure I am we may look on it as a cauſe of the unfeigned neceſſity we now ſuffer; for, what regret, and diſcontent, had this judgment bred among us? And as when the noiſe, and tumult, in a private houſe, grows ſo loud as to be heard into the ſtreets, it calls in the next dwellers, either kindly to appeaſe, or to make their own uſe of domeſtic ſtrife: ſo, in all likelihood, our known diſcontents at home have been a concurrent cauſe to invite our neighbours to viſit us; ſo much to the expence and trouble of both theſe kingdoms.

And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the moſt ſad effect of this oppreſſion, the ill influence it has had upon the ancient reputation, and valor, of the Engliſh nation. And no wonder! for, if it be true, that † "Oppreſſion maketh a wiſe man mad;" it may well ſuſpend the courage of the valiant. The ſame happened to the Romans, when, for renown in arms, they moſt excelled the reſt of the world: the ſtory is but ſhort; it was in the time of the Decemviri; and I think the chief troublers of our ſtate may make up that number. The Decemviri, my Lords, had ſubverted the Laws, ſuſpended the Courts of Juſtice, and (which was the greateſt grievances both to the Nobility and People) had for ſome years omitted to aſſemble the Senate, which was their Parliament. This, ſays the hiſtorian, did not only deject the Romans, and make them deſpair of their liberty; but, cauſed them to be leſs valued by their neighbours. The Sabines take the advantage, and invade them; and now the Decemviri are forced to call the long-deſired ſenate;

* Lib. v. c. 32. † Eccleſ. vii. 7.

whereof the people were ſo glad, that * "Hoſtibus "belloque gratiam habuerunt." This aſſembly breaks up in diſcontent: nevertheleſs the war proceeds: Forces are raiſed, led by ſome of the Decemviri, and with the Sabines they meet in the field. I know your Lordſhips expect the event: my author's words of his countrymen are theſe, † "Ne quid ductu atque auſpicio "decemvirorum proſpere uſquam gereretur, vinci ſe "per ſuum atque illorum dedecus patiebantur:" they choſe rather to ſuffer a preſent diminution of their honor, than by victory to confirm the tyranny of their new maſters. At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after ſome diſtempers and expoſtulations of the people, another Senate, that is, a ſecond Parliament, is called: and there the Decemviri are queſtioned, deprived of their authority, impriſoned, baniſhed, and ſome loſe their lives. And ſoon after this vindication of their liberties, the Romans, by their better ſucceſs, made it appear to the world, that liberty and courage dwell always in the ſame breaſt, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your juſtice ſhall have the like effect upon this diſpirited people: 'Tis not the reſtitution of our ancient laws alone, but the reſtauration of our ancient courage, which is expected from your Lordſhips. I need not ſay any thing to move your juſt indignation, that this man ſhould ſo cheaply give away that which your noble anceſtors with ſo much courage, and induſtry, had ſo long maintained. You have often been told how careful they were, tho' with the hazard of their lives and fortunes, to derive thoſe Rights and Liberties as entire to poſterity, as they received them from their fathers. What they did with labor, you may do with eaſe: what they did with danger, you may do ſecurely: the foundation of our laws is not ſhaken with the engine of war, they are only blaſted with the breath of theſe men: and by your breath they may be reſtored.

* Liv. Lib. iii. c. 8. "Hoſtibus belloque gratiam habendam, "quod ſolitum quicquam liberæ civitatis fieret." † Idem Lib. iii. c. 42.

What

What judgments your predeceſſors have given, and what puniſhments their predeceſſors have ſuffered, for offences of this nature, your Lordſhips have already been ſo well informed, that I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of thoſe precedents: only, my Lords, ſomething I ſhall take leave to obſerve of the perſon with whoſe charge I have preſented you, that you may the leſs doubt of the wilfulneſs of his offence.

His education in the Inns of Court, his conſtant practice as a counſellor, and his experience as a judge, conſidered with the miſchief he has done, makes it appear that this progreſs of his thro' the Law, has been like that of a diligent ſpy thro' a country, into which he meant to conduct an enemy.

'To let you ſee he did not offend for company, there is one crime ſo peculiar to himſelf, and of ſuch malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordſhips favor, and his own ſubſiſtence incompatible with the Right and Propriety of the ſubject. For, if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the laws, has he not already declared his opinion, that your votes and reſolutions againſt Ship-Money are void, and that it is not in the power of Parliament to aboliſh that judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus played with the power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once ſaid to the goat browſing on the vine;

* Rode, caper, vitem! tamen hinc cùm ſtabis ad aram,
In tua quod fundi cornua poſſit, erit.

He has cropped and infringed the privileges of a baniſhed Parliament; but, now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a ſacrifice of him, to the better eſtabliſhment of our laws. And, in truth, what other ſatisfaction can he make his injured country, than to confirm by his example thoſe Rights, and Liberties, which he had ruined by his opinion?

For the proofs, my Lords, they are ſo manifeſt, that they will give you little trouble in the diſquiſition; his crimes are already upon record; the delinquent and the witneſs is the ſame: having from ſeveral ſeats of

* Ovid, Faſt. Lib. 1. v. 557.

judicature

judicature proclaimed himſelf an enemy to our laws and nation, "Ex ore ſuo judicabitur." To which purpoſe I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes of the Houſe of Commons, to deſire your Lordſhips, that as ſpeedy a proceeding may be had againſt Mr. Juſtice CRAWLEY as the courſe of Parliament will permit.

A SPEECH in the Houſe of Commons, on Tueſday, July 4, 1643, when Mr. WALLER was brought to the Bar, and had leave given him by the Speaker to ſay what he could for himſelf, before they proceeded to expel him the Houſe.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Acknowledge it a great mercy of GOD, and a great favor from You, that I am once more ſuffered to behold this Honourable Aſſembly. I mean not to make uſe of it to ſay any thing in my own defence, by juſtification, or denial, of what I have done: I have already confeſſed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this Houſe, but out of the world too. All my humble requeſt to you is, that if I ſeem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to myſelf, I may have the honor to receive my death from your own hands; and not be expoſed to a Trial by the Council of war: whatever you ſhall think me worthy to ſuffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find ſtop any where elſe.

This, Sir, I hope you will be pleaſed for your own ſakes to grant me, who am already ſo miſerable, that nothing can be added to my calamity but to be made the occaſion of creating a precedent to your own diſadvantage. Beſides the Right I may have to this, conſider, I beſeech you, that the eyes of the world are upon you: you govern in chief; and, if you ſhould expoſe your own Members to the puniſhment of others,

it

it will be thought that you either want power, or leiſure, to chaſtiſe them yourſelves. Nor let any man deſpiſe the ill conſequence of ſuch a precedent as this would be, becauſe he ſeeth not preſently the inconveniences which may enſue. You have many armies on foot; and it is uncertain how long you may have occaſion to uſe them. Soldiers and Commanders, (tho' I know well they of the Parliament's army excel no leſs in modeſty, than they do in courage) are generally of a nature ready to pretend to the utmoſt power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them; and may be too apt, upon any occaſion of diſcontent, to make uſe of ſuch a precedent as this. In this very Parliament, you have not been without ſome taſte of the experience hereof; it is now ſomewhat more than two years ſince you had an army in the North, paid, and directed, by yourſelves: and yet, you may be pleaſed to remember, there was a conſiderable number of officers in that army, which joined in a Petition, or Remonſtrance, to this Houſe; taking notice of what ſome of the Members had ſaid here, as they ſuppoſed to their diſadvantage; and did little leſs than require them of you. 'Tis true, there had been ſome tampering with them; but what has happened at one time, may be wiſely thought poſſible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I preſume but to point you out the danger: if it be not juſt, I know you will not do me the wrong to expoſe me to this Trial: if it be juſt, your army may, another time, require the ſame juſtice of you, in their own behalf, againſt ſome other member, whom, perhaps, you would be leſs willing to part with. Neceſſity has of late forced you into untrodden paths: and in ſuch a caſe as this, where you have no precedent of your own, you may not do amiſs to look abroad upon other States, and Senates, which exerciſed the ſupreme power, as you now do here,

I dare confidently ſay you ſhall find none, either ancient or modern, which ever expoſed any of their own order to be try'd for his life by the Officers of their

their armies abroad, for what he did, while he reſided among them in the Senate.

Among the Romans the practice was ſo contrary, that ſome inferior Officers in the army, far from the city, having been ſentenced by their General, or Commander in chief, as deſerving death, by their diſcipline of war, having nevertheleſs (becauſe they were Senators) appealed thither: and the cauſe has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to uſe more words, to perſuade you to take heed that you wound not yourſelves through my ſides, in violating the privileges belonging to your own perſons: I ſhall humbly deſire you to conſider likewiſe the nature of my offence; not but that I ſhould be much aſhamed to ſay any thing in diminution thereof: GOD knows it is horrid enough, for the evil it might have occaſioned! But, if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a civil, than a martial, crime; and ſo to have title to a Trial at the common law of the land: there may juſtly be ſome difference put between me, and others, in this buſineſs.

I have had nothing to do with the other army; or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body. It was only a civil pretence to that which I then fooliſhly conceived to be the Right of the ſubject. I humbly refer it to your conſiderations, and to your conſciences. I know you will take care not to ſhed the blood of war in peace; that blood, by the law of war, which hath a right to be tried by the law of peace.

For ſo much as concerns myſelf, and my part in this buſineſs, (if I were worthy to have any thing ſpoken, or patiently heard in my behalf) this might truly be ſaid, that I made not this buſineſs, but found it: it was in other men's hands long before it was brought to me: and when it came, I extended it not, but reſtrained it. For the propoſitions of letting in part of the King's army, or offering violence to the members of this Houſe, I ever diſallowed, and utterly rejected them.

What it was that moved me to entertain diſcourſe of this buſineſs ſo far as I did, I will tell you ingenuouſly: and

and that, rather as a warning for others, than that it makes any thing for myſelf. It was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the preſent war; looking on things with a carnal eye; and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been conſidered, the ineſtimable value of the cauſe you have in hand, the cauſe of GOD, and of religion: and the neceſſities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the ſame. As a juſt puniſhment for this neglect, it pleaſed GOD to deſert and ſuffer me, (with a fatal blindneſs!) to be led on, and engaged in ſuch counſels as were wholly diſproportioned to the reſt of my life! This, Sir, my own conſcience tells me was the cauſe of my failing; and not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or diſpoſition, toward the commonwealth, or to the Parliament. For from whence ſhould I have it? if you look on my birth, you will not find it in my blood: I am of a ſtock which hath born you better fruit: if you look on my education, it hath been almoſt from my childhood in this Houſe, and among the beſt ſort of men: and for the whole practice of my life, 'till this time!——If another were to ſpeak for me, he might reaſonably ſay that neither my actions out of Parliament, nor my expreſſions in it, have ſavoured of diſaffection, or malice, to the liberties of the people, or privileges of Parliament.

Thus, Sir, I have ſet before your eyes, both my perſon, and my caſe: wherein I ſhall make no ſuch defenſe by denying, or extenuating, any thing I have done, as ordinary delinquents do. My addreſs to you, and all my plea, ſhall only be ſuch as children uſe to their parents; I have offended; I confeſs it; I never did and thing like it before; it is a paſſage unſuitable to the whole courſe of my life beſide: and for the time to come, as GOD (that can bring light out of darkneſs) hath made this buſineſs in the event uſeful to you, ſo alſo hath he to me: you have by it made an happy diſcovery of your enemies; and I of my ſelf, and the evil principles I walked by: ſo that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am,

and

and (by GOD's grace aſſiſting me!) ſhall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an example of your compaſſion and clemency.

Sir, I ſhall no ſooner leave you, but my life will depend on your breath; and not that alone, but the ſubſiſtence of ſome that are more innocent. I might therefore ſhew you my children, whom the rigor of your juſtice would make complete orphans, being already motherleſs: I might ſhew you a family, wherein there are ſome unworthy to have their ſhare in that mark of infamy which now threatens us: but, ſomething there is, which I could ſhew you, would move you more than all this:——it is my heart; which abhors what I have done, and is more ſevere to itſelf, than the ſevereſt judge can be. A heart! Mr. Speaker, ſo awakened by this affliction, and ſo entirely devoted to the cauſe you maintain, that I earneſtly deſire of GOD to incline you ſo to diſpoſe of me, (whether for life, or for death!) as may moſt conduce to the advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I die, I ſhall die praying for you; if I live, I ſhall live ſerving you, and render you back the uſe and imployment of all thoſe days you ſhall add to my life.

"After this, having withdrawn himſelf, he was called "in again, (and being by the Speaker required "thereto) gave them an exact account how he came "firſt to the knowledge of this buſineſs, as alſo what "Lords were acquainted therewith, or had engaged "themſelves therein."

To

To the Right Honorable
THE EARL OF PORTLAND.

My Lord,

HAVING obtained leave to write to your Lordſhip, and having but a very little time to perform it in, I ſhall not make any apology to ſatisfy You (as I might do) of the way I proceed in; which if it were to be tried by the rules of Neceſſity and Honor (even in the common acceptation thereof) if you knew all circumſtances, I doubt not but I ſhould be juſtified therein. My Lord, I beſeech You know that this buſineſs was never meant for Your knowledge, either by the Lord Conway, or Sir Hugh Pollard. The only reaſon I imparted it to Your Lordſhip was, that by You (in whom I had ſo great confidence both for Your judgment, and friendſhip towards me) I might be inſtructed how far that Lord Conway might be truſted, with whom Sir Hugh ſo often urged me to ſpeak. This You might perceive by ſome ſtrangeneſs towards you when we firſt met at Pollard's chamber, and often after, when that Lord whiſpered to me a-part, which for the moſt part he did when he mentioned the Earl of Northumberland; ſo that, but for me, I think (nay, I am confident) you had never known any thing of this buſineſs, which was by Them prepared for another. And therefore I cannot imagine why you ſhould wed it ſo far as to contract your own ruin by concealing it, and perfifting unreaſonably to hide that truth, which without You already is, and will every day be made more manifeſt. Can You imagine Yourſelf obliged in honor to keep that ſecret which is already revealed by another; or poſſible, it ſhould ſtill be a ſecret, which is known to one of the other Sex? (though for a time deny'd.) No, my Lord! Be moſt aſſured that if You ſtill perſiſt to be cruel to Yourſelf for others ſakes that deſerve it not, it will nevertheleſs be made appear appear e'erlong, I fear, to Your ruin. Sure if I had the happi-

neſs

neſs to wait on You I could move You to compaſſionate both Your ſelf and me, who (as deſperate as my caſe is !) am deſirous to die with the honor of being known to have declared the truth; which God knows I have in every circumſtance to the uttermoſt of my remembrance. And once more I beſeech You for GOD's ſake (the fountain of truth) to do the like. Much more I have to ſay (if I might be permitted to confer with Your Lordſhip about it) whereby I can demonſtrate, that You have no reaſon in the conſideration of honor, profit or friendſhip, vainly to contend to hide what is already revealed, and ſhall at laſt be made moſt manifeſt, inconſiderately to throw Yourſelf away for the intereſt of others, and ſuch to whom You are leſs obliged than You are aware of; and to them to make a ſacrifice of Your noble family (and as much as in you lies) of the life and fortune of him that has ever been moſt unfeignedly, and never more ſhewed it than the humble and hearty advice he now gives You,

Your LORDSHIP's
moſt humble, and moſt faithful
Servant, and Kinſman,
EDM. WALLER.

May God in time direct Your heart to that which is moſt pleaſing to him, and the only way to preſerve Yourſelf before it be too late !

To my Lady LUCY SIDNEY, * upon the Marriage of my Lady DOROTHY, her Siſter, to my Lord SPENCER.

MADAM,

IN this common joy at Penſhurſt I know none to whom complaints may come leſs unſeaſonable than to your Ladyſhip; the Loſs of a bed-fellow being almoſt equal to that of a miſtreſs: and therefore you ought, at leaſt,

* They were married at Penſhurſt, July, 11, 1639.

to

to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted: which just heaven no doubt will hear!

May my Lady Dorothy, (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her! And may this love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse impos'd on woman-kind, the pains of a becoming mother! May her first born be none of her own sex! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

May she that always affected silence, and retiredness, have the house filled with the noise, and number, of her children; and hereafter of her grand-children! and then, may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair Ladies, old age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage; that being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befal their posterity to the world's end, and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wish all good things; and that this loss may in good time be happily supplied with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

To my Lady * * *

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obey'd, but intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe: for, here your Ladyship has not

only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry. By the examples (not to trouble you with hiſtory) of many wiſe and worthy perſons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ableſt of his countrymen) and the former Pope; who they ſay, inſtead of the triple crown, wore ſometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of leſſer weight and trouble. But, Madam, theſe Nightingales ſung only in the ſpring; it was the diverſion of their youth; as Ladies learn to ſing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The reſemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the ſooner, becauſe the poſture is ſuſpected to draw the body awry; ſo this is not always practiſed without ſome * villany to the mind; wreſting it from preſent occaſions; and accuſtoming us to a ſtyle ſomewhat removed from common uſe. But that you may not think his caſe deplorable who had made verſes; we are told, that Tully (the greateſt Wit among the Romans) was once ſick of this diſeaſe; and yet recovered ſo well, that of almoſt as bad a Poet as your ſervant, he became the moſt perfect Orator in the world. So that, not ſo much to have made verſes, as not to give-over in time, leaves a man without excuſe: the former preſenting us with an opportunity at leaſt of doing wiſely, that is, to conceal thoſe we have made; which I ſhall yet do, if my humble requeſt may be of as much force with your Ladyſhip, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whiſper theſe in your ear; if you publiſh them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, caſt them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a taſk for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honor me with the fate of Orpheus; for ſo his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the ſtory will have it) I ſuppoſe were ſcattered by the Thracian dames.

* Qu. violence.

Here,

Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to inſtruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the moſt excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the leaſt inclined to wonder of our, ſex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyſhip's for a Roman name, ſo would they believe that I endeavour'd the character of a perfect Nymph, worſhipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

YOUR LADYSHIP'S

moſt humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

Preface to the firſt Edition of Mr. WALLER's Poems, after the Reſtoration; printed in the Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of theſe verſes (written only to pleaſe himſelf, and ſuch particular perſons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad ſome years ſince, he was troubled to find his name in Print: but, ſomewhat ſatisfied, to ſee his Lines ſo ill rendered that he might juſtly diſown them; and ſay to a miſtaken Printer, as * one did to an ill Reciter.

* * * Male dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus.

Having been ever ſince preſſed to correct the many and groſs faults (ſuch as uſe to be in impreſſions wholly neglected by the Authors) his anſwer was, that he made theſe when ill Verſes had more favor, and eſcaped better, than good ones do in this age: the ſeverity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by thoſe faults in the Impreſſion, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags, or ſuch like ugly things, upon their faireſt horſes, and other goodly creatures, to ſecure them againſt faſcination. And, for

* MARTIAL, L. i. Ep. 39.

thoſe of a more confined underſtanding, who pretend not to cenſure; as they admire moſt what they leaſt comprehend, ſo, his verſes (maimed to that degree that himſelf ſcarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at leaſt, have a title to ſome admiration: which is no ſmall matter, if what an old Author obſerves be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Hiſtorians, truth; and of Poets, admiration. He had reaſon therefore to indulge thoſe faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to ſome, and commended to others.

The Printer alſo he thought would fare the worſe, if thoſe faults were amended: for we ſee maimed ſtatues ſell better than whole ones; and clipped, and waſhed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

Theſe are the reaſons which for above twelve years paſt he has oppoſed to our requeſt; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had ſo long been made publick; ſo, might it find excuſe from his youth, the ſeaſon it was produced in. And, for what had been done ſince, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philoſophy, which teaches him ſo chearfully to bear ſo great a calamity, as the loſs of the beſt part of his fortune, torn from him in priſon, (in which, and in baniſhment, the beſt portion of his life hath alſo been ſpent) that he can ſtill ſing under the burthen, not unlike * that Roman.

* * * Quem dimiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, & fundi. * * *

Whoſe ſpreading wings the civil war had clip'd,
And him of his old patrimony ſtrip'd.

Who yet not long after could ſay,

Musis amicus, triſtitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis * * * Ode 26. Lib. 2.

They that acquainted with the Muses be,
Send care, and ſorrow, by the winds to ſea.

* Horace Epiſt. 2. Lib. 2.

Not

Not ſo much moved with theſe reaſons of ours, (or pleas'd with our rythmes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at laſt given us leave to aſſure the Reader, that the Poems which have been ſo long, and ſo ill ſet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt writ them: as alſo, to add ſome others which have ſince been compoſed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have diſcouraged us; yet, obſerving how often they have been reprinted, what price they have born, and how earneſtly they have been always inquired after, but eſpecially of late; (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:

Epiſt. 1. Lib. 2.

"Some verſes being, like ſome vines, recommended to "our taſte by time and age.") we have adventured upon this new, and well corrected Edition; which, for our own ſakes as well as thine, we hope will ſucceed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

Preface to the ſecond Part of Mr. WALLER's Poems; printed in the year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of theſe Poems, than that they are Mr. WALLER's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in poetry! He was indeed the Parent of Engliſh Verſe, and the firſt that ſhewed us our Tongue had beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu, and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the ſame rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way.

Tu pater, & rerum inventor; Tu patria nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: tuiſque ex, Inclute! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depaſcimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ!

Lib. 3. ver. 9.

The Tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He poliſhed it firſt; and to that degree, that all artiſts ſince him have admired the workmanſhip, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I muſt confeſs, wrote ſome few things ſmoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very conſiderable; ſo, it was a little later than the earlieſt pieces of Mr. WALLER. He undoubtedly ſtands firſt in the liſt of refiners; and, for ought I know, laſt too; for I queſtion, whether in Charles the ſecond's reign, Engliſh did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Auguſtean Age, as well as the Latin. It ſeems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and as Chymiſts ſay of their Menſtruums, to be quite fated with the infuſion. But poſterity will beſt judge of this. In the mean time, it is a ſurprizing reflection, that between what Spencer wrote laſt, and WALLER firſt, there ſhould not be much above twenty years diſtance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilſt the other's words are like old coins, one muſt go to an antiquary to underſtand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earneſt!

Some Painters will hit the chief Lines and maſterſtrokes of a face ſo truly, that thro' all the differences of age, the picture ſhall ſtill bear a reſemblance. This art was Mr. WALLER's: He ſought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would laſt, and be of ſtanding uſe, and ornament: and this he did ſo ſucceſsfully, that his language is now as freſh as it was at firſt ſetting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourſcore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the Engliſh Poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but, this was leſs His caſe than any man's, that ever wrote; and the miſchief of it is, this very complaint will laſt long enough to confute itſelf: for, though Engliſh be mouldering ſtone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the beſt out of a bad quarry.

We

We are no leſs beholden to Him for the new turn of Verſe, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of meaſure, and that dance of words, which good ears are ſo much pleaſed with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almoſt entirely of monyſyllables; which when they come together in any cluſter, are certainly the moſt harſh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Beſides their verſes ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked Atoms that compoſe a Body in Des Cartes. There was no diſtinction of parts, no regular ſtops, nothing for the ear to reſt upon: but, as ſoon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, inceſſantly; and the reader was ſure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verſe in thoſe days was but down-right proſe, tagged with rhimes. Mr. WALLER removed all theſe faults; brought in more polyſyllables, and ſmoother meaſures; bound up his thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verſe He wrote in: ſo that where-ever the natural ſtops of that were, He contrived the little breakings of His ſenſe ſo as to fall in with them. And for that reaſon, ſince the ſtreſs of our Verſe lies commonly upon the laſt ſyllable, you will hardly ever find Him uſing a word of no force there. I would ſay, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that He commonly cloſes with Verbs; in which we know the life of language conſiſts.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of His rhymes: which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that ſenſe was cloyed by the ſame round of chiming words ſtill returning upon it. It is a decided caſe by the Great Maſter of writing, * "Quæ ſunt "ampla, & pulchra, diu placere poſſunt; quæ lepida

* CICERO ad HERENNIUM, L. 4.

"&

" & concinna," (amongſt which Rhyme muſt, whether it will or no, take its place) " cito ſatietate afficiunt " aurium ſenſum faſtidioſiſſimum." This he underſtood very well: and therefore to take off the danger of a ſurfeit that way, ſtrove to pleaſe by variety, and new ſounds. Had He carried this obſervation, among others, as far as it would go, it muſt, methinks, have ſhown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verſe. But, He continued an obſtinate lover of Rhyme to the very laſt: it was a miſtreſs that never appeared unhandſome in His eyes; and was courted by Him long after SACHARISSA was forſaken. He had raiſed it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in: and the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not ſuffer Him ever to ſlight a thing He had taken ſo much pains to adorn. My Lord Roſcommon was more impartial: no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he: yet, he is ſo juſt as to confeſs, that it is but a trifle; and to wiſh the tyrant dethroned, and Blank Verſe ſet up in its room. There is † a third perſon, the living glory of our Engliſh Poetry, who has diſclaimed the uſe of it upon the Stage: tho' no man ever employed it there ſo happily as he. It was the ſtrength of his Genius, that firſt brought it into credit in Plays; and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing, it continues ſtill; and will do ſo, till ſome excellent ſpirit ariſes, that has leiſure enough, and reſolution to break the Charm, and free us from the troubleſome bondage of rhyimg, as Mr. Milton very well calls it; and has proved it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But, this is a thought for times at ſome diſtance; the preſent age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furniſh out matter for a good Poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now: without propheſying, a man may eaſily know what ſort of laurels are like to be in requeſt.

Whilſt I am talking of Verſe, I find myſelf, I do not

† Mr. DRYDEN.

know

know how, betrayed into a great deal of proſe. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind what reſpect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. WALLER. I have heard his laſt printed copies, which are added in the ſeveral editions of his poems, very ſlightly ſpoken of; but certainly they do not deſerve it. They do indeed diſcover themſelves to be his laſt, and that is the worſt we can ſay of them. He is there

* Jam ſenior; ſed cruda Deo viridiſque ſenectus.

The ſame cenſure perhaps will be paſſed on the pieces of this Second Part. I ſhall not ſo far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigor of his youth: yet, they are ſo much of a piece with the reſt, that any man will at firſt ſight know them to be Mr. WALLER's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reaſons obvious enough, but which are now ceaſed. The play was altered to pleaſe the Court: it is not to be doubted who ſat for the Two Brothers characters. It was agreeable to the ſweetneſs of Mr. WALLER's temper, to ſoften the rigor of the Tragedy, as he expreſſes it: but, whether it be ſo agreeable to the nature of Tragedy itſelf, to make every thing come-off eaſily, I leave to the Critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verſes that he has made uſe of upon another occaſion: but, the Reader may be pleaſed to allow that in Him, that has been allowed ſo long in Homer, and Lucretius. Exact writers dreſs up their thoughts ſo very well always, that, when they have need of the ſame ſenſe, they cannot put it into other words, but it muſt be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. WALLER's that is not put into the former collection: ſo that between both, the Reader may make the Set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that ſome of theſe ought not to have been publiſhed: and Mr. † Cowley's deciſion will be urged, that a neat

* VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 304. † In the Preface to his Works.

tomb

tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbiſh. It might be anſwered to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Maſters have been always valued, tho' the laſt hand were not put to them. And I believe none of thoſe Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuſe a ſketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the firſt ſitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preſerve the fragments of the antient Greek and Latin Poets: there has been thought to be a Divinity in what they ſaid; and therefore the leaſt pieces of it have been kept up, and reverenced like religious reliques. And, I am ſure, take away the "* mille anni," and impartial reaſoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. WALLER, as to the moſt celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the diſpute now of what *ought* to have been done; I can aſſure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect, that among ſo many admirers of Mr. WALLER, they ſhould not meet with one fond enough to publiſh them. They might have ſtaid, indeed, 'till by frequent tranſcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindneſs to the Author, to put them out whilſt they continue genuine, and unmixed; and ſuch as He Himſelf, were He alive, might own.

* Alluding to that verſe in JUVENAL,

* * * Et uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos * * * Sat. 7.

And yields to Homer on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand years before.

Mr. C. DRYDEN.

The Epitaph on Mr. WALLER's Monument in Beconsfield Church-yard in Buckinghamſhire: written by Mr. Rymer, late Hiſtoriographer-royal.

On the WEST-END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

On the SOUTH-SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS, MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ. NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS IN DELICIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS. HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE

NOBI-

NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER, CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FILIIS, FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

On the EAST-END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM: COEPIT VIVERE IIIº MARTII, A. D. MDCV. PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS: FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB. A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

On the NORTH-SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER MARIÆQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS, PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS FILIUS HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT. EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

FINIS.

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